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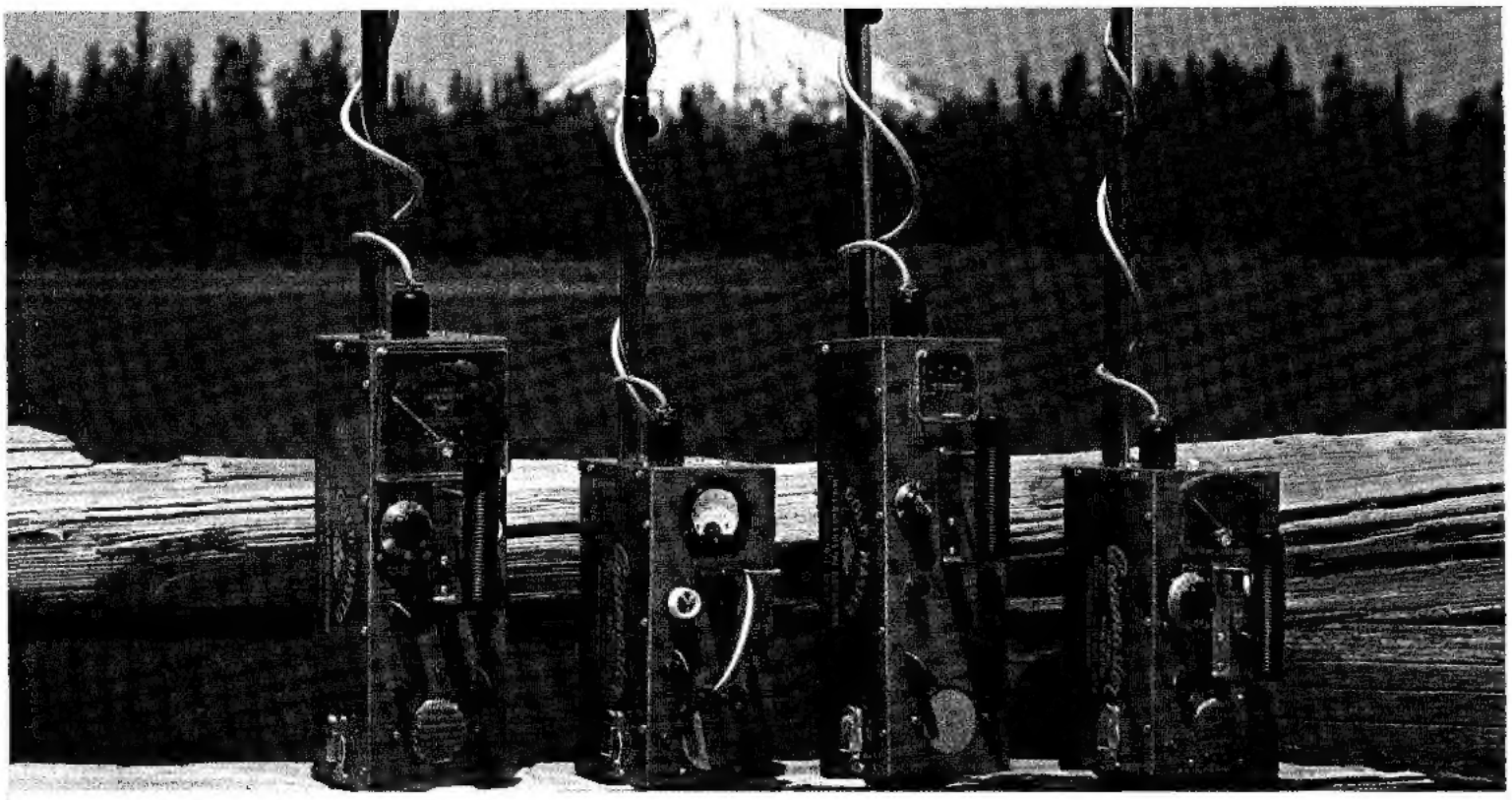

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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BADLANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT

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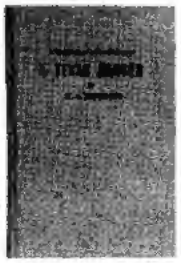

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Truly Western

Bud Ballew and the Little Girl

I'm an ardent reader of your magazines because they carry the spirit of my youth and use the language of life as it was fifty or sixty years ago according to my memory. I particularly liked your articles about Buck Garrett, sheriff of Carter County, Oklahoma and Bud Ballew, his chief deputy, as I knew them from about 1916 to 1922 when southern Oklahoma was in the throes of a great oil boom.

Oh, yes, I know about Ragtown, Healdton, Wilson, Dillard, Rexroat and, of course, Ardmore, the county seat, as I was an oil field worker during the years mentioned and knew about "Buck 'n' Bud" as they were commonly spoken of in the streets of the oil towns as well as other circles.

Besides taking care of bootleggers, gamblers, and hold-up men, Bud had some other sides to his nature that were equally important. I was in Wilson about four o'clock one afternoon during the winter of 1919-1920. A cold freezing rain was falling and the mud in the middle of the street was anywhere from shoe-mouth to boot-top deep and it was *cold, cold, cold!* A little girl of seven or eight was standing near me in front of a Jewish dry-goods store and she was shivering in her ragged dress, worn-out shoes and tattered jacket.

I did not know where her parents were nor where they came from and was thinking about these things when Bud and some of his admirers came stomping down the boardwalk in high-heeled boots. On seeing the ragged little girl, Bud stopped and looked at her for a few seconds.

Then he asked, "Honey, are these here your best clothes?"

"Yes sir, I don't have any more."

"Well, where is your mama?"

"She told me to stay here until she got back from down the street."

"Come with me inside this store and we'll get you some new clothes."

They went inside and after a few minutes a wild-eyed woman came up to me and asked if I'd seen a little girl standing by the window. I said "Yes," and that she and Bud Ballew were at the moment inside the store buying some new clothes for the child as Bud felt she needed them for sure.

The woman went inside and after a while all three of them came out and you never heard such profuse thanks the mother was giving Bud for his "great Christian act." I felt good, too, on hearing it all.

Bud was quick with a gun if the need arose but he could also be as tender-hearted as any woman. I was in Wilson when Bud met his end and I can tell you there were lots of wet eyes in town when they buried him in the Hewitt Cemetery close by Wilson town.—Herbert H. Dukes, 7653 Marie Street, La Mesa, California 92041

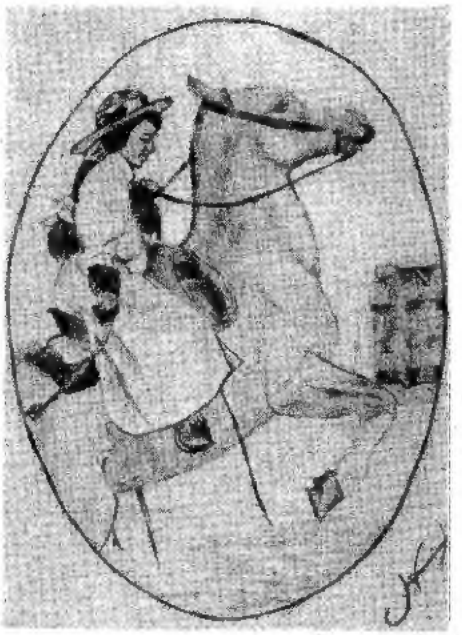
Bud Ballew had a big heart.

Drawing Identified

In the June '70 TRUE WEST, page 96, you wanted to know about Alberta Claire, Indian girl of Buffalo, Wyoming. I was raised there and homesteaded twenty-two miles south of Buffalo and still have land there.

Miss Claire was a Crow Indian from the Crow Reservation just above the Wyoming line. She was an expert horsewoman and educated in a Kansas Indian college. She traveled all over Wyoming and Montana giving talks on Indian life and their ways. She settled in Buffalo for several years but finally went back to the Crow Reservation at Lodge Grass. She never married. The last I heard of her, three years ago, she was still living. She returned to the ways of Indian life. She was liked by everyone.

I punched cattle all over that country and knew it well. I am retired from ranching and am living in Texas on account of the winters in Wyoming. If I can be of any help, please let me know. Know a lot about her as she and I were good friends. —Dan Selvage, Box 1151, Pecos, Texas 79772



Above, a sketch of Miss Alberta Claire.

Night-Hawk for the Old CY

I have just finished reading "Chuck Wagon Etiquette," which takes me back over sixty years. I was night-hawking for C.Y. Cattle Company in 1907 (herding horses at night). C.Y. was the biggest outfit at that time and I drove a bed wagon days. I would take horses at 8 p.m. and have them in the corral by 4 a.m. The rope corral was up on stakes about as high as the horse's breast. Sometimes I wouldn't get my bed roll out because we would be on the move. At that time there were no roads or fences.

The old boys told me when I got so I could ride bedwagon, I could ride circle. We laid over three days in Douglas, Wyoming so as to get the wrinkles out of our bellies. Well, the town was taken over. At that time there were three saloons, one conservatory, a few residents and honkytonks with trimmings. There were two cowboys in our outfit named Joe Petty. We called them Big Joe and Little Joe. They were riding down the old boardwalk one day and one said to the other, "I'll back you out riding into the first saloon." Well, in they went. The bartender came up with a .44 and asked what they wanted. They said they wanted out and out they rode.

Nickels was round-up boss. There were twenty men including reps from other outfits. I had 300 horses to look after at night. On stormy nights they would get scared and stampede. They made the most mournful sounds—their feet hitting, and neighing—my horse and I in the middle. They would spread out and come back in squeezing my legs. But my worry was my horse stepping in a badger hole and falling. If he had, I wouldn't be here to tell this.

I was going across the plains trying to

(Continued on page 67)

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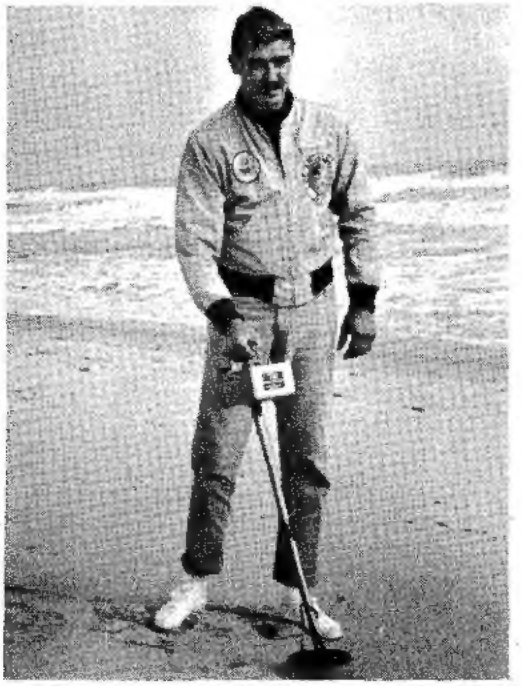
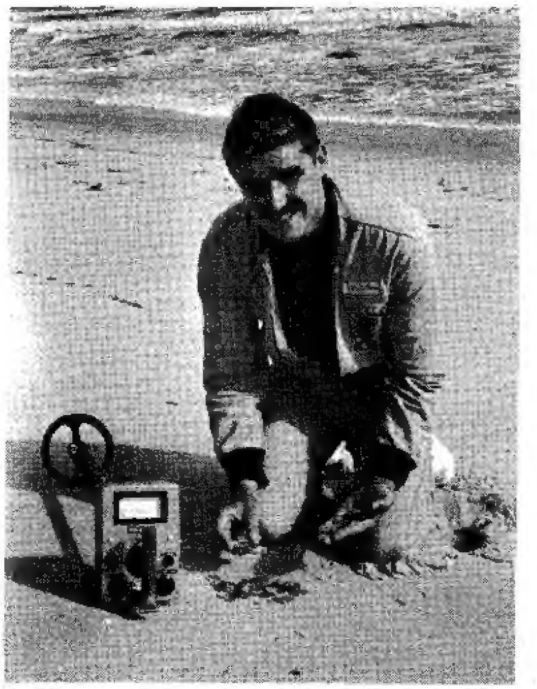


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



Robert Marx with coins found in less than 30 minutes with D-Tex Professional.

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THE TREASURE MAP

Below, the Black Hills of South Dakota.

The doomed Indian possessed five goose quills of gold dust on the day he died. His mind was clear as to their origin, and at least one man believed his story . . .

By MILDRED FIELDER
Photos Courtesy Author

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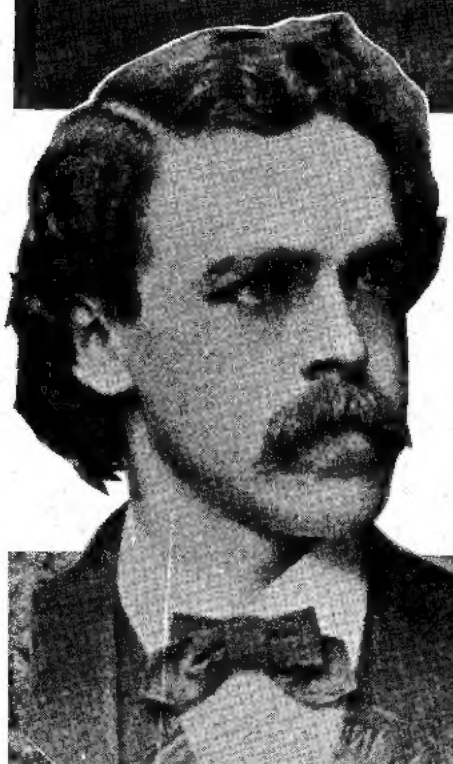


Professor Walter P. Jenney at the time of the Black Hills Scientific Expedition in 1875.

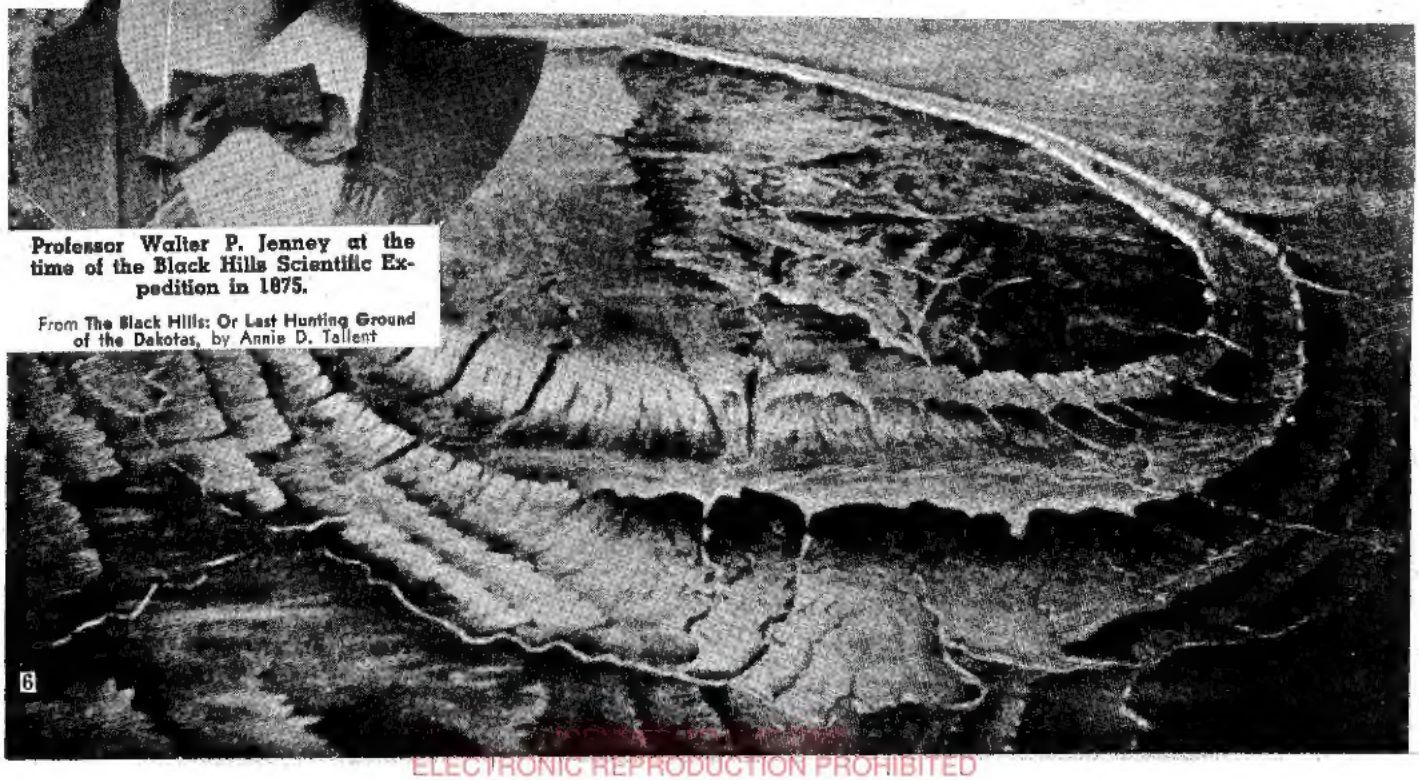
From The Black Hills: Or Last Hunting Ground of the Dakotas, by Annie D. Tallent

TOUSSAINT KENSLER, a sneer on his lips, swaggered into the Indian agency store, his black hair lank on his shoulders. "How," he said in salute to the Indians lounging around the place, and his smile of triumph conquered the contempt that he had for the white man. In his pocket was gold dust, in his pack was a fossil skull.

After an interval of recognition and welcome among his friends, he could no longer resist telling them. "Here," said he. "Look at this."

He pulled the goose quills from his

A bird's-eye view drawing of the Black Hills from the Jenney-Newton Survey of 1875, showing their conception of the red soil "race track" encircling the hills of South Dakota.



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OF TOUSSAINT KENSLER

pocket and loosened the clay chunk which stopped the end of one of them. Slowly, so they could get the full effect, he poured gold dust from the goose quill into the palm of his hand.

The Indians gathered around him. "Where did you get that?" "What are you going to do with it?"

One of the young bucks admonished flatly, "Don't let any white man see you with that. They'll take it from you, and that will be the last you see of it."

Toussaint's eyes narrowed. "I'd like to see them try."

He stuck the cap back on the goose quill after refilling it with the gold dust. There were four more quills filled with gold, and he knew very well what that dust was worth. He had worked in the Alder Gulch gold mines in Montana during the 1863-64 gold excitement, only a couple of years prior to his entrance in the Crow Creek agency on the Missouri River in Dakota Territory.

"Look at this," he said, reaching into his pack for the skull. The men were silent, regarding the fossilized skull and saying nothing at all for a few moments.

Toussaint filled the silence. "In the Bad Lands, in the Mako Sica I found this skull on the way from the Black Hills. It is very old. It is older than any man can remember. It is maybe as old as the sun or moon."

The Indians snorted. "Nothing is that old!"

"Wait," said Toussaint. "I show you."

He strode toward the white agent who ran the reservation store and who had just entered from some errand outside the room, holding the skull for him to see.

"Look at this," he demanded.

The agent took the fossilized skull in his hands carefully, examining it in disbelief.

"Where did you get this, Toussaint?"

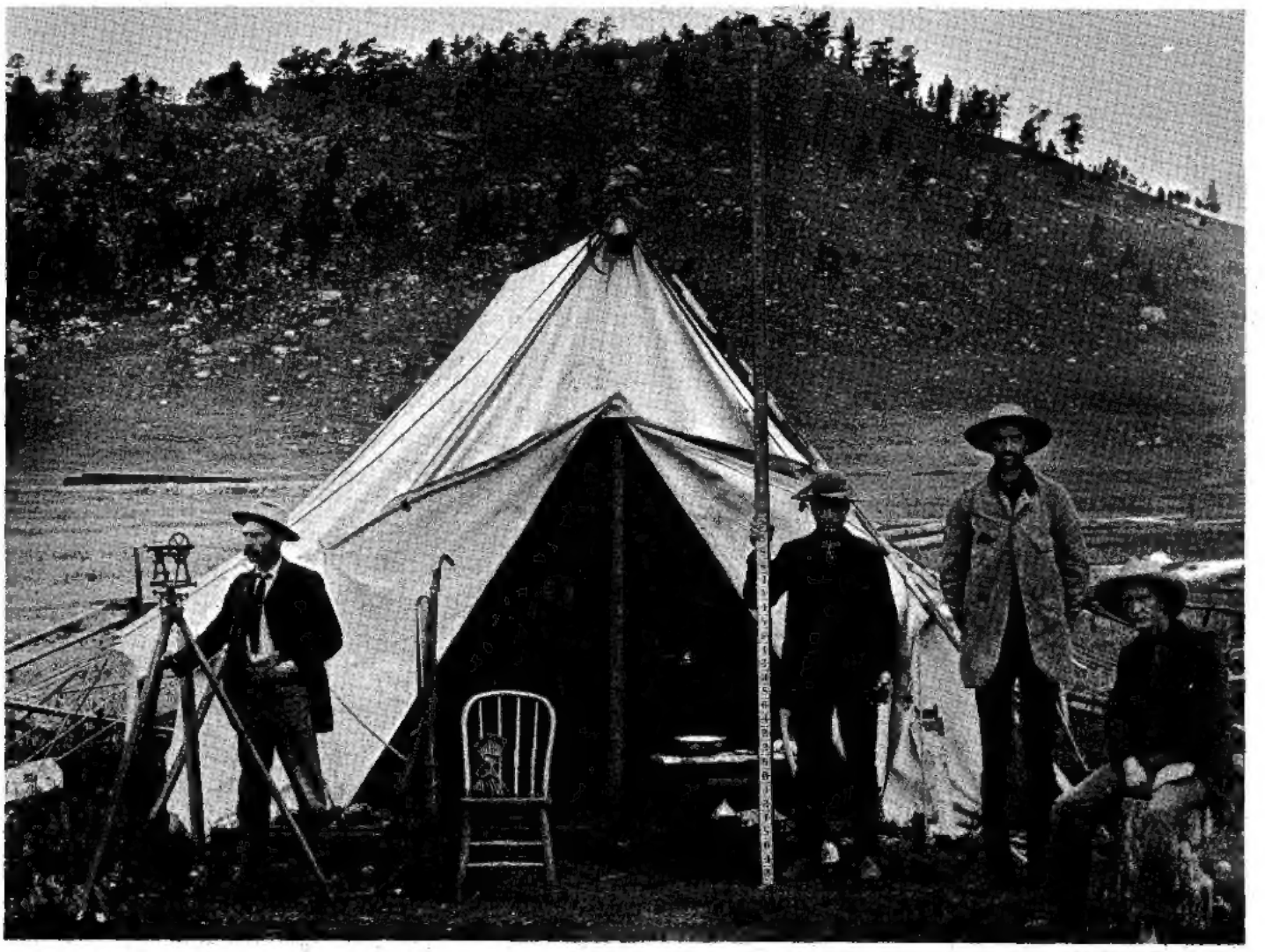
"In the Mako Sica. There are many very old bones there."

"It is ancient," said the agent solemnly.

Toussaint nodded, then looked toward his friends.

A surveying party demonstrates the use of some of their equipment in front of their field tent. Although not part of the Black Hills Expedition, these men are representative of the hardy breed who charted the wilderness so that others could follow. Photo by W. J. Collins around 1900.

Courtesy Larry Carper



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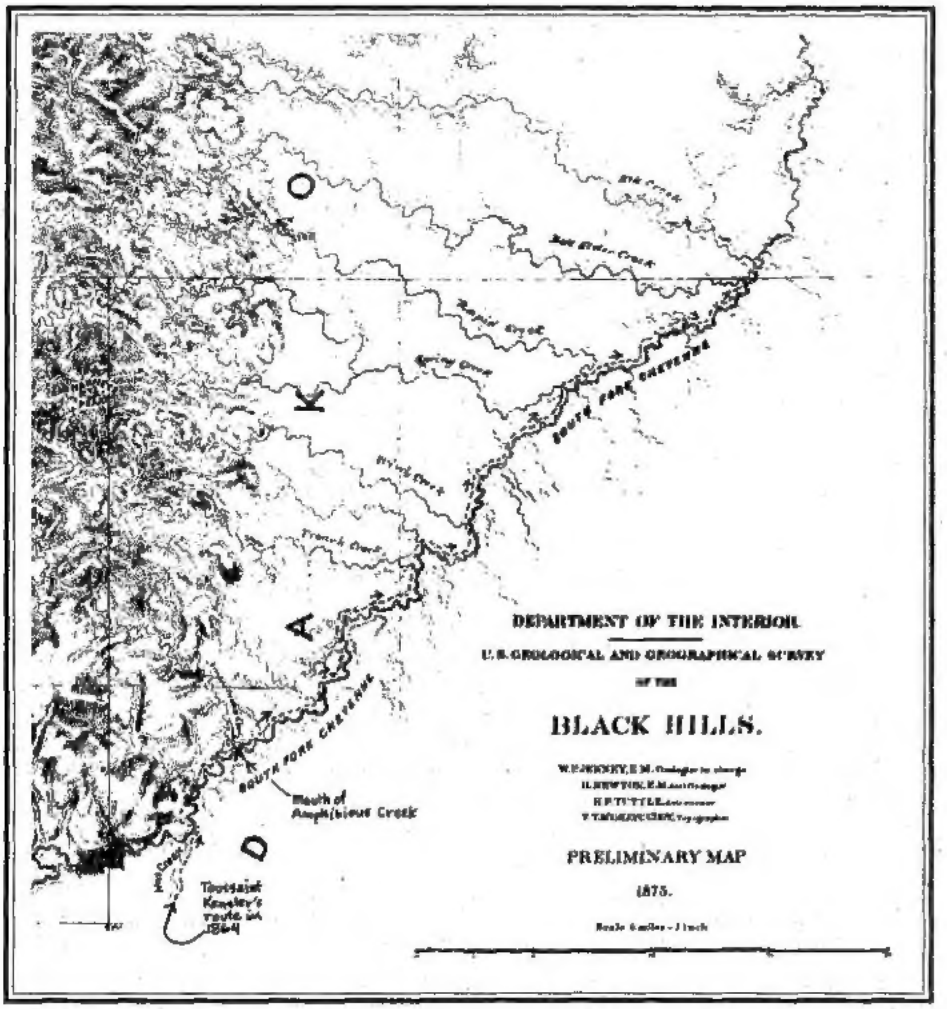


A portion of the Jenney-M'Gillycuddy map of the Black Hills in 1875. M'Gillycuddy was the topographer on the expedition. This map is included in Walter P. Jenney's report, *The Mineral Wealth, Climate and Rainfall and Natural Resources of the Black Hills of Dakota*, printed in 1876 by the Government Printing Office. The route which Toussaint Kensler most likely followed is indicated.

They smiled. The skull was indeed very old.

The agent said, "Toussaint!"

Kensler looked at him in inquiry.

"Toussaint, you are wanted for murder. There is a government officer waiting for you. You have to give yourself up."

"I will not!" Toussaint shouted. "I will not go back to jail!"

Yet he knew he had no choice. In Alder Gulch he had killed a man, and though it had seemed to him the logical thing to do, the white men did not look at the event as he did. They called it murder, and their law said no one could kill a white man, especially no Indian or half-breed Indian (as he was) could kill a white man. He had stayed in their Montana jail only long enough to figure how to escape, then left. If they put him in jail here in Dakota Territory he would escape again.

THE government man took Kensler to jail, but this time it was not a jerry-built prison which Toussaint could break at will. It had iron bars, iron reinforcement in the floors; it was a cage from which no wild man could escape.

"Toussaint," the judge told him, "you were sentenced in Montana to be hanged. We cannot change the law. You will be hanged for the man you murdered." After a while Toussaint believed him.

His goose quills of gold had been taken from him by the prison authorities, his fossil skull was on the desk in the front of the jail building. He had one friend in that jail. Because his adventures in the Black Hills were so fresh in his mind, he told his friend about them.

"Where did you find the gold, Toussaint?"

"On the edge of the Black Hills, not really inside."

"On the east side, maybe?"

"More south, partly east. Here, I draw you a map."

They found pencil and a piece of paper, and Toussaint scrawled carefully and patiently, drawing the rivers, the hills.

"After I left Montana I crossed over a lot of country," he explained. "I passed the place of the geysers and many mountains, moving south. I came over rivers and creeks, many miles, and when I reached Hat Creek I could see the darkness of the Black Hills in the distance. I thought there might be gold in the Black Hills, at least shelter for me for a while, so I followed Hat Creek until I came to the South Fork of the Cheyenne."

"How did you know which creeks they were?"

"I've been around all this territory."

"Did you follow the Cheyenne then?"

"I crossed the South Fork and got on its north bank, then I made my way downstream. There are little trickles of water coming into the Cheyenne in several places, but when I came to the second creek of any size entering the Cheyenne from the north below the mouth of Hat Creek, I stopped and decided to rest there."

"Is that where you found the gold?"

"Yes. I found much gravel there, and when I washed the dirt in my tin pan I found the gold colors. I spent many days washing the gravel because I had nothing else to do, and I filled five goose quills with the gold dust."

"What was the country like? How would anyone recognize it?"

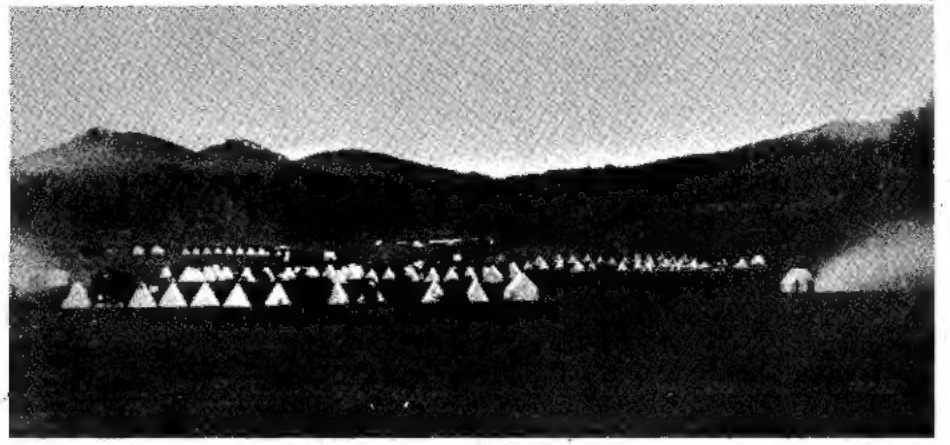
"I was in low hills on the edge of the Black Hills, not in the main range of hills. All around me were these low hills, and on top of all were thick gravel bars of large size, maybe washed from the higher hills a long time ago. Like that skull I found in the Mako Sica, old. Very old. And that's where the gold is."

He had drawn a map showing how he came down Hat Creek to the South Fork of the Cheyenne, then to the second

(Continued on page 46)

The Jenney-Newton Expedition camp somewhere in the Black Hills in 1875.

Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society



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How my horse and I were

SAVED By A HYER BOOT!

Pecos Pate Boone, still a-horseback at age 80!

By PECOS PATE BOONE
Photo Courtesy Author

IN 1900 when I was fourteen and my brother Bob was seventeen, my dad sent us two boys to ranch in southeastern New Mexico. We had a small herd of stock, a few horses and some cattle. We decided that Bob would stay at our place while I went to work for the HAT Ranch on their spring roundup which would start near the southeast corner of the state and extend all east of the Pecos River and northwest to Roswell.

I put my bedroll and belongings on my pack horse and headed for the HAT Ranch headquarters at Monument Springs. The foreman, Ed Ramsey, thought I was a little young for the hard work of the open range, so he put me to horse wrangling. I took the job at $25 a month and my beef and beans. Another cowpoke and I had seventy-five head of cow horses to take care of. We grazed them all day and took turns at night standing guard. Everything went smooth for six long days and nights.

The HAT Ranch was gathering two-year-old steers to take to their Texas pasture. Owned by Scott and Robinson, the HAT controlled all the land on the Texas side. We had gathered about 300 head, and two men would ride guard for four hours, then another shift would ride. On the sixth night there was a low black cloud in the northwest as I rode out to relieve the cowboy who was holding the remuda. It began to rain and lightning was flashing. All at once a big clap of thunder started the steers running. I yelled to my partner to stay with the horses while I started for the stampeded steers.

We were holding the herd of horses about a half-mile from the chuckwagon, so we had no time to call the other cowboys for help. I managed to stay in front of the stampede, yelling as loud as I could and wondering how I could ever get the steers to circle.

I always carried a .44-40 Colt six-shooter, as most of the boys did. I carried it to shoot at coyotes, swifts and antelope. I pulled the old thumb-buster from the holster, pointed it up, and fired. The herd began to turn to the left, then I fired again and they circled more and more. By the time I had emptied my pistol, the cattle were in a complete circle. We kept them milling around for about two hours until they were tired and began to bed down. A slow drizzle kept falling. By this time we were about three and one-half miles from the chuckwagon.

The boys who were supposed to relieve us couldn't find us as it was a black night, so they returned to their beds under the tarps. When daylight came, I started the steers toward the wagon. We were tired and wet. We hadn't had time to untie our slickers before we were already soaked.

When the men told Ramsey how we got the stampede stopped, he came over to me and said, "Well, kid, I guess I misjudged you. I think I have another man I can put on that wrangler job and you can come over and teach my cowboys how to handle a stampede." That made my head swell so much I could hardly keep my old John B. Stetson on my head.

AFTER the HAT roundup was finished, the cow work wound up near Roswell. As I didn't drink, smoke or gamble, I had saved my wages and decided I would put my gear on my pack horse and go down the Pecos River to spend some time with some cowboys I had met on the roundup.

There were no roads or fences in southeast New Mexico, so I told Mr. Ramsey I would follow the Pecos River on the east side. He warned me that the route I had picked out was a sandy desert with

(Continued on page 52)

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IT ALL BEGAN with one of those old dime novel stories which we school kids in Great Falls, Montana, used to read. I have no idea of the author's name of the Buffalo Bill series that ran in the magazine, or if the author had any actual experience in the old frontier West.

The gist of the story was that when Buffalo Bill was a United States Government scout he had saved the life of some Sioux chief, and the Sioux chief had shown his gratitude to Buffalo Bill in a formal ceremony which made the Indian and the white man blood brothers. The two men had sat together in the lodge of the Indian and smoked the traditional peace pipe, then had eaten a chunk of raw heart from a freshly killed buffalo. Each man had cut a small gash in the other's bare forearm and each had sucked a mouthful of the other's blood which they swallowed, making them blood brothers.

I remember I read and re-read the yarn of the blood brother ceremony until I had memorized every single detail of the solemn ritual, and to make doubly sure I would retain it in my kid

BLOOD BROTHERS

Walt and Jesse Iron Horn lay their stomachs on the line to seal their eternal friendship!

memory I kept the dime novel for future reference. Because I had it made to try it out on my Indian friend, Jesse Iron Horn, that next summer at my father's Circle C ranch that joined the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation.

I spent every summer at the ranch and had grown up with the Assiniboine and Gros Ventres boys my age. I had been made welcome in the lodges of the tribal chiefs and medicine men, and Chief Black Dog of the Assiniboine-Sioux had given me the tribal name of Ocksheebie, meaning "Boy." I had picked up a smattering of the Indian language and sign talk, and over those years I gradually came to know and understand the heart of the Indians, their fierce pride, unbroken even in defeat. More than once when the tribal chiefs met in council—Black Dog, Iron Horn, Watch His Walking, Long Knife, Eyes In The Water, Walk Slow, White Horse, Takes The Shield and others, old Black Dog would allow me'n Jessie to sit in the medicine lodge, outside the circle of tribal chiefs, and listen; and later Jessie would interpret what was said.

That particular summer when I packed my valise to go to the ranch I put the dime novel with the colored picture of Buffalo Bill on his white horse in with my Levi's and black sateen shirt and boots, to show to Jesse when we would have one of our medicine talks when alone together. I would have to broach the subject easy like and from the proper angle, 'Injun fashion—like slipping up on an antelope, lying flat on your belly, using a red flannel rag at the end of a ramrod to decoy the wary but curious antelope within gunshot. Never come right out with such a delicate subject because the invitation to become the blood brother to any Indian friend must come from Jesse Iron Horn, certainly not from this white boy. The ritual was a sacred ceremony according to Indian belief and for a white man to broach the subject of wanting to become a blood brother to an Indian would be an insult.

OF ALL my boyhood friends among the full-blood Assiniboine and Gros Ventres kids my age, and they were many—Roy Long Knife and his brother Abe, Merlin Shield, Rufus Warrior, Joe Walk Slow, Henry Watch His Walking, Herbert Fish, White Horse, Willie Whip, Joseph Blue Horse, Hiram Soldier, Stephen Thunder, Mark Iron Horn, to name only a few—Jesse Iron Horn was my closest friend. We had gotten into a number of scrapes together and Jesse was always thinking up ways to count coup, and most always we wound up in some kind of a jackpot at the Circle C ranch or on the reservation. Jesse was a young barbed thorn in the side of the mounted Indian police, whose job it was to maintain law and order on the reservation.

Jesse Iron Horn had initiated me into the Assiniboine Boys Society called "Act Like Dogs" and we would strip down to breechclout and moccasins, smear our bodies with war paint, and run wild around the squaw camps to harass and torment the old women, stealing meat from the iron kettles and teasing the young girls.

Each summer when I returned to the Circle C ranch after school was out in Great Falls, I always brought Jesse a gift, and he always had a gift for me, and the exchange of gifts had become a ritual between us. That summer I gave Jesse a staghorn-handled jack-knife. In addition to the big blade it had a harness maker's awl that could bore a neat hole in a leather strap, a combination corkscrew and can opener, as well as a sharp steel gadget for cleaning the frogs of a horse's hoofs. I'd sent to Montgomery-Ward for the knife, intending to keep it for myself, but I found out it was too bulky to fit the hip pocket of my knee pants and when I sat down at my school desk it made an uncomfortable bulge and in no time it rubbed a raw place on my tender rear end. So I put it back in the mail order box it came in to give to Jesse Iron Horn, knowing that the Assiniboine boy would treasure the cumbersome knife and make a buckskin scabbard to hold it.

The day I got to the ranch by stage

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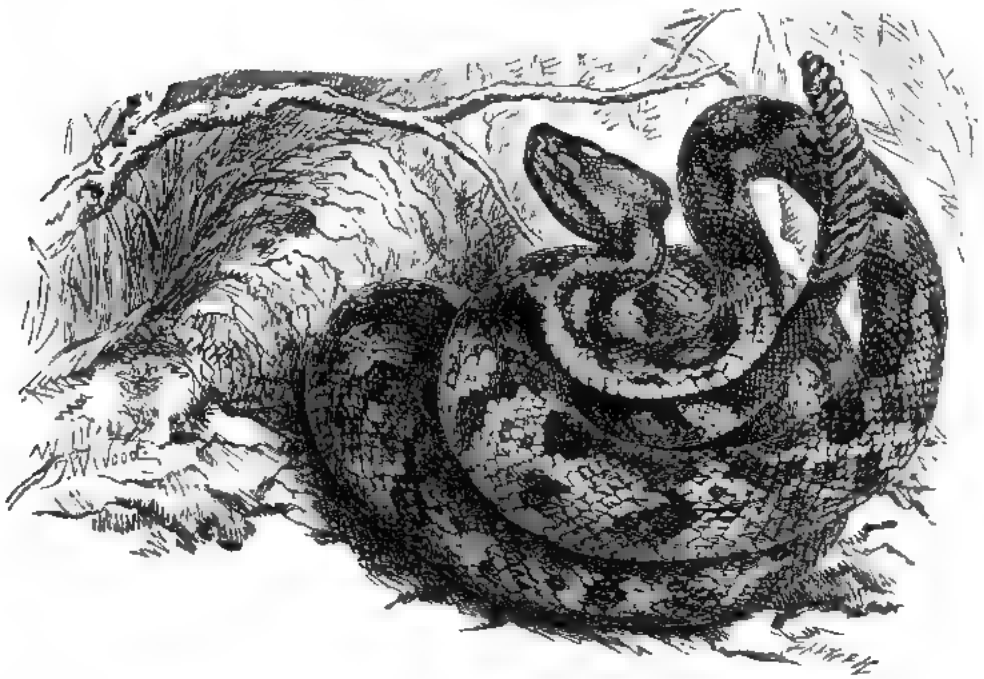
from Malta on the ninth of June, Jesse showed up a-horseback to welcome me back, as was his custom. He presented me with a fringed buckskin shirt to wear when I went deer hunting with my brother Wallace. As I had anticipated, Jesse was sure enough pleased with that Boy Scout jackknife.

The spring roundup wagons were camped on Big Warm Creek, so I saddled my horse that afternoon and headed for the roundup which would be over by the middle of June. Working as a cowhand, riding early morning circle, branding calves in the afternoon and standing two hours night guard, I didn't have time to think of Jesse Iron Horn until I got back to the home ranch two weeks later and got the job of horse wrangler, a fairly cushy job despite the responsibility it entailed. But I knew the names of every horse in the remuda of 200 head and their habits, and I knew every foot of the unfenced range around the home ranch, the best grazing lands, the waterholes, creeks, the rolling hills, high benchlands, prairie dog towns, and the flat country. In short, I knew my own country and for me the horse wrangler job was easy pickin's. I had no hankering for pitching hay in the hot sun or driving a bull-rake team or mowing machine. I'd served my time as a field hand, swinging a three-tined pitchfork, tramping and forking hay on the haystacks in the hot summer sun. I'd killed my share of black diamond rattlesnakes that were a constant menace in the hay fields, and I wanted no part of any of it. Being set afoot and working as a common hay hand was considered a disgrace for a forty-a-month cowpuncher. That's why every Circle C cowhand drew his time after the spring roundup was over, to ride the grub line until the fall beef roundup in late August or early September.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING right after daybreak breakfast when I took the remuda out, I was the proudest fifteen-year-old horse wrangler in any man's cow country. I had my orders to drift the remuda out towards Little Warm Creek alongside the reservation fence, and for the first time in a couple of weeks I was reminded of Jesse Iron Horn, so I shoved the Buffalo Bill dime novel down inside my black sateen shirt and rolled my lunch inside my saddle slicker. I'd killed a big black diamond rattlesnake one day on day herd, skinned it and pasted a section of the skin on the high cantle of my custom-made Garcia saddle. The sticky membrane on the underside of the snake skin had a tendency to stick like glue and it dried quickly and hardened. Those days it was the height of cowboy fashion to paste a rattlesnake skin on the saddle cantle, and you'll find it in many a Charlie Russell painting.

It was getting along towards noon according to sun time, and the spread out remuda was watering at the creek and I was looking for a place upstream where the wild berry bushes grew on the creek bank to eat my lunch, when I sighted Jesse Iron Horn on his paint pony skylighted on a nearby hill. So I rode up to meet him.

"How did you know I got the horse wrangler job, Jesse James Iron Horn?" I asked.

"Smoke signals," he grunted mysteriously. Jesse had stuck an eagle feather into the beaded buckskin hatband of his high-crowned, broad-brimmed old black Stetson, and I noticed smears of red dust paint on his high cheekbones.

"How come the eagle feather in your hat?" I asked.

"I counted coup last night," Jesse answered, wooden-faced. "I stole a pony from that Gros Ventres Newton Roan Horse that he had on a picket line. I gave the pony to Abe Long Knife."

"Newton Roan Horse will have an Injun policeman on your trail," I warned him.

"Shore thing," Jesse said. "Two of 'em! But my paint pony Many Spots outran their cayuses to the reservation gate. Them Injun police ain't allowed off the reservation. That's why I'm here. Come dark I'll go back. So I counted two coups. One for out-foxin' the police and one for stealing a pony." He pointed to my bulging saddle slicker. "What you got to eat?"

"Enough for both of us." I grinned. "And there's plenty of wild berries."

As we ate lunch along the creek bank Jesse related the details of how he stole Newton Roan Horse's best pony. He said he stole the pony to give to Abe Long Knife because there was a long standing feud between Abe, an Assiniboine, and Newton, a Gros Ventres, on account of a young squaw they had both been courting.

I knew the artful craft of horse stealing was still considered counting coup among the young warriors of both tribes, who were now confined together on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. And despite the fact that the Old Men of both tribes had smoked the peace pipe and buried the proverbial tomahawk, there was a strict ruling laid down that forbade intertribal marriage, and the young comely squaw involved was a full-blood Gros Ventres, making eyes at Abe Long Knife, an Assiniboine. The gullible, paunchy Abe had grabbed the bait, hook, line and sinker, while the young maiden had scorned the lovelorn advances of her tribesman. It gave the flirtatious squaw pleasure to have two young bucks on her string, and she was wont to brag about it to the other girls who giggled and whispered about it, while the other young bucks enjoyed the mild scandal and played jokes on both the rivals.

Jesse Iron Horn said that when Abe Long Knife flatly refused to return the stolen horse to Newton Roan Horse, the angry young Gros Ventres had hollered for the Indian Police when he should have kept his big mouth shut and when the sign was right have stolen a couple of horses from Jesse Iron Horn or Abe Long Knife. Jesse said the big Gros Ventres buck had broken the rules and he should be stripped out of his pants and forced to wear a dress and live in the squaw camp.

JESSE IRON HORN seemed to be in one of his Injun moods and I figured the sign was right for what I had in mind. I reached inside my shirt and took out the Buffalo Bill dime novel and handed it over. "Sit here and read the story, Jesse," I said, "while I get a count on the remuda."

I forked my horse and rode off and took my time grazing the horses to water and then to where the grazing was good. Then I rode up the easy slant to a high hill where I could watch the remuda, got off my horse and hunkered down on my bootheels, and after a while Jesse rode up and got off his horse. He handed

(Continued on page 44)

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HOW PADDY MARTINEZ FOUND URANIUM

By WAYNE WINTERS
Photo Courtesy Author

Explanatory note: It was early in September 1969 that word of the death of Paddy Martinez, the man whose discovery of uranium touched off the big prospecting and mining boom in the Grants, New Mexico district, was flashed over news wires across the country.

The following is an article that *Epitaph* editor Wayne Winters, who was well acquainted with the bonanza discoverer, wrote over fifteen years ago about how Paddy made his big find. Paddy was a character—one of a kind. The retelling of the story is particularly appropriate today.

Believe it or not, some hangovers can make a man healthy, wealthy and wise!

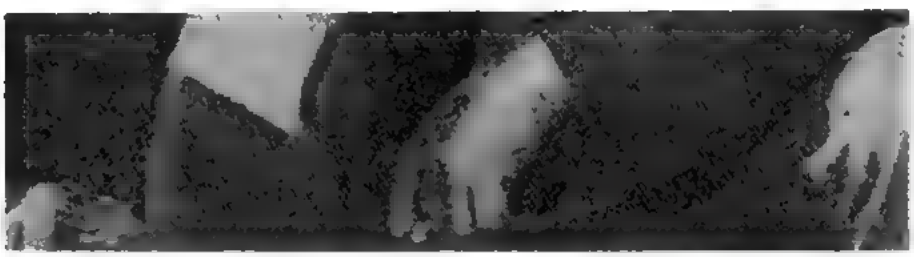

Photo Courtesy Tombstone Epitaph

Paddy Martinez

"I'M PAID $400 an hour just because I got drunk and I reckon that my boss would double that sum if I'd do it again under similar circumstances.

"Sure, I know most guys get canned from the job for over-imbibing but then the outfit I work for are mighty happy that I did 'cause they've made millions simply because I got drunk and went to sleep one afternoon in the early summer of 1950.

"Guess I'd better start by telling who I am. The name is Paddy Martinez and I'm a Navajo Indian (that is, I say I'm Navajo, but I'm really one-fourth Navajo, one fourth Mexican and one-half Gringo). I live at the village of Bluewater on Highway 66 in western New Mexico during the winter months, but move on up to my summer home at Bluewater Lake in the nearby Zuni Mountains when the weather begins to get hot. The higher altitude makes for cooler days.

"I'm in my fifties now and have spent most of my life in the Grants and Bluewater vicinity of Valencia and McKinley Counties. Up until five years ago I'd sometimes herd sheep for one of the big outfits. Next time I'd get a small band of my own and with some of the squaws and kids would make a living feeding them on the native grasses of the reservation or allotment lands.

"When they started raising carrots in a big way in the Bluewater valley the growers found they had lots of trouble getting good help so I took a job of recruiting Navajos to work in the harvest fields. This made me pretty good money so I decided to spread out my operations to the Salt River valley near Phoenix, Arizona where they, too, needed help in harvesting vegetable crops. Between the two vegetable deals each year, and raising a small band of sheep and goats myself, I was doing swell. Besides having a red pickup truck, a regular Gringo house at Bluewater that I used to store saddles, wool and grain, I had a hogan in which to live at the village and another hogan for the summer up at the lake.

"During the winter and spring of 1950 I had a sheep camp set up over behind Haystack Mountain, some twenty miles northwest of Bluewater village. It was getting along toward the summer when one day my squaw told me that she was

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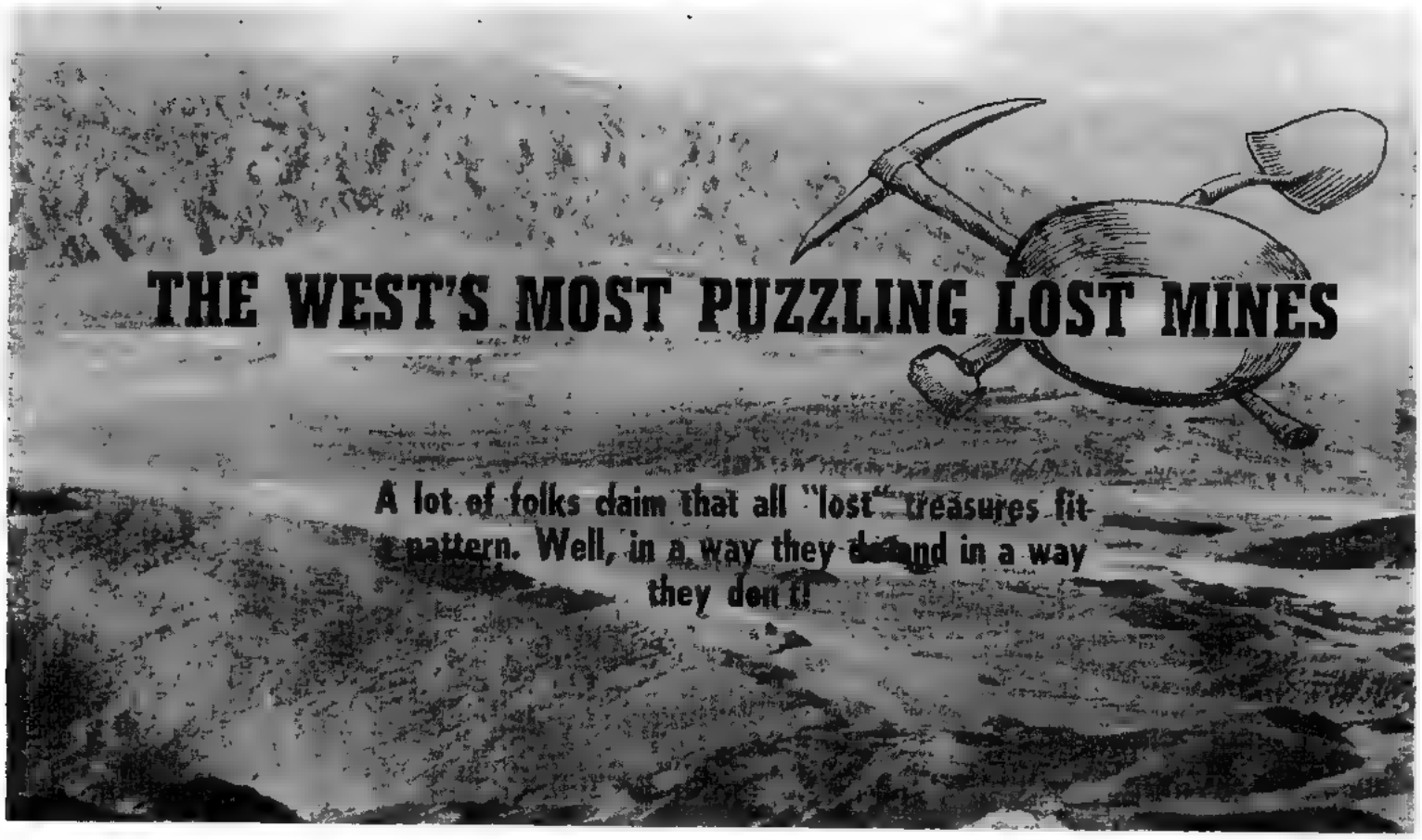


THE WEST'S MOST PUZZLING LOST MINES

A lot of folks claim that all "lost" treasures fit a pattern. Well, in a way they do—and in a way they don't!

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, Death Valley, where the famous Shorty Harris lost a mine first discovered by a Chinaman. Below is Sheriff H. H. Whitehill, who chased George Avery off Bear Mountain, where the outlaw had found, and later misplaced, a rich ledge of silver.

GEORGE JAMES AVERY was in a tolerable hurry when he climbed high onto Bear Mountain in the extreme southwestern corner of New Mexico. Somewhere behind him Sheriff Harvey H. Whitehill would be coming along. It had been Avery's error trying to locate in Grant County following a robbery in the northern part of the territory. No one had told him that Whitehill was a shrewd and relentless hunter of evildoers when they sought to hide out in his domain.

Sundown was at hand that July day in 1888 when Avery came onto a spring. He and his horse were tired to exhaustion, so he pulled off to camp. He had a quart can, some coffee grounds, and part of a slab of bacon. After supper, in utter weariness, he slept the night through.

His horse wandered some distance away before sunup. While going for the animal the next morning Avery stumbled onto a horizontal ledge sticking out of the ground no more than twenty inches. The dull lead color struck him as unusual. Many broken-off pieces were lying around the surface. Two of hand-size were picked up, Avery imagining they must be pure lead. He just might have need of some lead before long!

Even dallying as he did on Bear Mountain, Avery crossed over into Arizona Territory without the famous sheriff's catching up. But as he learned later, Whitehill had followed over Bear Mountain to the Arizona border before turning back.

Two days after reaching the mining town of Globe, Avery learned from an assayer that his "lead" was native silver. Moving on to Phoenix in the Salt River Valley he couldn't get the extensiveness of the ledge out of mind.

In Phoenix Avery ran into two outlaws on the dodge like himself, and told them about the silver. All were for going back to mine the metal.

"We might as well bring out a good deal of it," one of them declared. "For a change we can grab off some mazuma without having to watch our back trail."

The idea suited Avery, so the three formed a partnership, stole twenty big mules, bought supplies, and went to Bear Mountain. After getting out the surface silver they slanted a tunnel into the ground. When it was no more than twenty feet long, they already had more silver than their stock could carry to Globe. The partners went there and sold it to a mine smelter.

When questioned as to where they got such rich native silver they glossed over the facts, and celebrated in the saloons that night. Local officers soon recognized the two outlaws from wanted dodgers and closed in. In a showdown fight one partner was killed and the other wounded. Two days later he died in jail.

Avery managed to avoid arrest and went on west to Phoenix. But there he was fingered by City Marshal Henry Garfias and collared. Nothing was known about him other than a dodger said he was worth a $1,000 reward. While officers checked with authorities in Santa Fe, New Mexico, he contrived to escape.

Above, Captain Baker had come from the distant mountain range shown here after unsuccessful prospecting when he found the rich gold-filled ledge. Below is James White, sole survivor of Captain Baker's prospecting party. He didn't know the location of his fabulous gold find in the Cochetopa Hills.

Fleeing west, Avery crossed into California at Yuma, where he spent the next two years. Then, figuring he had been forgotten in New Mexico, he returned to Bear Mountain planning to file a claim under an alias.

Not only did he fail to find the silver mine with a tunnel already started, but had no good luck of any kind over the next ten years. Periodically he hunted for his lost ledge but to the day he died in 1916 he had never come close to relocating it. More than a score of searchers have tried to find Avery's silver mine, without any success whatever.

A CAVE lined with gold was found in 1967 in Oklahoma's Seven Devil Mountains. The man who discovered it can neither claim nor work it because the land is privately owned. The company to which it belongs knows that the ancient cave once mined is in there somewhere and maintain guards on their property. This is a tantalizing unusual lost mine with its origin back in Spanish times.

A large party of Spaniards from New Orleans, believed to have been en route overland to the original St. Louis, accidentally found the cave lined with gold. After going on north several of the party returned with the intention of working it. They chopped out a great amount of gold before being jumped by Indians. Fighting them off they started out and reached a mountain pass. Blocked again and under heavy attack, the party was in danger of being wiped out. The gold was buried.

Seven Spaniards were killed. That night the survivors managed to break out of the trap and escape. When the Choctaw Indians were moved west to the Indian Territory after it was set aside, they found seven skulls and seven muskets in the mountain pass where the fight took place. From some source they obtained details about the cave lined with gold, the Spaniards and the fight. After long consideration they decided that the mine should be left entirely alone.

This was the situation when in 1882 a German named Lighter from Mena, Arkansas entered the Seven Devils. From a never revealed source he had obtained a map and the necessary information to find the cave. Not only did he do so but came out and went to a blacksmith at Davenport Crossing on Little River. He had the blacksmith make a special pick-like tool with one flat edge twice as wide as an adze. With it Lighter started raking gold from the cave's wall. Unfortunately, the Choctaws discovered him at work and hauled him out, leaving the gold and tools inside the cave. The German cried and begged piteously for his life.

The Choctaws beat him almost to death over a period of two days, but finally he was freed, barely able to stand, with the warning that if he were ever seen in the Choctaw Nation again he would be killed. Lighter made his way slowly back to Mena where he recovered.

About ten years later he became friends with L. G. Barlow. Lighter was then working a zinc mine northwest of Mena. Barlow was told about the cave and given the waybill for an agreed-upon percentage. Lighter was afraid to return to the Choctaw Nation even at that late date, but he believed Barlow might slip to the cave and at least bring out the pile of gold remaining there from his work. Or perhaps Barlow could find the gold the Spanish had buried.

Barlow took his son-in-law, Joseph S. Williams, on his trip into the Seven Devils. A friendly Indian guided them into the pass where the Spaniards had been attacked. But right there he left them in a hurry, warning that the entire area was cursed by evil spirits.

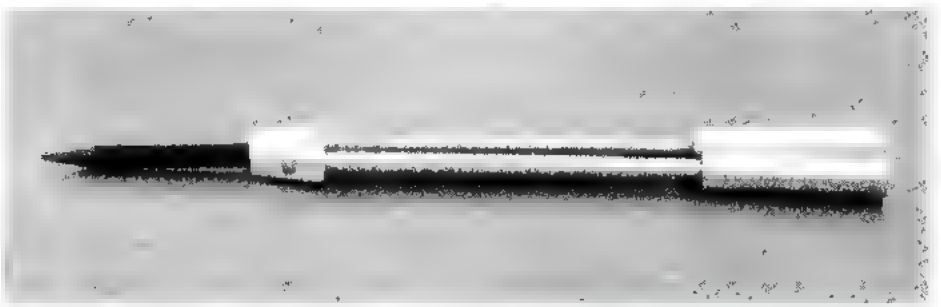
While scouting around, hunting for the cache, Williams found the marker of the seven skulls and seven muskets. He hung one of the skulls on a tree from which it could be seen for a considerable distance.

Days faded into weeks and their searching came to naught. Despite the map and detailed description of the topography they could not find the cave. Going to Mena they talked to Lighter at great length. He showed great surprise, finally deciding that the small opening into the cave must have fallen in.

Describing all that he could of the terrain, he gave them explicit directions how to find the right canyon in the mountain slope and where the cave should be situated. Barlow and Williams hurried back into the Seven Devils. But work as hard as they did, the cave lined with gold continued to elude them. For years thereafter Williams hunted for it. After his death his son Fletcher followed his footsteps into the low lying, rugged mountains.

For a period of forty years Fletcher did not bother to search further. Then in 1967, using a metal detector and furnished information by a state predatory animal trapper, he found the cave. As Lighter believed many years before, the

Below, the metal detector used by Fletcher Williams in his search for valuable minerals. The secret of its success is attributed to the device on the end which points the projecting needle towards the deposits. It located the gold cave in the Seven Devils!



Above, Carl Beck, who found the rich gold prospect of Ramsey and Long Gone Bill and then couldn't return to it! At right is George Elliott who dug the tunnel where the naked woman "guardian" was seen.

mouth had closed together in a series of cave-ins from the rim above.

Fletcher had made extensive preparations to mine the gold when to his astonishment he was informed that he would not be allowed to do so. He in turn refused to divulge the cave's location to the irate landowner. Right to this minute —so far as Fletcher is concerned—the old lost cave of gold is going to remain undisturbed into eternity.

One very interesting point about this case is that Fletcher found the cave with a special kind of detector. He made it himself, copying one invented by a metalsmith friend which was never patented or manufactured for public sale. The aluminum head has two spring handles and is shaped like a dowser. The electronic secret of how it works lies in the contents of the small head which has a projecting needle indicator.

NOT AS OLD as the Seven Devils cave is the Captain Baker mine in Colorado. In the fall of 1866 the intrepid Charles Baker went through Cochetopa Pass from prospecting the San Juan Mountains farther west. East of the pass lie the Cochetopa Hills, an area of indescribably wonderful natural beauty.

Baker had come to Colorado before 1860, and was accounted one of that territory and state's foremost frontiersman. His friends were numbered from hundreds into the thousands. It was a great loss to Colorado and the Southwest when he came to a sudden and untimely end.

In the Cochetopa Hills Baker did not make camp until after sundown. He was in a hurry to reach Denver to meet a prospecting party heading for New Mexico and then down the San Juan River. The next morning when he went to bring in his riding horse and pack mule he noticed considerable mineralized rock on the ground in a glade. It had eroded from a waist-high ledge barely in the timber edge.

Finding his stock, Baker returned to camp and packed up. When he was ready to ride on he halted long enough to gather up about twenty pounds of the very dark and heavy quartz ore.

On reaching Denver Baker met the prospecting party, but before heading south gave the quartz to an assayer friend. All Baker told him was that it had been found on the trailside in the Cochetopa Hills about a half-day's ride from the pass.

Before the assay was completed Baker and his party were in southern Colorado prospecting, after which they went on into New Mexico and down the San Juan into Utah. Turning north, they reached the wild canyons of Grand River (afterwards the Colorado). In a sudden attack by Utes his hair was lifted in 1867.

Meanwhile, the Denver assayer, James W. Hermosa, had found that Baker's dark quartz ran some $18,000 in gold to the ton. Becoming very excited he sent out word by all prospectors heading for southern Colorado and Utah to tell Baker to return as soon as possible.

Months passed before Hermosa learned from James White, the only survivor of Baker's prospecting party, that the captain had gone under. White could tell Hermosa nothing about the Cochetopa Hills find because Baker had not mentioned it once during the weeks they had traveled and prospected together.

Hermosa thought that perhaps Baker had given him enough information, so forming a party of ten men he went into the distant hills. Somewhere off the regular trail they hoped to find the same glade and the ledge from which the rich quartz came. After spending the summer of 1869 in the Cochetopa Hills, the Hermosa party found nothing whatever. For the next several years the assayer haunted the locality, moving to Creede to be closer to his area of search. He also grubstaked many a prospector in an attempt to find the source of Baker's ore.

The Arizona mountain where a mysterious woman watches over a lost mine.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and the Death Valley region, in particular, boast a number of lost mines besides the famous Breyfogle. One of them was mislaid by no less than the famous desert rat, Frank (Shorty) Harris.

One hot summer day in either 1910 or 1911 Shorty and a twenty-mule team skinner hauling borax, known as "Salty Bill," found a Chinaman on the Slate Mountain road very nearly cashed in. A little water and some whiskey soon revived him and he talked. He was a cook who had got mad at the manager of the Eagle Borax works and had started walking out of Death Valley.

Meeting some Piute Indians they told him of a short cut across the Panamint Range. The Piutes either gave him a bum steer or he misunderstood directions. But he did get through to the Slate Mountains where Shorty and Salty Bill found him in time to save his life. In gratitude the Chinaman gave Shorty a small rock weighing fifteen pounds which, said Shorty, "was nigh all pure gold."

When asked where he picked it up the Chinaman replied that it came from a deep, watered canyon containing some timber which pitched directly out into Death Valley.

(Continued on page 57)

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Custer, Oklahoma Students

I have a newspaper picture of my mother, Amanda Robinson Wicker, in the doorway of the Custer School taken in 1905, located in Custer, Oklahoma. My mother is now in a convalescent home and would like to hear from any of her former pupils. They may write to her in care of me at the address below. I will see that she receives every letter sent to her and will reply to each one.

Silas Echols, Jim Mitchell, Jody Enyart, Willie Nivens, Clyde Mitchell, Robert Myers, Lloyd Walker, Bertha Forbes, Essie Mitchell, Viola Scott, Heddie Hickenbotham, Bertie Cowart.

Roy Walker, Jim Echols, David Enyart, Jim Myers, Ben Echols, Arthur Nivens, Ida Enyart, Lizzie Forbis, Ruby Hickenbotham, Silas Enyart, Edd Walker, Jesse Walker, Mammie Fields, Maud Scott, Haron Morris, Annie May Tetter, Effie Hickenbotham, Clate Walker, Dock Morris.

Teachers, Lillie Dorsey and Fred Mayers.—Bonnie Moore, 17429 Grayland Avenue, Artesia, California 90701

Williams-McCandless

My father, Frank Lee Williams, born March 14, 1890 in Sugartree, Carroll County, Missouri was the son of Edwin Waller Williams, born Dec. 30, 1859 in Warsaw, Missouri, and Margot McCandless. They married October 12, 1882. His father, Parmentas Williams, born April 14, 1813 in New Jersey, married March 20, 1859 to Amanda Dawson Cannon, born October 18, 1826 near Richmond, Va. His father was Gresham Simmons Williams, born about 1781 in Scotland and died 1865 in Ohio. I do not know his wife's name, but I believe she was born in Germany.

My mother, Anna McGuire, to the best of my knowledge was born December 8, 1894 in Ottumwa, Kansas. Her father, Herman Albert McGuire, was born 1867 in St. Clair County, Illinois. He married Alice Lane November 17, 1892. His father, Bird Estes McGuire, was born October 5, 1837 in St. Clair County, Illinois and married Amelia Pauline Dressler, born April 20, 1843 in Ohio. His parents were Samuel McGuire and Nafanna Jackson.

I would surely appreciate information on any of these people.—Lyle K. Williams, 5000 Rock River Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76103

David Rose

In 1953 I saw one of my best buddies for the last time. David Rose and I were in the third grade in Revelo, Kentucky. We were the best of friends for two-and-a-half years, then his family moved somewhere in California. I think his father was dead at the time they moved.

He had an older brother named Billie, and a younger brother whose name I can't recall. It's been almost seventeen years now, but I haven't forgotten him, and I'd surely like to hear something about him.—James W. Perkins, Box 191, Oneida, Tennessee 37841

Elliott-Craft

Abram Franklin Elliott married Mary Craft in Camden County, Missouri. Abram was born in North or South Carolina of Irish immigrants. Mary was of German descent. Abram's parents moved to Missouri prior to the Civil War, and he was a captain in the Union Army state militia. He was thirty when he married Mary, and they had seven children. One of them was my grandfather, Arthur Mortici.

My father is Le Roy Arthur Elliott. We need more information and would like to correspond with anyone who can help.—Dona M. Nogle, 45 Riviera Trailer Court, Pasco, Washington 99301

Ernie and Jane Zello

Ernie and Jane Zello lived across the hall from us on 6th Street in Oklahoma City when our children, Carlene and Alvin, were small. Ernie was an insurance salesman. We moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan and lost track of them.

We were in Oklahoma in 1951, but were told by a neighbor that Ernie had been recalled into the service and Jane had gone to Arkansas. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these two very dear friends, please write.—Mr. & Mrs. Carl L. McCarty, 9485 Cedar Lake Rd., Pinckney, Michigan 48169

Hiram A. Hendry

Hiram A. Hendry, a pioneer of McPherson, Kansas, was born in Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, December 27, 1834, son of Samuel Hendry. He was a printer in Ohio and Chicago and later became a druggist.

In 1871, he was a member of the Ashtabula colony of soldiers and sailors who went to Kansas and located King City, south of McPherson, where he was postmaster. Later, he moved to McPherson, having become a member of the town company.

In 1864, he married Julia Sutherland. Their family consisted of Alexander S., who became a lawyer and remained a bachelor; Harry; and Ada Louise, who was a librarian in McPherson and later married William T. Dodd in 1918. She died in 1932. They lived in the Salina, Kansas area. It is doubtful if they had any children.

I am very much interested in contacting any descendants of the Hendry family, to secure a picture of Hiram and any additional biographical information.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67460

Newton-Robinson

Charlie Bright Newton was born July 12, 1880. He came from Kentucky or Texas. He married my mother, Clara Bell Robinson, on February 14, 1942. He lived in Dallas, Texas and died there January 8, 1962. If any of his kids or old friends see this, please write me. I hope anyone interested in the names Newton or Robinson will also write.—Mrs. Ellen Workley, 1655 Denison, Warren, Ohio 44485

Potter-Burns-Cotton

My father, Newton John Potter, was born in 1854; my mother, Tulula Burns, in 1858. They were married in a little church in Temple, Texas. He was 101 and she 97 when they passed away. Alvarado, Texas rings in my memory of my mother talking of her kin. There were uncles and cousins named Cotton, and I've heard them speak of Joshua and Martha Potter. I'd appreciate any information on my family.—D. R. Potter, 1789 Goetz, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Monoah Pence

A Butte County, California pioneer, Manoah Pence (1819-1882) has been mentioned in your magazine. County histories record him as a gold miner, rancher, Indian fighter, and civic leader. An impressive monument stands over his grave in Cherokee Cemetery, Butte County. I am interested in finding out if I am related to Manoah Pence. His father, Isaac (1794-1880), farmed in Perry County, Ohio. Perhaps some of your readers can enlighten me. Any information will be appreciated.—Monroe C. Pence, Box 1245, Mountain View, California 94040

Williamson-Graves

I would like to find my sister, Effie Williamson. She, my brother Walter and I were children of Charles G. Williamson and wife, Daisey Graves Williamson. My mother died in 1906 when I was about six months old. She is buried in the Catholic cemetery at San Angelo, Texas.

My father placed us in foster homes. Walter lived with a ranch family by the name of Bird, northeast of Robert Lee. Effie lived with my aunt, Mrs. Cora Graves Woodard in Fort Worth. I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Edd Gray in San Angelo. My brother Walter was killed a few years later while working cattle. This was about fifty years ago, and he is buried at Robert Lee. Effie stayed with my Aunt Cora until grown and

(Continued on page 54)

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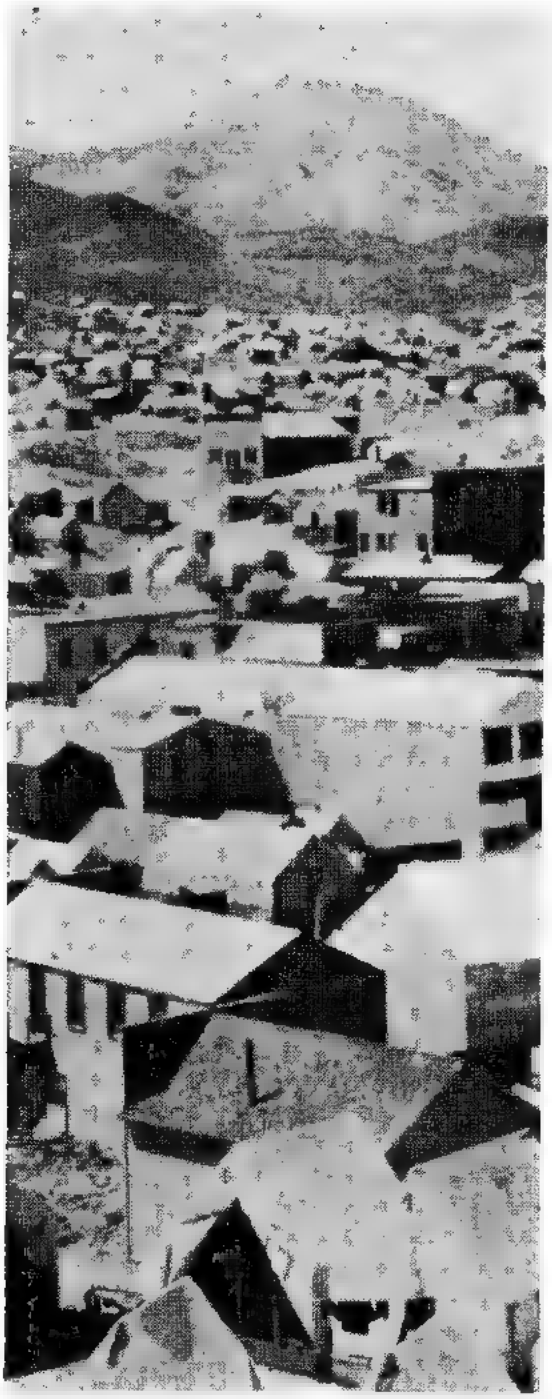
The Gum Shoe Kid

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING
Photos Courtesy Author

R. W. Thaler, alias, Gum Shoe Kid, one of the last of the gold boomers.

With Soapy Smith as his childhood hero and no laws set up against highgrading, Bob Thaler turned his youthful enthusiasm to living like a king in the mining camps . . .



Rawhide, Nevada

"I WAS the acknowledged Crown Prince of highgraders. I was just like the lilies of the field," the Gum Shoe Kid chuckled as he recalled the rough and tumble days at Goldfield and Rawhide, Nevada.

This irrepressible character, Robert W. Thaler, had been in mining camps from Alaska to Cripple Creek, with all of the Nevada camps thrown in. When I first met him in 1958, he told me he was one of six men still living who had been involved in the labor riot at Cripple Creek in 1904.

He had learned to talk like a Cousin Jack, a native Cornishman.

"Highgradin'," he explained, "was ethically wrong, but when I was top man on the highgradin' pole, it was not against the law. With the passage of a law against highgradin' in 1914, the F.B.I. came into the picture. That's when I quit.

"Accordin' to the Western Federation of Miners, labor produced all the wealth; and wealth belonged to the producer thereof. Respectable citizens of the community who did the hard diggin' were the highgraders. They took the high grade ore for themselves. Low grade stuff was called 'family ore.' It went to the company."

"But how could the miners get away with it?" I asked.

"It—that is, the high grade ore—would be cached temporarily in out-of-the-way drifts in the mine or carried out in lunch buckets or sample sacks. Once when Icicle Jimmy was in a stope loadin' a corset with ore, an old, broken-down preacher who was a guard, came upon him unexpectedly and exclaimed, 'By God, one of the faithful workers in the Vineyard of the Lord.' Sometimes the ore was stored in old sheds or cabin attics until it could be sold. I was a buyer and knew how and where to dispose of the ore. Some of the highgraders stored bullion at Danny Sullivan's Marquette Hotel at 17th and 18th and Curtis in Denver. Danny Sullivan made a stake in Goldfield. He was fined $1,000 and given a year and a day in jail after that highgradin' law was passed," Gum Shoe shrugged. "I

All Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Horace A. W. Tabor and his first wife Augusta. At bottom of page is Baby Doe Tabor, his second spouse. All were acquaintances of R. W. Thaler.

got four days myself once for jumpin' a claim."

"How did you get into this business?"

"My father was an old-time miner. He was born in Germany and came to this country sometime in the forties. First though, he mined in Australia. I believe the first place he landed around here was in Georgetown, Colorado. He was also around Buckskin Joe and Fairplay and then he went over the hill into California Gulch. He mined in Leadville, too. That's when he made his first stake, but I didn't know what mine it was he made his first stake on. In the spring of 1879 him and another miner prospector went over Hunter Pass instead of Independence, and down Hunter Creek to what they called 'Utes-on-the-Roarin' Fork Valley.'

"When I was a kid we lived for a time in Creede. Soapy Smith was there and he was called the 'Mayor of Creede.' We thought he was the greatest guy that ever lived. My father called him Jeff, short for Jefferson. One of Soapy's sons is, or was, a teacher for years in Milwaukee. Frank Reed killed Soapy on Skid Row. He is buried on a hillside at Skagway. Lou Blonger put him out of business.

"I knew Billy Reed, Frank's brother, in Dawson City. He had worked in the Ute mine at Aspen in '84. Soapy's cohorts were known as 'bird men,' 'tracers,' 'closers'—they were high-powered con men. Callahan was a natural slicker. He was a short-change artist. Respectable Slim Jim, one of the gang, used to hang around Reno as a 'booster' or 'shill.'"

"When did you go to Alaska?" I wanted to know.

"In 1902 I joined the boom on the Iditarod, but I did my diggin' indoors. Old Icicle Jimmy was the dean of all the Alaskan boomers. He had worked for my father on the Emma lease—Thaler-Hooper-Todd—in Aspen in 1882. His Swedish nickname was Old Doocad. He got his other nickname in Alaska when he opened a messenger service between the gambling houses and the redlight district. When it was 40° below zero he would go from Dawson to Louse Town. One man said, 'That ain't no human bein.' That's a bloody icicle!' From then on it was Icicle Jimmy. Up in the North I was called the Chuckawalla Kid."

"How long were you in Alaska?" I interrupted.

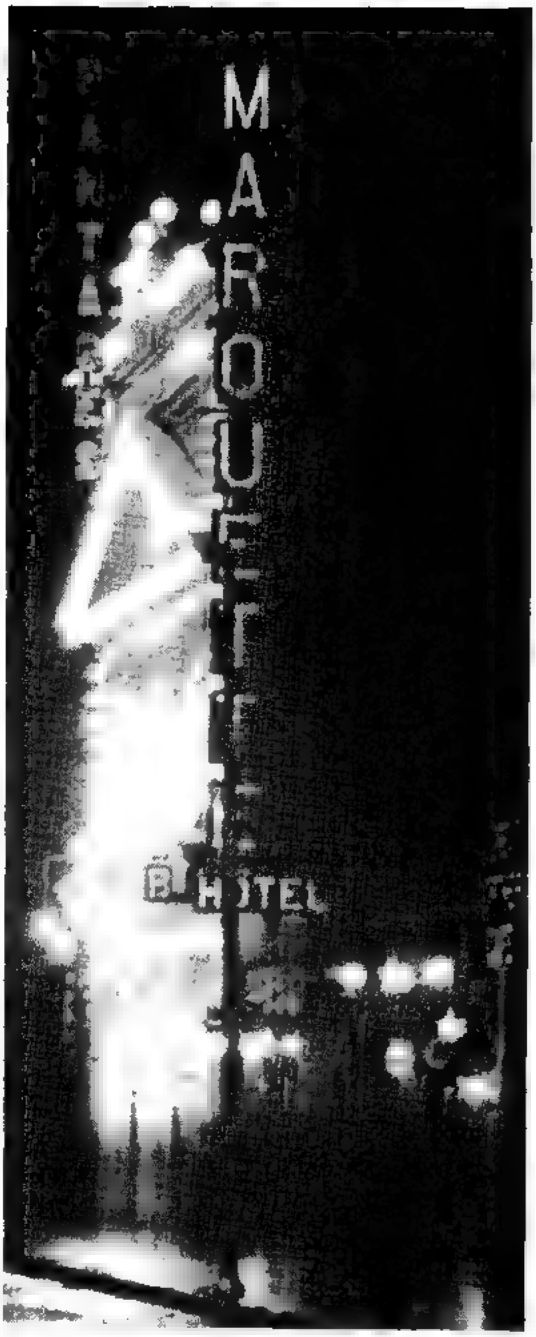
"Not long. After I made $1,500 on roulette, a pal and I decided to come to the outside. We reached San Francisco with plenty of money, but woke up the next morning with just $15 between us."

THALER usually was where the action was. One day in 1904, at the time of the labor trouble in Victor, Colorado and when the I.W.W. was in its prime, he was standing on the street in front of the Lonore gambling house when St. John, one of the labor agitators, came up the street. St. John usually had a Wallapi Indian guard, but this day he was alone. Thaler began chatting with him. Suddenly, Melaney, secretary of the Victor Miner's Union, opened up with a six-shooter and shot St. John three times.

"We took him to a hospital," Thaler said. "Melaney had shot the leg off the old man. Mine owners had gunmen who were going to take St. John out and bang him, but they didn't."

According to Thaler, St. John said that the president of the Telluride Local of the Federation went under the name of John W. Vincent. He said Vincent skipped out and went to Goldfield, and claimed that Oscar Carpenter killed Arthur Collins, manager of the Smuggler Mine in Telluride. [Another source, however, says that Adams, a union man, confessed to

(Continued on page 48)



Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library

Above, Danny Sullivan's Marquette Hotel at 17th and Curtis, in Denver. Some of the highgraders stored their bullion here before disposing of it.

The notorious Belle Starr.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Was Belle Starr

A Topekan believes his grandmother with whom she

By LEROY TOWNS
Photos Courtesy Author

"When night settles down over that canyon yonder you can hear the sounds of guns firing along the river, the clanking of chains of the prisoners marching to their cells. All through the night, Belle Starr's favorite mare can be heard pawing the ground near her grave, and if a gun is fired into the ground near Belle's grave the sod will flare up and pop like the pistols of bandits a-firin' from the hip."—A dirt farmer near Eufaula, Oklahoma quoted in a Tulsa newspaper.

SHE is a legend now, as dark and as mysterious as the purple shadows floating across the Canadian River into the Sans Bois Mountains of eastern Oklahoma. Belle Starr, outlaw queen of the Indian Territory in the musty 1880s. Her name slips out easily, maybe a little romantically.

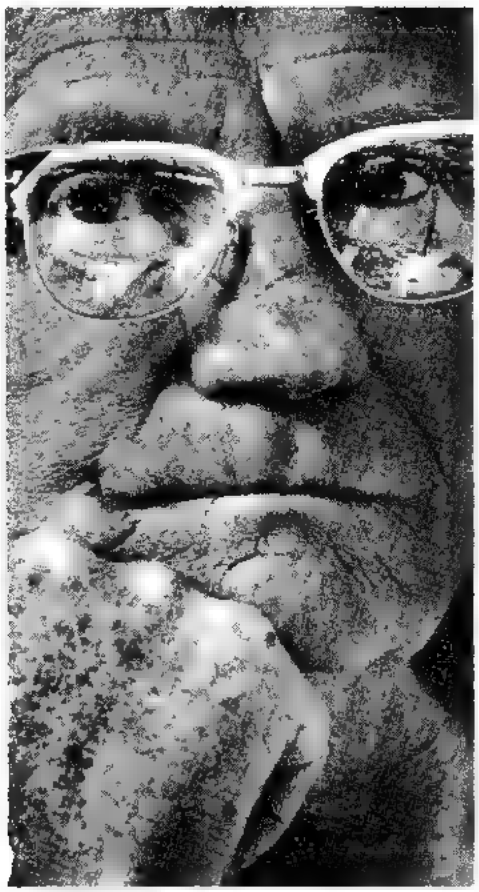
Today the lady's gravestone, chipped by tourists and pitted by wind-driven sand, overlooks vast and modern Lake Eufaula. It is an ironic setting that hides secrets.

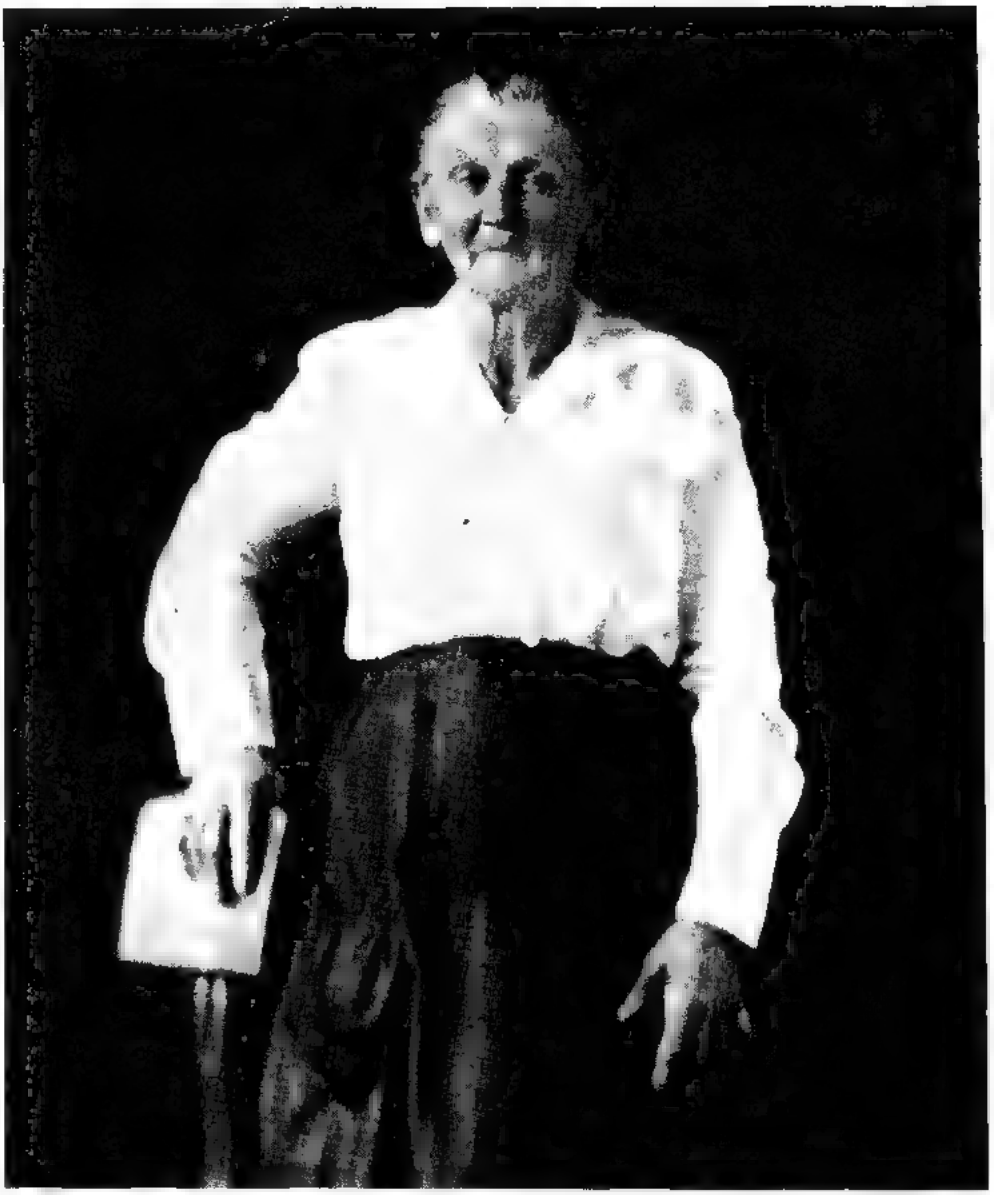
Indian Territory, February 3, 1889—the Sans Bois Mountains are brown in winter and foreboding. First, you see the horse and its rider advancing slowly to a place in the mountains called Younger's Bend. You notice the rider, face hidden under a wide-brimmed hat, slouching slightly to absorb the rhythmic movement of the horse.

Then they are closer and you can see the hot breath of the horse against the chill. Suddenly the quiet is shattered by the blast of a shotgun. The Sans Bois Mountains take the sound and play with it and when the sound returns, Belle Starr is lying face down on the road and she is dead.

Who murdered Belle Starr? Only those mountains know the answer for certain, and they hide their secret well. There are theories about who did the killing, of course—dozens of them, some more plausible than others. And so far one has been as good as another.

Now a Topekan has advanced his own theory of who murdered Belle Starr on that lonely road in 1889. He is convinced he has the answer to a puzzling question, but knows he has no way of proving it. A. J. Robinson, seventy-two, of Topeka, Kansas, claims it was his grandmother who killed Belle Starr.





Above is A. J. Robinson. His grandmother said she killed Belle Starr. At right is Mrs. Devena, Mr. Robinson's grandmother, shortly before her death in the 1930s.

For Robinson the story began on a dusty day in Oklahoma in 1911 or 1912. "We went one day to visit my grandmother," he recalls. "I think it was Sunday morning or afternoon. We were just sitting around talking and she was telling us about the hard times she had had in the Indian Territory.

"Then her face changed expression and she said, 'I've got something to tell all of you—I killed Belle Starr.'"

Robinson says his grandmother, a weathered old plainswoman, swore all those present to secrecy, possibly because of the family reputation, possibly because of the dread of retaliation.

Those present when the story was first told were Robinson, his mother and father, and an aunt named Lucinda.

Today Robinson remembers being only mildly interested in his grandmother's startling comment. "I was pretty young," he admits. "The grownups were more surprised than I was."

All of the story, as Robinson now remembers it, came from his grandmother that day, "although members of the family talked about it many times afterwards."

Robinson says simply he is telling the story now because he is the only person alive who knows it. He doesn't want it to be lost forever.

Killed by Mistake?

...may have pulled the trigger on a woman ...had no quarrel

THE STORY, as it was left imprinted on a teen-ager's mind, is not a very dramatic one really.

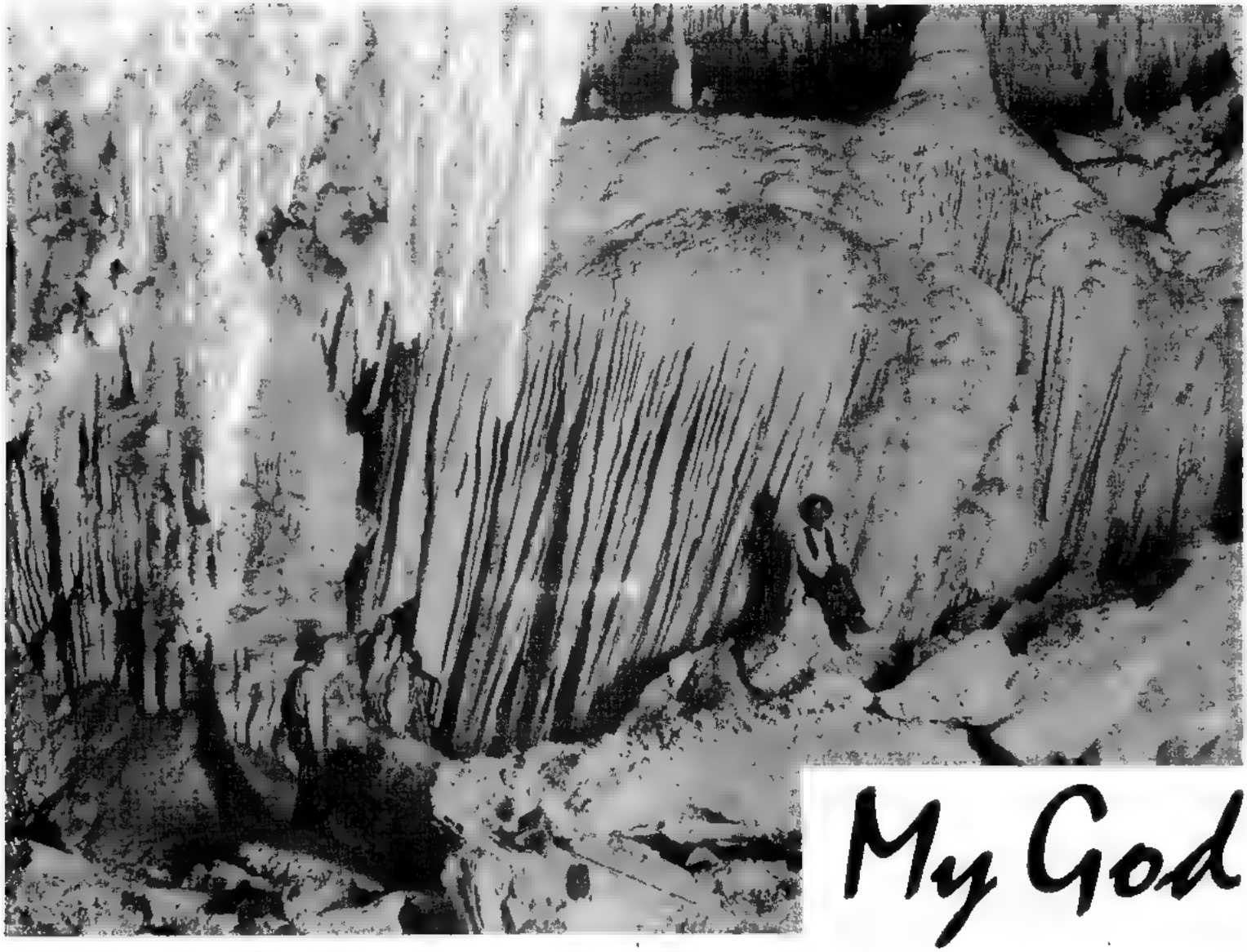
Nana (or maybe Nannie) Devena, the woman who Robinson says killed Belle Starr, was a middle-aged widow who weighed about ninety-five pounds. Her skin was dark and leathery, the result of years of battling frontier weather. She was tough, Robinson remembers, and was fond of smoking wood chips in a crusty corncob pipe.

Mrs. Devena was born in the 1840s in South Carolina. Her maiden name is unknown, but she was proud of her French blood. Some time before 1880, Mrs. Devena and her husband moved west to Indian Territory and set up housekeeping on the Canadian River near Eufaula.

By 1889 there were five children—one of them Robinson's mother, Rene—and Mrs. Devena had become a widow.

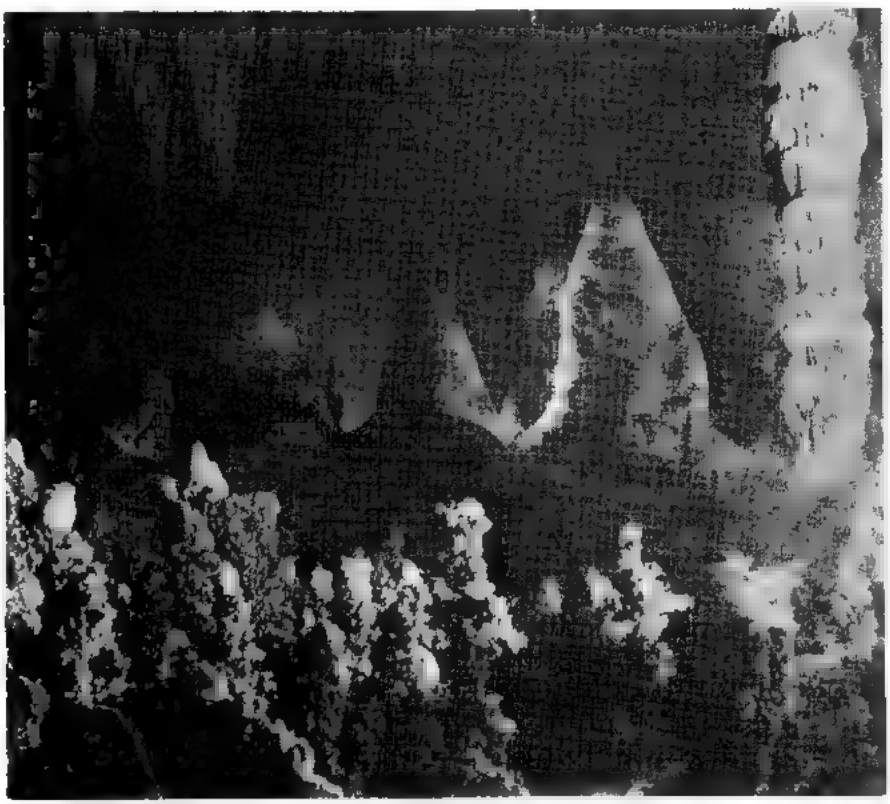
Indian Territory then was a raw and

(Continued on page 60)



My God

Above, the Onyx Waterfall. Below, entrance to Hall of Giants.



By B. D. SORRELLS

Photos Courtesy Author

HE was born for the outdoor life. Six feet three in his stocking feet, he towered above almost everyone else in his cowboy boots and white Stetson. His brilliant blue eyes always seemed to have a smile lurking just behind them. That such a man, born to the wide open range, should find his greatest happiness in the jet black darkness deep beneath the earth does not seem logical, but the day that James Larkin White decided to find out "where all them bats was comin' from" was the day that changed his whole life. He had discovered what would be known as Carlsbad Caverns.

For years Jim White tried to get people to come see what he had. He built ladders for the first visitors to climb down from the entrance. He charged one dollar for which each visitor received a night's lodging, four meals and transportation—but even at those prices, Jim had to practically kidnap his "visitors" off the streets. It meant many years of struggle, but Jim had no thought of giving up. Money was never the object

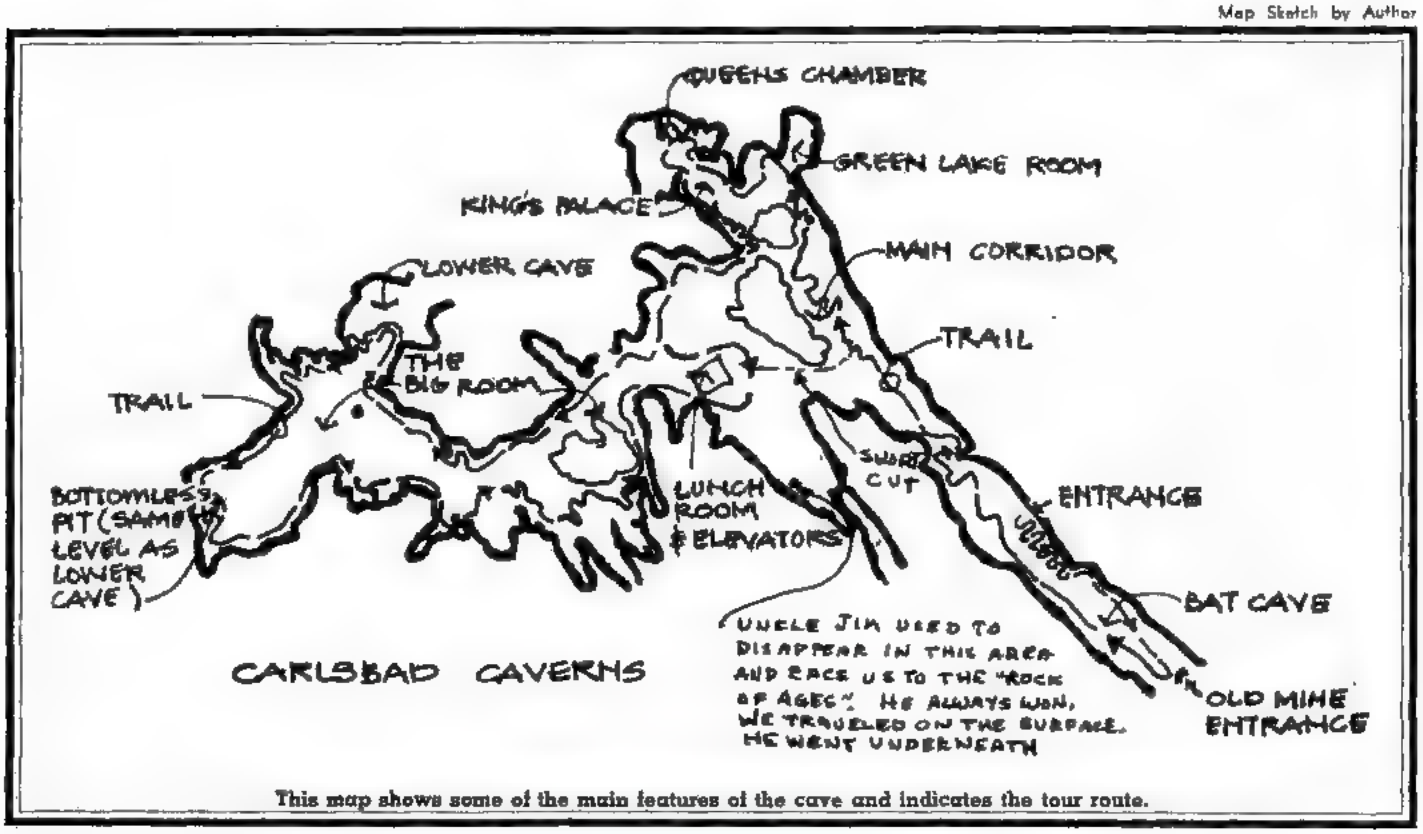
Courtesy Mrs. Amy White, Carlsbad, New Mexico

The headframe and bucket used in the mining of huge deposits of bat guano in the cavern gave Jim White an easy way to get his "visitors" into the cave. They were lowered, two at a time, in the old mine bucket! At right is the stream leading to the Wishing Well, just off the Hall of Giants. Jim White on left.

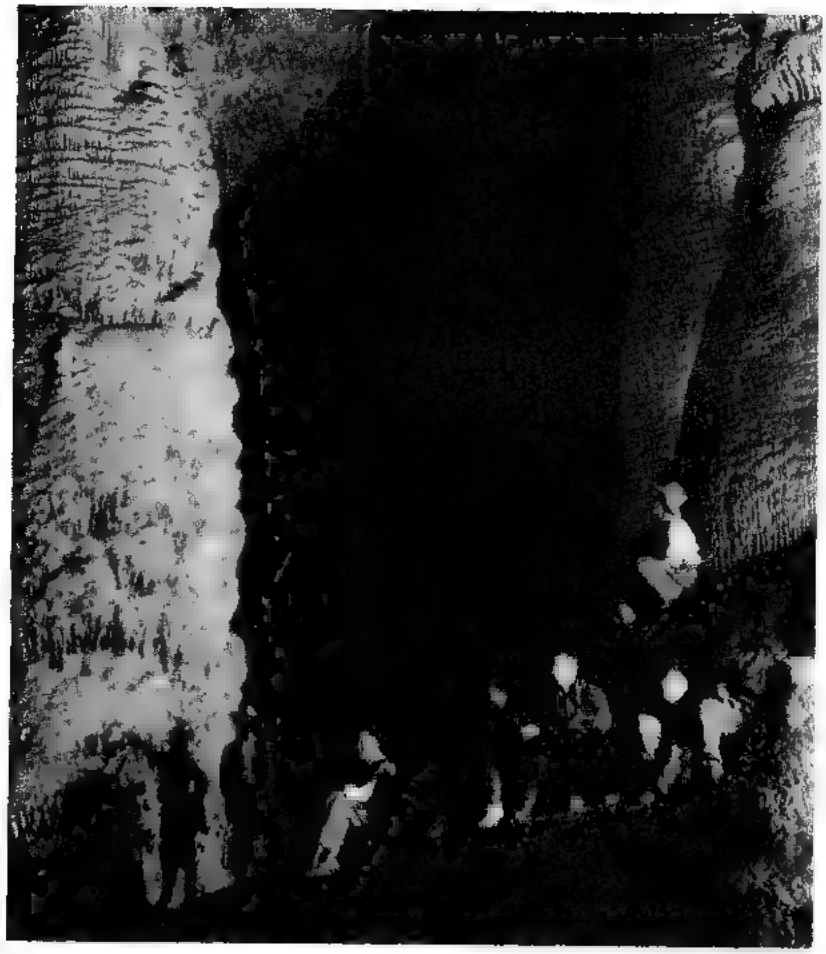
A cowboy gazed at what would become known as Carlsbad Caverns, and his whole life changed from that moment

Ain't That Beautiful!

Map Sketch by Author


QUEENS CHAMBER
GREEN LAKE ROOM
KING'S PALACE
MAIN CORRIDOR
LOWER CAVE
TRAIL
THE BIG ROOM
TRAIL
SURFACE CUT
ENTRANCE
BOTTOMLESS PIT (SAME LEVEL AS LOWER CAVE)
LUNCH ROOM & ELEVATORS
BAT CAVE
UNCLE JIM USED TO DISAPPEAR IN THIS AREA AND RACE US TO THE "ROCK OF AGES". HE ALWAYS WON, WE TRAVELED ON THE SURFACE. HE WENT UNDERNEATH
OLD MINE ENTRANCE
CARLSBAD CAVERNS

This map shows some of the main features of the cave and indicates the tour route.



Above, the center of the Hall of Giants, an off-shoot in the Bat Cave. Below, Jim White seated among the stone terraces.

of his struggle. There just wasn't any money, so promotion of the cave took on many and sometimes devious means. A total of six various mining interests dug out the huge deposits of bat guano. This gave Jim the first easy access to the cavern. His visitors were lowered, two at a time, in the old mine bucket. When fame of the subterranean wonder began spreading, Jim charged two dollars for each trip. That way he only lost money half as fast as before.

My first recollection of Uncle Jim was something less than dignified. I was called by my mother and as I charged around the corner of the house, I ran head-on into a boot. I was about nose high to that boot, but before I could back up to see what was above, a huge hand grabbed me by the seat of my pants, and I found myself sitting on a broad shoulder looking into a pair of bright blue eyes. My only other memory of that meeting was that I had never been that far above the ground before. I found later that this was characteristic of Uncle Jim, particularly with children. He never talked while looking down at them. When I was very ill and he came to visit me, his height—even sitting down—was far above me so he sat on the floor, putting his eyes at the same level as mine.

AS a youngster, I was totally unaware of the trouble Uncle Jim was having and had experienced in the past. He had, with the aid of National Geographic and several other survey teams, finally convinced the government of the worth of

the New Mexico cave, and the area was designated as a National Monument in 1923. In 1930 it was made into a National Park. The problems, disappointments, politics or bureaucratic jealousies which plagued Uncle Jim did not come within the scope of my understanding during the years that I was exposed to the wonderful things he could see in the most ordinary and commonplace objects.

My memories are of a man who would examine the veins of a leaf at a nose to ground level, or walk across a stretch of hot, burning desert to look at a rock formation and very studiously examine its shape to decide whether it was or was not a fire-breathing dragon. The younger his companions were, the more likely the considered verdict would be in favor of a dragon. Uncle Jim did not patronize or merely tolerate children. He always seemed to be able to see things, not only from their physical level but through their eyes. He was almost totally empathic with the young people who gathered around him.

Being guided through the caverns by Uncle Jim was, in the vernacular of today, "something else." There was a feeling of mystery and excitement which kept on building as each area was reached. His eyes sparkled with the enjoyment of showing off his cave. The more appreciation shown, the harder he would work to show you something special.

Five years ago I took my family to see the caverns and it was very interest-

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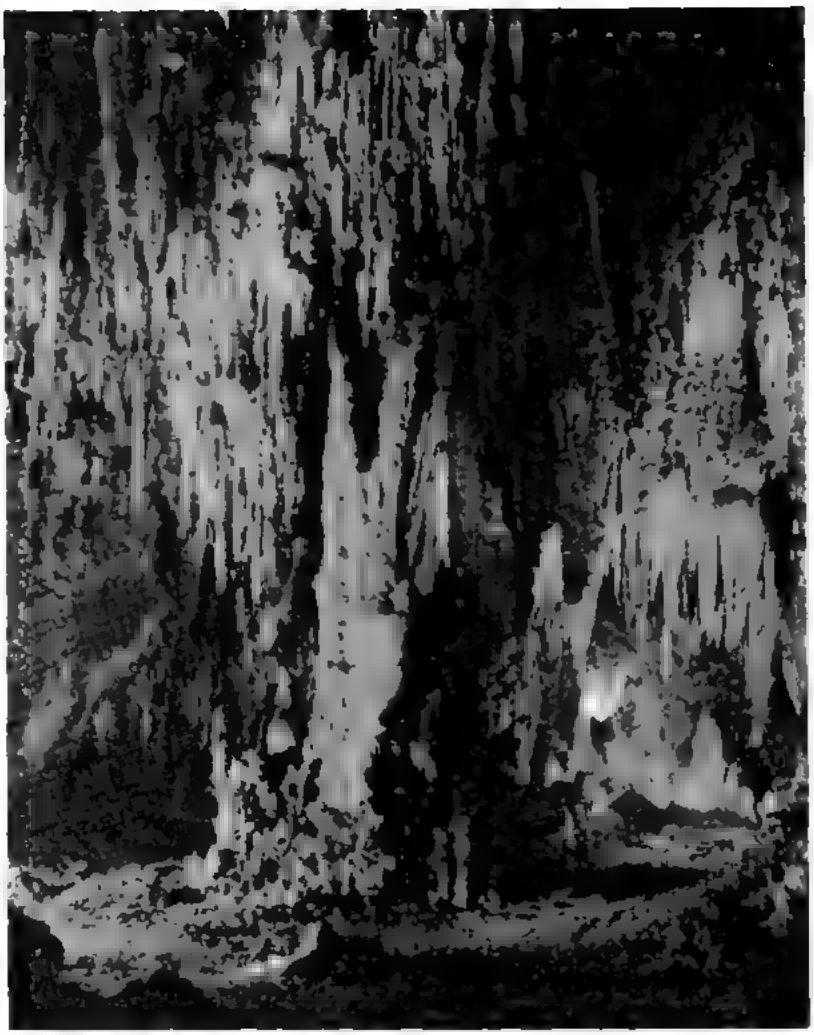


Above, the Throne Room, with Jim White seated on the naturally formed "throne." Below, in the Chime Room, so named because the stalactites resonate to a chimed note.

By VICTOR H. WHITE
Photos Courtesy Author

THE MARSHAL AND THE INDIAN

A test of wills: How far would the Indian go? How much would the white man take?

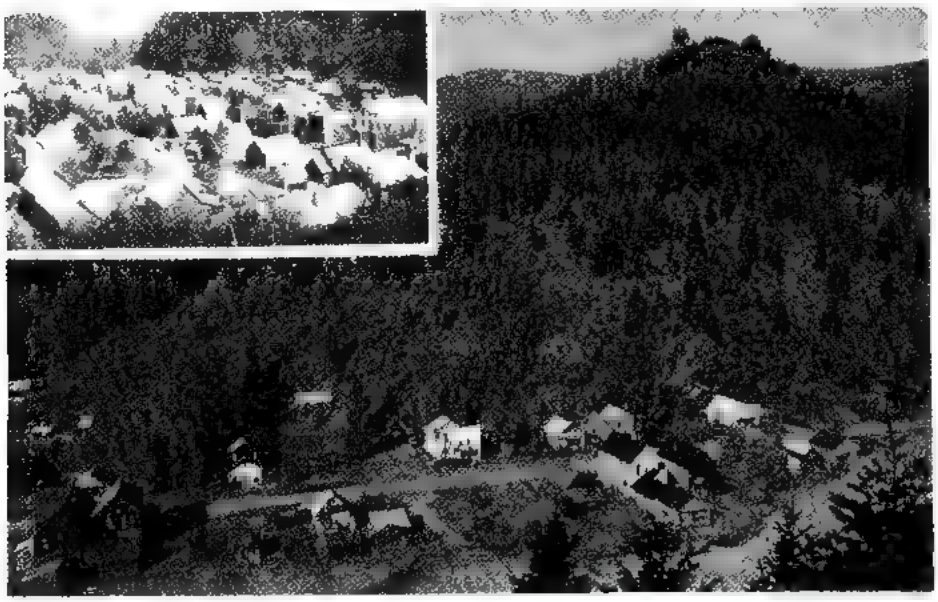
Author's note: At ten o'clock on the morning of May 17, 1922, I stepped from the Great Northern Railway stub steam train in Kalispell, Montana. At noon, I was having lunch with Harry W. Schnell, who was then secretary of the Montana Retail Merchants Association, to represent which I had been sent by a Seattle insurance company.

In the months that followed, this remarkable man, who was short and a little stout, with tireless energy and almost unbelievable knowledge on almost any subject, spent a good many hours with me, traveling in a Model "T" Ford roadster. We talked about the "good old days," although, according to those now living, he and I were living in them then.

He would tell of his own youth and adventures in Murray, Idaho where he had lived just after the turn of the century. One of the true stories he recited made such an impression on me that I said to his secretary, Mildred Eulinger, "Take this down in shorthand for me, will you?" Mildred did, and this is Harry W. Schnell's story.

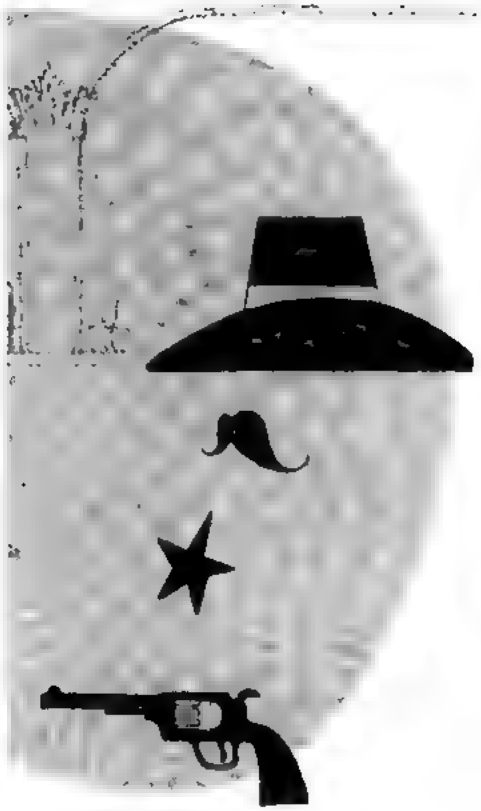
Above, H. W. Schnell recounted the story of the marshal and the Indian to the author. Below, Murray, Idaho as it appears today. Inset shows the town back in 1885.

Courtesy Ross Hall Studio, Sandpoint, Idaho



WHEN PEOPLE talk about gun-fights and violence I remember something that happened in Murray fifteen or sixteen years ago. In those days, two husky miners, sometimes with their bare fists, occasionally with six-guns, could put on a pretty thrilling show. The town marshal generally figured someplace in the proceedings—in this particular case, a chunky little individual named I. B. Ferguson. The marshal's opponent in the unusual contest, the so-called "badman," was a powerful young Mohawk Indian named simply Joe.

Murray is a quiet mining town of about one hundred people. It lies in a deep mountain rut eroded ages ago to reveal several of the richest lead, zinc and silver



Above is a street scene in Murray in 1932.

Above, the Yukon Gold Co. dredge near Murray in the late 1920s. Below, the Murray-Wallace stage around 1907.

Courtesy Sutter's Drugstore, Murray, Idaho

veins in the world. Today, it is a business-like, law-abiding little community. In 1906 it was indeed a different place. It was perhaps just as law-abiding then, as I think my own experience bears evidence, but the law was certainly administered differently.

There were three saloons on the main street and the main street was really all there was of the town. I remember the names of two, the Melrose and the Harper. The Harper saloon also served as lobby of the town's hotel. Women did not often enter saloons but this offered no particular problem because the hotel seldom boasted women guests. The only women I distinctly recollect were the mayor's wife and daughter; Big Blond Mabel; and Martha Moses, the Negress washwoman. There were a few others, but these four serve to illustrate the extremes of the town's society.

Each saloon had its own gambler, the three at the time I arrived being Horse Thief Harry, Panama Bill and The Dude.

IN ORDER to understand the affair which ended in the gun fracas between Marshal Ferguson and Joe, the Mohawk Indian, one must understand the town and its people.

Panama Bill, for example, owed his name to the habit of always wearing a Panama hat. He wore the broad round Panama summer and winter, rain or shine, week days and Sundays. It was his method of advertising, his main stock in trade. Everybody in town knew him; everybody called him Panama Bill. He,

H. W. Schnell and wife at Flathead Lake in 1922.

in fact, had no other name, or if he did nobody seemed to know it.

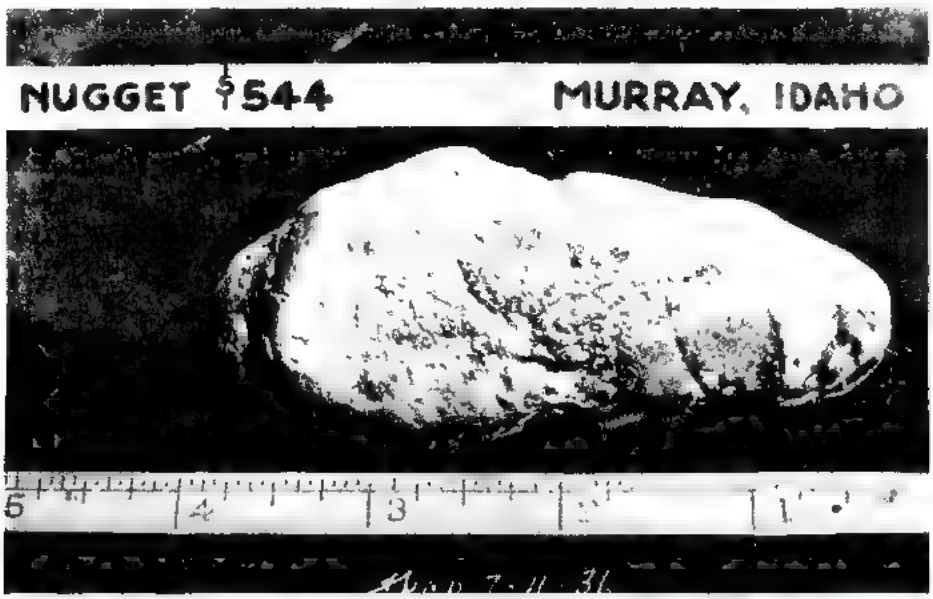
Horse Thief Harry had no other known name. Everybody called him that. He took it as a matter of course and where no offense was intended no offense was taken.

The Dude was simply The Dude because he always clothed himself immaculately. This was unusual enough to make him stand out.

Besides the gamblers there were other outstanding characters. In fact, every citizen of the place occurs to me now as an individualist. There was Squire Waddell and Paul Latski who batched together in a small shack well down the gulch. The Squire was so named because Murray, shortly before my arrival, had decided to select a justice of the peace. Election day, however, attracted so little attention that only one vote was cast. This vote, written in pencil on a plain piece of white paper, bore Waddell's name and, although the idea of having a justice of the peace was given up after so small an election, the name Squire stuck with Waddell ever after.

He and his partner took turns doing their cooking. Whichever man was at home prepared the meal. He then stepped to the cabin door, drew his six-gun, and fired three shots into the air. Near noon or around six p.m. I have heard the three shots echo up and down the gulch dozens of times. They simply meant, "Come and get it; it's on the table."

At Christmas the town had a tree in the town hall. Everyone was expected to be present and there was the most complete democracy of spirit and goodwill that I have ever observed anywhere. Under an enormous fir tree, properly decorated with lighted tallow candles and strung to the high ceiling with popcorn and tinsel, was a bag of nuts and candy and a specifically named present for every person.



Recipients were called by his or her known names and they filed up to the tree to receive their presents: Horse Thief Harry, Panama Bill, Big Blond Mabel, and the mayor's wife (I no longer recall her name). There were no exceptions and there were no social or economic distinctions.

If someone were ill or in need, the miners were simply advised, "We're working this afternoon for Martha Moses, boys; she's got the smallpox."

This meant that all wages for a half day's work at the mine would go to the old colored washwoman who perhaps had been too ill for a couple of weeks to make a living. She was a necessary part of the camp's economy. Most of the men batched. Mining is a grimy business. Martha Moses' occupation represented a respected and needed service. No one would ever be asked to give "charity" or "money to her support." A half day's labor perhaps meant three dollars to the mucker. To the shift boss it might mean sixteen. But there was no thought of it as money. We simply each gave so many hours of labor and nobody ever complained.

Every man in town wore a gun. But the fights, and there were many of them, were mostly fist fights. It was no disgrace for a man to get licked But it was a disgrace not to fight.

The fights took place in the saloons. Sometimes they grew spontaneously out of arguments which kept getting hotter until they ended in knock-down and drag-out battles. Sometimes they resulted from open challenges and deliberate appointments for two men to meet in a certain saloon and fight it out.

When the participants were ready they laid their weapons on the bar out of reach and went to it. A referee was chosen from among the bystanders whose duty it was to prevent kicking and biting. Otherwise no holds or blows were barred. When one man could no longer stand, the winner invariably helped him onto his feet and bought him a drink.

I have seen two men, drinking together after a fight, begin to argue and shortly start the fight all over. On several occasions the same man would be beaten into semi-consciousness as often as three times in one evening by the same opponent. But invariably the winner bought the conquered man a drink, they shook hands, and reholstered their weapons from the counter without any animosity left over for the future.

THE AFFAIR between Joe, the Mohawk Indian, and I. B. Ferguson, the United States marshal, was the only affair I witnessed in Murray in which guns played a major part. And, although I have read volumes of western history and tons of fantastic fiction about western gunfights, I have never seen or read anything as dramatic, and in some ways as funny, as this unusual contest.

Whether Joe was actually a Mohawk may be open to some question. I always believed he was. He certainly was an Indian, an enormous fellow, and quite different in many characteristics from any of the western Indians. He had flash-

(Continued on page 56)

INDIAN WOLF'S SECRET GOLD RESERVES

By ANNINE F. HARDER

Submitted by
JAY J. KALEZ

From Opportunities of the Golden West, by Annine F. Harder; Published in 1960. Ross Printing Co., Spokane, Wash. Limited Edition

IT HAS BEEN my desire for some years to set down some of my recollections of the Palouse Indians. When my husband, Jacob Harder, and I settled in the Washtucna-Kahlotus country in Washington in 1898 the Palouse Indians were our nearest neighbors, and we were glad to have them around. The closest white neighbors were eighteen to twenty miles away.

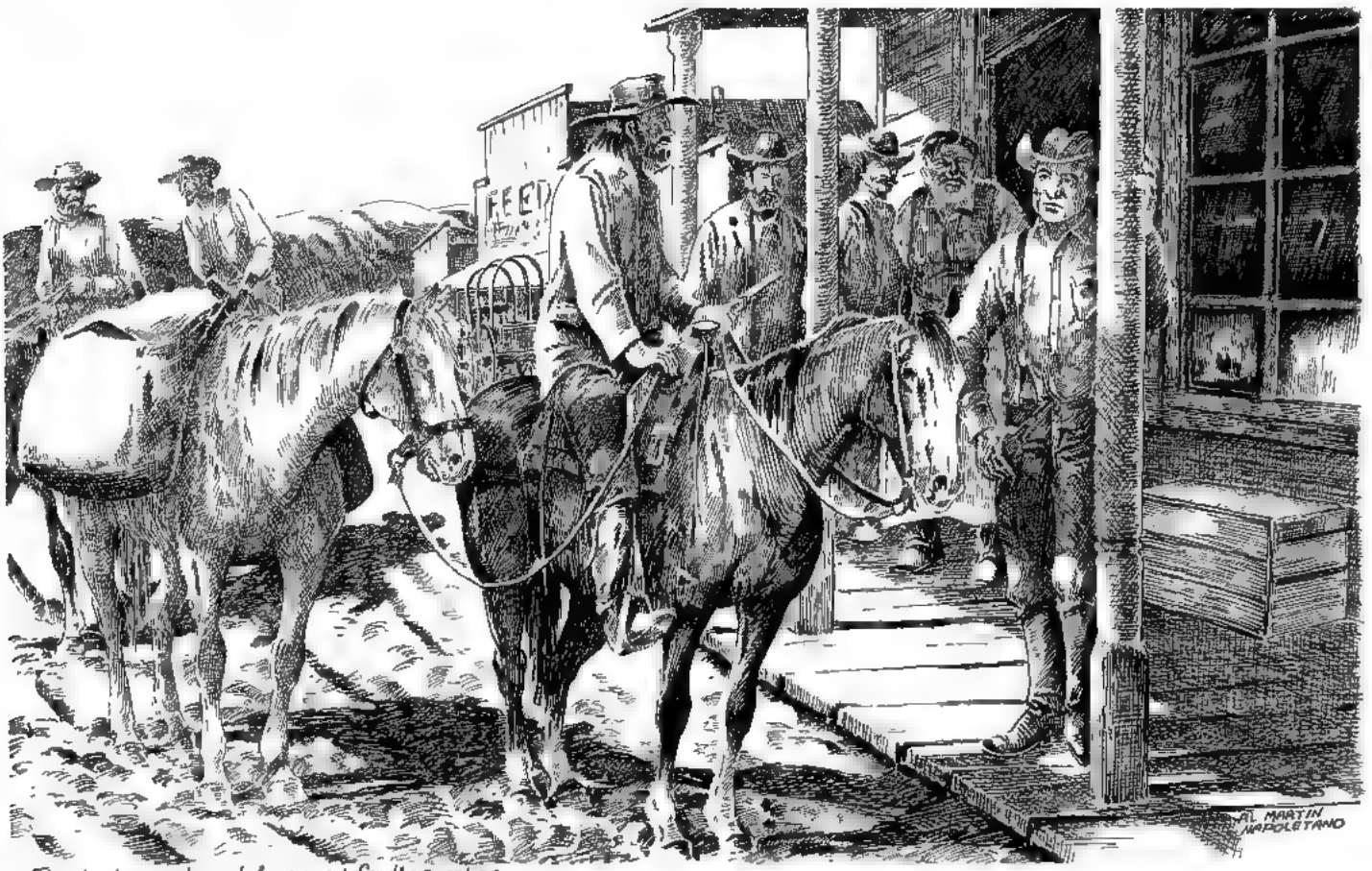
The country was full of coyotes and rattlesnakes, and was covered with beautiful bunchgrass which stood over a foot high. The earliest settlers were almost all horse ranchers.

The Palouse Indian tribe consisted of no more than 200 or 300 men, women and children too proud to go to the reservations. They made their home on a meadow below Palouse Falls, where they could fish and gather firewood for win-

(Continued on page 53)

The wily Palouse was not a match for thieves...

The Harder family in 1910.



The storekeeper demanded payment for the supplies...

THE NERVE

By GRACE BARTLETT
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Author's note: The following account is a true story of the actions of one man who lived in the Wallowa country in eastern Oregon about 1880. Due to its geographic isolation this part of Oregon was settled late. The valley in which Adair and his neighbors lived is the valley which Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce Indians claimed they had never sold, but which they left in the spring of 1877 in order to avoid war—which came anyway.

The early pioneers who settled in the Wallowa country during the 1870s have been pictured by many historians as greedy land-grabbers and careless cowboys. Instead, their majority was made up of patient family men. Their endurance of the foibles of Adair, an obviously deranged man, proves this. Perhaps poor Adair amused them for a while. He certainly gave them something to relieve the monotony of their lives and to talk about on long winter evenings.

When Adair first appeared in the Wallowa country, he chose to settle down in the "Lower Valley" as it was then called, a few miles northwest of the present town of Wallowa. His two closest neighbors were Winslow Phelps Powers and F. C. Bramlet, brothers-in-law. Both of these men had been living in the Wallowa Valley for nearly ten years, having been among the first to settle there with their families in 1872.

A son of Mr. Powers, James, who was between twelve and fifteen years old in 1881, in his later years recorded in some detail Adair's actions while he lived near them. This is James' story.

ADAIR built a log cabin on F. C. Bramlet's homestead near to where it joined some vacant land. He made port holes in this cabin so that he could remain in the cabin and shoot in any direction.

Mr. Bramlet went to see the trespasser while the cabin was under construction and delivered a verbal protest. The abuse and threats he received in reply were probably a factor in his letting the intruder have a free hand afterward.

Adair then cut and hauled poles and made a fence which enclosed about a half-acre of ground. During this time Mr. Bramlet cut and raked some hay in his meadow about one-fourth mile west of Adair's fencing. He sent his two little boys, Nathan and Henry, with forks to trim the little piles of hay, prior to hauling and stacking.

After the boys' work was partly done, Adair went down to where they were, and began working with the hay himself. At the same time he said to the boys, "Get out of here, I will take care of this hay!" The boys went to the house and told their father of the occurrence.

When the hay was ready for hauling, Adair hired a man with a wagon and team and hauled the hay and stacked it in his own hay lot for his own use. While hauling hay Adair and his hired man would leave a gap open in the lot fence until evening.

One afternoon while the two men were putting a load of hay on the wagon, Mr. Powers' cows found the gap in the hay lot fence, went in and when Adair came with his next load he found the cows in his lot eating hay. He then closed the gap in the fence with the cows on the inside.

Milking time was approaching and

Wallowa Lake, symbol of the Wallowa country where Doc Adair lived and died.

Courtesy the Powers Family

J. W. Powers, who as a boy of fourteen knew Doc Adair (or O' Deer, as some pronounced it) pretty well. In later years he wrote down the account of Adair's unusual antics.

When does contrariness become insanity? The people of the neighborhood had to decide...

OF DOC ADAIR

Mr. Powers sent Frank to bring the cows. He located them and when he neared the lot, Doc asked him if those were his cows.

Upon receiving an affirmative reply Doc said, "You can't take these cows until you pay the damage they have done." Frank returned and told his father of the affair.

Mr. Powers returned with Frank to the hay pen. As they approached the place Doc came out with his rifle and asked, "What are you after?"

Mr. Powers replied, as he continued on toward the fence where the cows were held, "We are after our cows."

Adair then said, "If you touch that fence I will kill you."

Mr. Powers thought it best to take him at his word and with Frank returned to the house.

Early the next morning while the Powers family was at the breakfast table Adair came to the door. Stretching his arms out and placing a hand on each door-facing he said, "Mr. Powers, I have turned your cows out. But let me tell you; you will learn that it is a poor policy to fool with a poor man." He then departed and soon the cows came up the road calling to their calves.

THE NEXT MORNING when going out to milk, Mr. Powers and two of his sons found the cows in the lot. The calves were with them and had taken all the milk.

A gap had been opened in the sheep corral and the sheep were in the hay yard. The pasture fence had been torn down where the buck sheep were kept, and they also were in the hay lot. And the stallion had been turned out of his stable. Mr. Powers, thinking he had discovered all the mischief that had been perpetrated, went to the house.

After breakfast he walked out to the well to draw some water, when he learned that the well rope had been cut and two big wooden iron-bound buckets were sunk in twelve feet of water.

The whole family now congratulated themselves that the mischief done was no worse than it was, and joked among themselves and with their neighbors about the peculiar tricks of the avenger.

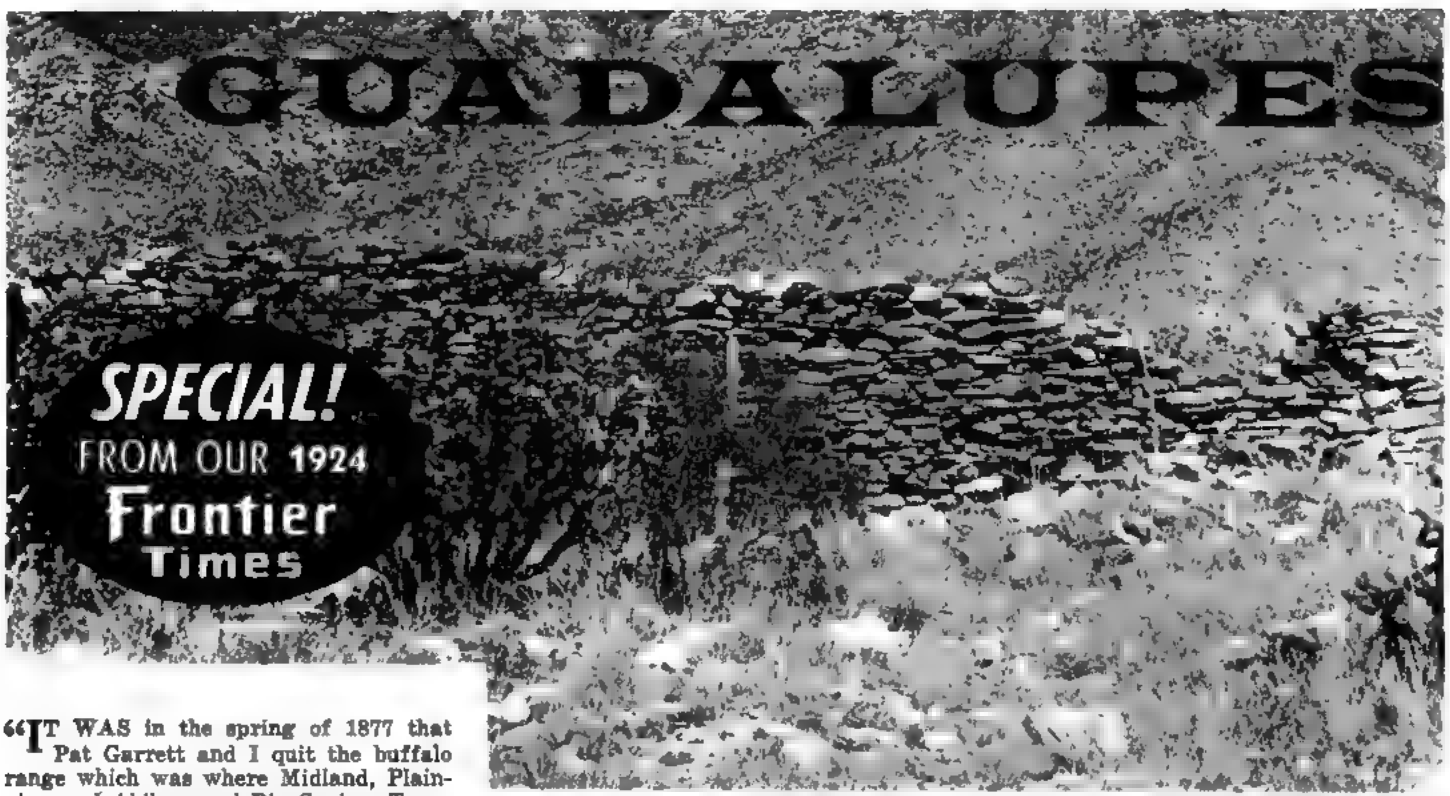
Adair left the fence down leading into Mr. Bramlet's meadow while hauling out the hay. Late one afternoon Mr. Powers' cows found their way through this gap to the green meadow and the hay. Their appetite for this luxurious feed caused them to forget to come home to their calves. Frank went after them on horseback and while he was driving them out of the meadow and away from the hay, a rifle was discharged from a nearby bunch of willows. Frank saw the smoke of the rifle and thought the gun was either aimed at him or was discharged to frighten him.

After Adair had stacked all the hay he wanted he spent a good part of the autumn in the wooded hills on horseback leading a packhorse. And when December came he packed two horses, went into the hills and after a fortnight returned with the horses without the packs. He then hired a neighbor to care for his stock and returned to the woods on foot. Nothing more was seen of him until about May first when he appeared in the valley and then returned to the hills with his horses. In ten days more he returned again with his horses well loaded with pelts of various kinds, including lynx skins, coyote skins, a few bear skins and a large number of deer skins.

Adair stacked no more hay after the summer of 1880, but for two more seasons in succession he took his horses and outfit and went into the hills in late autumn and returned in the spring with skins enough to prove that he was a good trapper and hunter.

At this time there was only one wagon road leading in and out of the valley and all people who traveled this road passed within a short distance of Adair's cabin.

(Continued on page 50)



"The Pinery," a stage station on the old Butterfield mail route in the edge of the Guadalupe Mountains.

"IT WAS in the spring of 1877 that Pat Garrett and I quit the buffalo range which was where Midland, Plainview and Abilene and Big Spring, Texas now are and struck out for the country west of the Pecos," said Charles Dixon, retired buffalo hunter and frontiersman of the wild and woolly days. "My going still farther into the wilds led me into an entirely new mode of life, eventuating in my becoming a gold hunter instead of a buffalo hunter.

"Before proceeding with the story, I must mention that that portion of the buffalo range was covered, literally swarmed, with a seething mass of shaggy-maned bison. In fact, those magnificent animals rolled like the waves and billows from the Staked Plains clear up to Dakota. I have watched herds of them passing through the Panhandle, millions in number, for three days at a time, without a single break. Strange to say, I never saw one of them west of the Pecos. Oh, but those were lively times. Think of it, there were at that time 13,000 buffalo hunting outfits in the Southwest that traded at Fort Griffin, Texas, which was then the headquarters and market for selling buffalo hides. It was called 'Buffalo town.' General Mackenzie was in command of the post. Among some of the prominent buffalo hunting outfits were Long & Anderson, a big outfit; Moore Bros.; Coleman & Lewis; Charlie Hart; George Wilhelm; Henry Hamberg; Charlie Green, as we called him then, who afterward became a great copper magnate in Cananea and is now called Col. Bill Green. In those days he was a common buffalo hunter like the rest of us. Then there was 'Bat' Masterson, now a New York detective; John Wesley Hardin; John Selman; Bill Hillman, known as "Coyote Bill"; Reynolds & Rare, who had a hunter's supply on 'Red Mud' south of Blanco Canyon; and J. A. Brock, the El Paso real estate man, then a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fort Griffin. Other El Pasoans I recall were W. T. Stewart and Bob Robison, who

Courtesy R. B. Rugeley

in recent years became prospectors in the Organ Mountains and bee raisers in the valley of El Paso.

"Fort Griffin was a hot old place, a regular kindergarten and training school for bad men of six-shooter mania. In that university graduated John Wesley Hardin and a score of others who eventually came west to El Paso to occupy professorships in their line and specialties. I happened to be in the Acme Saloon taking a friendly drink with Hardin, talking over old times, when his old townsman and neighbor of Buffalo town, John Selman, shot him. The regular population of the town was only 300 or 500 people, but Fort Griffin boasted of a 'man for breakfast' every morning.

"WELL, to return, Pat Garrett and I started out from the old range for the west, riding a little Spanish pony apiece, each toting a saddle and suitcase, which by the way was a 25-pound flour sack carrying our wardrobes and other worldly belongings. We came to a herder's outfit—or as it was called, a 'bull outfit,'—and continued on to Chism's ranch which is about three miles from where Roswell now is. Here we went to work for Jim Chism, punching cattle. We had not been long at Chism's when the Lincoln County War broke out, and we both quit our job at the ranch. Pat got a job riding the range and looking out for 'rustlers,' as cow thieves were called. Later on he became United States marshal and afterwards sheriff of Lincoln County. The rest is history too well known to be repeated.

"Two other punchers, one named Middleton and the other Baker, and I went up to Las Vegas to work for Brown & Manzanares. I remained there at work til '79, but Baker and Middleton went back and joined Billy the Kid. They wanted me to join them, but I told them nothing doing, although Billy was a good friend of mine, as we had worked and slept together, time and time again. At that time he was only nineteen and not particularly a bad man.

"About that time I fell in with some old Colorado prospectors who had come down to hunt for minerals in New Mexico and they persuaded me to join them in the hunt for the yellow metal. The leader of the outfit was called 'Prairie Dog Dave,' whose real name I never did learn. We always accepted the name a man passed under. We proceeded southward, prospecting through Oscuros, San Andres and Caballos and finally crossed over east to the White Mountains and Sacramentos. We made our headquarters at the Mescalero reservation, as we could get supplies at the agency. I think Major Llewellyn was Indian agent at the time.

"While there I became well acquainted with the Mescalero Apache chief, Don Juan, and gained his confidence. We could both talk Spanish, which I had learned many years before when a boy in Paso del Norte. Don Juan had a pretty daughter, about eighteen years old. I think yet she was the most charming and beautiful girl I ever saw. Naturally both of us, being young and romantic, fell in love with each other. The old chief had no objection to our marrying, but it seemed she being a princess of the royal blood, the consent of the head men, braves and warriors, was necessary to make the marriage legal. Well, they were all opposed to her marrying a white man, and my sweetheart postponed it to some future day, hoping that the prejudice and opposition would die out. Meanwhile my sweetheart showed me some nuggets of gold and buckskin sacks of finer gold which she said had been brought in by her father and another Indian from the country south near the Texas line. It seems she had accompanied her father to the diggings once or twice and had a very accurate knowledge of the locality.

"Lover-like, we talked the matter over when we met in our trysting place and she confided the secret to me with the full confidence that I would never betray her to her father. If I found the diggings, which she did not doubt, I was to return and together we would go to some distant land and marry. I tried to get her to accompany me, but she seemed to have the old Indian superstition that if she went and showed me the place in person the Great Spirit would kill both of us. She had no objection to me taking my companions along, as it would be safer. She said to me as follows:

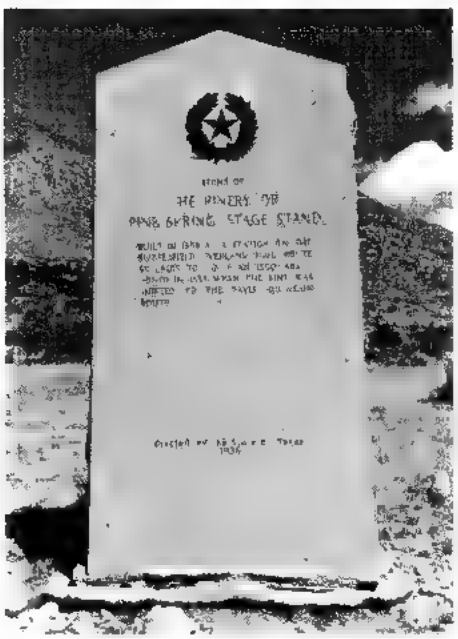
"'My father and two others are the only persons who know of the place where this gold comes from. I can't go with you and show it, but I can tell you where it is.' She told me to go south till I came to the low foothills south of the high Guadalupe peak and I would come to the Selas Teticua or the Twin Mountains which lay about two and a half miles from where the Indians got the gold. She gave me as landmarks a seep spring and a canyon or arroyo and mentioned a cave in which were skeletons, and on the rocks said I would find hieroglyphics. 'That cave,' she said, 'is haunted with evil spirits of some old race of Indians who lived there years ago and my people are afraid to enter it.' I promised her that I would not attempt to enter this cave.

"DAVE and I started and finally reached what is now called the Russell hills. We found the seep springs, the canyon and also the cave she had described. The cave is in one side of a sink or drop in a mesa. The sink has vertical walls and we could not descend as we were equipped with no ropes to do so and besides, we felt a sort of uncanny fear after what my sweetheart had told me. But at a certain time of the day when the sun shines on a slant, we could look into the cave about sixty feet and we saw three skeletons or mummies. This cave is in the Russell Mountains about fifteen miles south of the old seep springs.

"Now the seep springs she had told us, was about a mile and a half from the gulch where the rich placer gold was taken out. So we retraced our steps to that vicinity and spent several months trying to locate the place. In fact, we put in three and a half years off and on, but never could find the gold. We did find an old mine or shaft covered up and below it a big dump that looked like riprap on a railroad. This was about thirty miles south of the seep springs. Near here we found the ruins of an old stone house in which live oak trees had grown through the crumbled walls, some of them as big as a man's body. Here we found some very rich silver ore, evidently from the old mine. In the shaft which was filled up, some big logs or timber stuck up out of the shaft. There was a well-defined vein crossing the hills which at the point where the shaft was sunk seemed to widen out in a big pocket. We

had no tools for mining, and as we were only looking for the Indian placer, we gave up the search.

"A long time after this, in 1892, while I was living in Midland, Texas, old man Sublett, as he was called, came into town and created great excitement. He brought into a saloon tow sacks of gold and, calling the crowd to take a drink, exhibited it to us. I became well acquainted with him, and from his description of the place where he had been, became satisfied he must have found the place which Nonick, my Indian sweetheart, had told me of. He admitted he had heard the same story from the Indians while he was trapping up in the White Mountains, and that that was what had led him to hunt for gold. But he declined to give me any clue to the exact locality. He told me it was within two miles of the seep springs, but did not tell me in what direction.



"He moved up to Eddy soon after so as to be nearer the diggings, he said. He took his son, Ross Sublett, to the place shortly before his death. Ross was then very young and forgot the place and afterwards spent years in a fruitless search for the gulch where the gold came from. He told me that the time he was there he was only nine years old and that he stayed there three days and two nights with his father. He also stated to me that it took about a day and a half to go from Eddy to the diggings and that he and his father were gone only five days, making the journey in a buckboard. He said that the old man used to pack water down to the placer from the spring in big canteens and pour it into a tub in which he washed the coarse gold. Some of the gold was in big nuggets large as bullets. He said the place was in an arroyo and his whole description coincided with the tale of the Indian girl.

"I have lately found by inquiry that the daughter of the old chief is still living on a reservation called Moctezuma in northern New Mexico. Her father, old Don Juan, is dead, and the only other person knowing the locality is a civil chief of the Mescalero by the name of Jim Miller. I understand that many people have been looking for the Sublett mine. I intend to make one more effort. But I will first go and see my old Indian sweetheart and try to get her to go and show it to me. She must be about forty years old now, and her memory will be fresh when we meet."

MYSTERIOUS GOLD MINE OF EL PASO CITY

Hunter's Frontier Magazine, 1916

RECENT announcement of the discovery of gold in the turquoise mine of A. D. Hudson, in the eastern part of El Paso County, near Van Horn, Texas and the statement of the United States military officer about California prospectors finding gold in Bass Canyon near the same place, have brought to mind stories and facts leading to the conclusion that there is a rich gold region in the northeastern portion of El Paso County. The Guadalupe, the Diablos, Quitman, and the Black Mountains are in the golden area.

Twenty years ago, an old Mexican of Tularosa, who had been captured by the Mescalero Apaches when five years old, related that his captors took him along on a hunting trip to the Guadalupe Mountains and while there he saw them gathering nuggets of gold in a gulch.

A Mescalero Apache informed the late G. W. Wood of El Paso, for whom he worked in the mines, that "if he sought gold, he should go to the mountain called 'Smoky' over the line in Texas where," said the Indian, "my people used to go and gather gold."

Another story is that of John Kilgore, an old Texan and a man of undoubted veracity, who said that an old Mexican once told him that he was captured by Indians when he was about fourteen years old. One day the Indian who kept him in his wigwam in the Guadalupes, called him to his side, blindfolded him, and led him into the fastness of the mountains telling him to sit down on a flat rock and wait for his return, which he did. The Indian went away and in a short time returned with a buckskin sack filled with gold. This he handed to the Mexican boy, gave him a pony and told him to go back to his people. The Mexican said he afterward tried to locate the place shown him but could never do so.

Green Ussery, a rich cattleman of west Texas, was walking along a gulch near the Chico ranch in the Guadalupes when he saw Lee Church, a friend, who was with him, pick up a gold nugget from the ground, worth $20.

Several years ago, Cicero Stewart, under-sheriff of Eddy County, New Mexico, was up in the mountains hunting for the lost mine. He relates that "Grizzly Bill," a cowboy, was in camp in the Russell Hills of the Guadalupe Mountains, and came across a gold deposit. He abandoned his cattle and went to Pecos where he had a great spree, displaying his gold. While trying to ride a wild horse, he was thrown off, breaking his neck.

F. H. Hardesty, residing in El Paso was induced to relate his own experience as follows: "About a year and a half ago, Lucius Arthur stopped at my place to get water for himself and a pack animal, and remained overnight. Becoming confidential, he divulged to me the secret that he was making a trip to a mountain range, three days' journey due east, for the purpose of trailing two Mexicans who had left Ysleta the night before.

"He said he had followed them at other times nearly to the mountain, but had been compelled to return before reaching there, for want of grub and water. He was known as Frenchy in Ysleta, being a native of France. He had been a professor in Austin, Texas, and while there heard a story about these two Mexicans, and had come to find the gold mine they visited.

"'One Mexican,' he said, 'would come from down in Mexico, and meet the other (his brother-in-law) in Ysleta, and start out in the dead of night horseback. The one from Mexico belonged to a wealthy old family who had known for generations about the mine and had kept the location a secret. But some member of the family would go every year and bring back gold, and take it to Mexico.'

"I told Arthur he ought to be better equipped for the journey, and I offered to stake him with all the funds needed. He accepted my offer and agreed to take me as a partner. He left with two months' supplies and good equipment. After an absence of a month and a half he returned, saying that he had at last found the hidden mine, and brought me as a proof plenty of rich gold quartz, broken off the ledge near the brink of a chasm, which he could not descend into because its walls were perpendicular. He stayed with me a few days, and providing himself with a strong rope, set out for the mine. This chasm was eighty feet long east and west, by forty feet wide, he said.

"From his place of concealment he saw one of the Mexicans descend by a rope and bring out several filled sacks. After their departure he slipped down to the place and saw a large opening like a cave in the vein, sixty feet down, which appeared to have widened to a hundred feet at that point. Loose broken rock in front of the cave showed that work had been done lately. He was unquestionably at the place where the Mexicans had for generations got their yellow gold.

"Frenchy never returned to me," concluded Mr. Hardesty.

BUT the most realistic and marvelous story of gold, in comparison with which the stories of the "Lost Cabin Mine" and "Nigger Ben Mine" and similar legendary mines pale into insignificance, is one familiar to nearly every one in Roswell and Carlsbad, New Mexico, and is told by cowboys and ranchmen in the winter nights around their campfires in the Guadalupe Mountain country.

It is the story of a mystery—that of a lost gold mine in the highest and most precipitous, canyon-rent and rugged mountains in the Southwest, rising 5,000

(Continued on page 64)

ELECTRONIC [illegible] PROHIBITED

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

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GOLD AND LEAD

Mining buffs will find their book-of-books in Jack R. Wagner's *Gold Mines of California* (Howell-North Books, $10.00). This is the story of large-scale gold mining from 1849 to 1942 in the Mother Lode and Northern Mines in California. This illustrated history of the most productive mines, with descriptions of the interesting people who owned and operated them, comes with 300 photographs, maps, drawings, index, glossary and appendix. The $2.5 billion worth of gold mined in California between 1847 and 1967 had a prime influence on the growth and development of California's commerce and had much to do with the locating of numerous towns and cities. The text deals largely with the last era of gold mining and technology of gold recovery which advanced to the point where California-designed machines and systems had wide use. The author first describes hydraulic mining and dredging, telling of the application of this type of operation which paved the way to the next venture in hardrock mining. Very good.

The Homestake Mine, Lead, South Dakota has produced a billion dollars worth of gold since it was filed on by Moses Manuel on February 21, 1876. A detailed history of this bonanza is the subject of *The Treasure of Homestake Gold* (North Plains Press, $7.95) by Mildred Fielder. There is immense detail about the mine's origin, people who discovered it and operated it, production records and labor problems. The average reader may find it heavy going but those with mining interests should revel in the fine points about evaluating pay dirt through shafts from source of origin in stopes, many over a mile deep. Senator George Hearst of California, father of William Randolph Hearst, bought the mine in 1878 from Moses Manuel and partners and the property made Hearst immensely wealthy. Numerous old-time photos elaborate the text. The author, wife of a Homestake engineer, has made a major contribution to mining Westerniana.

Between These Mountains (Exposition Press, $6.50) by Pearl M. Oberg is the history of Birch Creek Valley, Lemhi County, Idaho, a famous lead mining area. A mining bonanza developed following the discovery of the rich Viola lead mine in 1881. William McKay, a stage station worker, was out searching for lost stage horses when he saw a peculiar metallic substance in the roots of a fallen tree. The ore proved to have a high grade lead content. The strike at the Viola mine became a leading world producer, yielding one-fourth of the global supply of lead during its heyday. Significant servicing enterprises developed including use of 16,000 horses and mules in transporting bullion to the railhead. Also hundreds of tons of locally manufactured charcoal were required in refinement of ore before shipment. The book includes many local reminiscences about homesteading, ranching, commerce, camp followers and a wagontrain massacre by Nez Perce Indians. A special feature is a speech by Frank J. Hagenbarth, former president of the National Woolgrowers Association.

THEY DREAMED

Visions of Glory (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) by Stephen B. Oates is an anthology of colorful events marking the evolutionary development of Texas on the southwestern frontier. In 1840, the fourth year as a nation, Texas looked hungrily westward beyond state borders with ambitions of expansion into the lucrative Santa Fe trade territory and onward to California. In 1841 President Lamar sent his first expedition to capture the Santa Fe trade, which ended in defeat, and victorious Mexicans took the invading Texans to Mexico City. A second expedition was approved by Sam Houston, and Col. Jacob Snively recruited troops to tap the trade in the Oklahoma Panhandle. Here U. S. forces captured Snively and thus ended Texas' hopes for extending its empire. There is a good chapter on the escapades of Texas Rangers in Mexico during the Mexican War. Other chapters include accounts of the development of wagon trails to carry the heavy traffic across Texas to California, the hectic days of border strife encountered by Rip Ford and his rough and ready Rangers, Texas during the Civil War, founding of the oil dynasties with the discovery of Spindletop, and finally the development of the Space Age program at Houston.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS

Steck-Vaughn Company of Austin, Texas is offering eight attractive brochures about the lives and writings of southwestern literati. Individual brochures in this Southwest Writers Series can be had for one dollar. They are as follows: No. 25 *John W. Thompson*, (fighting Marine, writer, artist) by William D. Norwood, Jr.; No. 26 *Southwest Humorists* by Elton Miles; No. 27 *Alice Marriott* by Turner S. Kobler; No. 28 *George Milburn* by Steven Turner; No. 29 *Lynn Riggs—Southwest Playwright* by Thomas A. Erhard; No. 32 *Roy Bedichek*, (Naturalist) by Eleanor James; No. 33 *Loula Grace Erdman* by Ernestine P. Sewell; No. 35 *John Howard Griffin, a Texas Balzac* by J. H. Campbell. Enormous talent is represented in this group of writers. One was a playwright, one a scenario writer, one was also a noted music critic and another produced plays. Each a bargain.

COWBOY CLASSIC

Emerson Hough's *The Story of the Cowboy* has long been regarded as a standard factual study of the cowboy and his habitat. Long out of print, a new edition has been released by Literature House, Gregg Press, for $12 50. A lawyer, newspaperman, editor and author, Hough traveled widely in the western ranching country listening to tales of old cowhands who went up the trails and made roundups. He is best known for his novel, *The Covered Wagon*. The sale of film rights for this book put him on "easy street" for the brief remaining period of his life. Hough's cowboy book is a social study of the horseback man's role in the frontier community. He described his duties on the range, including roundups, trail drives, branding, fighting outlaws and Indians, surviving stampedes, fording flooding rivers, and breaking horses to ride. The cowboy's horse and outfit comes in for special attention including saddle, bridle, lariat, chaps, spurs, slicker and bed. He had a rugged brand of fun, such as pulling pranks on his buddies, attending country sociables and bucking the tiger in trail towns, saloons and gambling joints.

ARTIST IN THE WEST

The Journal of Rudolph Friedrich Kurz is about his experiences among fur traders and American Indians on the Mississippi and upper Missouri Rivers during the years 1846 to 1853. Translated by Myrtis Jarrell and edited by J. N. B. Hewitt. the current edition has been reprinted by University of Nebraska Press, $2.75. An extremely literate Swiss artist, Kurz recorded his unique adventures in his diaries which were admirably supplemented with his numerous drawings of riverboating, trapping, Indians, mountain men, and wild and domestic animals. A skilled draftsman, Kurz accurately sketched these intriguing pioneer scenes. He witnessed the impact of several westward movements including the Mormon exodus to Utah, the frenzied gold seekers heading to California and settlers en route to Oregon Territory. He claimed his predecessor, Catlin, to be a humbug, but when drawing, both artists failed to coordinate the actions of four-footed animals in motion. This volume should interest a host of young Americans who want to learn about conditions on the frontier that disappeared with the buffalo and fur trappers.

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Wild Old Days!

SAGA OF HOPALONG CASSIDY
By Gordon West

CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD was a city man who used his imagination and study of Western life to make a success of writing books about cowboys. He is best remembered for creating Hopalong Cassidy—idol of millions of youth and a favorite of readers of Western lore.

The world-famous author was born February 3, 1883, at Streator, Illinois. His father came to the United States from Germany, wanting a life in a free land. Clarence was educated at local schools in Streator, then attended the academy at Utica, New York. He went to work in New York City as an office clerk, but he liked to write and soon was selling fiction to *Outing Magazine*. Several of his Western stories were published in a book, *Bar 20*, in 1907. "Hopalong Cassidy" was born and was soon a national favorite.

Mulford based his writings on his long and careful study of the West and its people. He wrote about real happenings and real persons. When the movies in 1934 turned his earthy, manly, red-blooded cowboy "Hoppy" into a good-looking, too clean-living dude, his creator became angry, viewed only six versions of his stories on Hollywood film (there were 66 productions) and viewed *none* on television!

Seventeen years after *Bar 20* came out as a book, Mulford decided to "go West" in 1924. He traveled to all those interesting and historical places he had studied and described. From 1907 to 1941 he wrote about thirty novels and more than seventy stories, and these writings sold in the millions. His Western literature ranks second only to Zane Grey in volume and fame.

His twenty-fifth book, *On the Trail of the Tumbling T*, came out in the autumn of 1934. *The Round Up* (1933) brought him a high honor—a laurette certificate with gold medal from the Institute of Literature and Art of France.

Mulford's earnings from books and the entertainment field were immense, and he was able to travel and pursue many hobbies. With some of his royalties he established a foundation for needy persons at Fryeburg, Maine. He had moved to Brooklyn, New York in 1899, then to Fryeburg in 1926. He died at Portland, Maine, on May 10, 1956.

In 1954, Mulford had given his valuable collection of Western manuscripts, books, and materials to the Library of Congress. He had built up a great card index system of information on the stagecoach era, the fur trade, the cattle trade, Indians, Pony Express, and other Western subjects. There were more than 16,000 cards in his files.

Once the author built an accurate scale model of Fort Union, famous out-

Clarence E. Mulford

Photo Courtesy Author

post of the American Fur Company in Montana. It was the greatest trading post of its day. The fort was begun in 1829, completed in 1833. The palisade was twenty feet high, made of cottonwood pickets twenty feet long and twelve inches square. There were two large towers, with ladders and balconies. Among the many buildings within the huge fort were officers' quarters, mess hall, ice house, offices, harness room, toolhouse, meat sheds, milkhouse, stores, warehouse, stables, robe room (holding 3,000 bales of buffalo robes!), apartments, and shops for blacksmith, gunsmith, and tinsmith. There was a huge front gate and an inner gate. Indians came to trade at Fort Union during peaceful times.

Mulford was extremely interested in old forts, and a national magazine published plans of old Fort Union so readers could make a scale model just like Mulford's.

Millions of Americans remember the picture of a dashing Hopalong Cassidy astride his white horse, Topper, on the dashing chase after evil men!

HE RODE THE BELGRADE BULL
By R. H. Imes

AT the little town of Belgrade, Montana, in the early '90s when the trail herds were still coming north from Texas, a former prizefighter named "Kid" Johnson acquired a Holstein which had a local reputation as a bucking bull. This bull was destined to leave a record that has probably never been equaled. It is likely that no one now living ever saw the Belgrade Bull, but there are people around Belgrade and Bozeman who know this story from their parents, just as I do.

Kid Johnson had a shed full of saddles and riding gear won from punchers who had bet their all that they could ride anything with four good legs. A $50 bet was the least Johnson would consider. The rider could use a saddle with hobbled stirrups or any equipment he liked; in fact, there were no restrictions at all on the rider. As long as the bull was not hampered in his movements, the rider could think up all the tricks he wished.

For over two years the Belgrade Bull was unrideable and king of all he surveyed. It seemed that he was quite capable of going on forever, and the world's best riders admitted freely that he couldn't be ridden. One startled cowboy claimed that he saw a black spot that normally was on top of the bull's withers under his belly when he loosed all holds.

However, a small but black cloud on the bull's horizon appeared in an insignificant Keno game which took the money a Mexican needed for his ticket back to Mexico. On top of that, this Mexican who was stranded in Belgrade knew about all there was to know about bulls. He explained to a friend that no bullfighter in the world would fight a Holstein bull because he is the only bull that keeps his eyes open at all times when he charges or is bucking.

MY FATHER, a bare-knuckle fighter who learned how not to get hit from the great "Kid" Lavinge, was attracted to Kid Johnson, a good fighter in the ring in his day. They became good friends although my father never drank, smoked or swore.

Belgrade was only seven miles from Bozeman, where I was born, and as Bozeman was the county seat, the Kid was often there. He owned one of the five saloons in Belgrade (there were fourteen in Bozeman). Punchers losing their riding gear to Johnson usually got their stuff back if they had a job or something in sight.

The Mexican, choring at a nearby farm, had plenty of time to study the bull and when his observations were complete, he

announced that he was ready for the ride. Betting odds were heavily against the Mexican who bet his saddle, spurs and silver-mounted bit, bridle, rawhide rope and all the money he could borrow.

Johnson had a large corral behind his saloon, where the bull met would-be riders, and there was plenty of room for spectators. Cheyenne had not yet thought of its Frontier Days, and Denver had put on cowboy contests only about five years. But many contests such as the Belgrade Bull contests were put on with big bets on the outcome. The largest amount that I know of being won on one ride and one bet was the $1,500 which Booger Red won when he rode a horse called Montana Gyp.

The day and hour for the Mexican to ride the bull came, and both were ready for the great contest in which only one could win. No surcingles were used in those days. I don't know when they were first used in the South but the first used in the North was at the Calgary Stampede in 1912, by Doc Pardee, Neil Hart, Art Accord and other southern riders.

some in a pair of new bell-bottom pants with a sash for a belt. With no equipment except his big roweled spurs, he made a flying leap after grabbing a handful of hide and hair, landing behind the bull's hip bones. Taking two turns around his right leg with the bull's tail, he lit a cigarette, poked the glowing match head in the animal's hide, took another reef of the tail, and was ready to go.

The bull was ready to go too, and if Kid Johnson had been inclined to post an alibi by saying that the bull had an off-day, it wouldn't have held water. In the midst of one spinning session both rider and bull were obscured by a cloud of dust and someone yelled that the bull had rolled over. But the Mexican was still on top when they could be seen again, though he had lost his cigarette. A friend was holding his hat (which cost $50 in Mexico).

There were no horns or whistles to save the Mexican's bets and dignity as there are today, but he didn't need them. The Belgrade Bull never bucked again and spent the rest of his life in the lush

Photo Courtesy Author — Schlechten Studio Photo, Bozeman

Old Baldy Mountain overlooks Belgrade and Bozeman, Montana. Shown is Bridger Canyon, near Bozeman.

The fact that southern riders who came up before that time knew nothing of surcingles seems to indicate the surcingle riding started about 1910; that is, in the South. Breast collars on saddles were not used by any ropers at Calgary in 1912, although in 1916 they were in general use in central Arizona, but at that time I saw none in the southern or northern part. All bull or horse riding I saw was done with a saddle. Dick Stanley rode the Belgrade Bull II in Bozeman, in 1907 with a saddle. This was the toughest saddle ride I ever witnessed.

THE fatal day that the Belgrade Bull was to go down in glorious defeat was a warm, late fall day and, from the bets that were being put down on the bull, the Mexican didn't have a chance.

He seemed to be unconcerned as he walked up to the bull, looking very hand-

pastures of the beautiful Gallatin Valley around Belgrade.

There were several bucking Holstein bulls later that were billed as the original Belgrade Bull, but they never fooled anyone who lived around Belgrade or Bozeman at the time the real one was confounding the world's best riders. As my father said, when I expressed youthful doubt that anything could buck harder than the bull Dick Stanley rode in Bozeman at the County Fair in 1907, "Son," he said—and I'll never forget the conviction in his voice—"Son, there will NEVER be another Belgrade Bull."

BLOODY MARIETTA

By Tom G. Murray

MARIETTA, Nevada was a rip-roaring mining camp in 1880. There were 163 men working in the principal mine; and the roar of the stamps, where thirteen men worked in each shift, never ceased. A count was never made of small-claim workers and prospectors. There were thirteen saloons, in some of which dealers in day and night shifts kept gambling going around the clock. Five houses were run by sporting women. There were three stables with horse-yards attached, one of which would accommodate 200 horses. One supply store took in from $13,000 to $17,000 per month. A daily stage with six horses thundered down the pass in the Excelsior Mountains, bringing mail and fortune-seekers. The stage, which was robbed thirty times, was held up by road-agents four times in one week.

One of the desert's most famous reporters, John R. Spears, wrote in 1892: "It is a ghostly experience to visit such a camp as Marietta. The place is seen, four miles away, from the road that winds down the canyon in the valley. The old red quartz-mill with its tall black smoke-stack, the rows of wooden and adobe houses, even the little rock huts which the miners built for bachelor halls, stand out in the pure air so clear cut and distinct that they seem but a step away. The mountains with their copper-stains of green rise in rugged beauty beyond. Everything seems so complete and in such good order that the mind cannot resist the impression that a thriving community lives there. Scarce does this impression fade away on nearer approach, in spite of certain tumble-down adobe walls, for numbers of the houses stand with doors closed and glazed windows intact, the handle of the town-pump still projects invitingly, while the wooden walls of some of the houses show only trifling weather stains. But once the traveler gets within the limits of the settlement, the smokeless chimneys, the vacant homes, the empty shelves in the stores, and the utter silence, it is as though one had unexpectedly found himself in the midst of a collection of skeltons and graves. There are, indeed, graves to be seen close at hand, while a closer inspection of the buildings show traces of plenty of deeds of blood, an awning post pierced and splintered by a heavy bullet, a hole in an adobe wall where another bullet had entered, traces of a splash of lead on a stone wall where still another projectile had flattened. Nor is the feeling that this is but the ghost of a town much dispelled by the coming of a white-haired, white-bearded old man in faded attire from one of the smaller wooden buildings, the sole inhabitant of the town, the man who is left as watchman over the mill and mining machinery."

THOMAS PURCELL, the old watchman, gave this account to John R. Spears. "Those bullet marks? They were made in the fight between Tom McLaughlin and John Brophy," he said, "That was one of the greatest fights the mining camp ever saw. McLaughlin and Brophy were good friends, too. Mac was working twenty-five men in a mine, and running the saloon with two shifts of faro-dealers over there where the awning-post is shot through, and he bought two head of

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beef every week from Brophy, who was a butcher. But they both had women, and the women quarreled first. Both wanted to be the leader of society, I guess, and the men got mixed-up in it right away and agreed to fight it out. And each side knew the other was game, and so they called on their friends to help them, and you bet the call was answered.

"That night Brophy's party, four of them, slept here at Mrs. Sperry's, and McLaughlin and his three friends over there next to the saloon. Everyone knew it was to come, and the women and children were hustled off among the rocks out of range, except John Brophy's. He took his down to his slaughter-house, and while he was there his friends, led by his brother Hank, opened the fight.

"They'd got their breakfast and were walking down there by the pump—Hank Brophy, Dick Gillespie, and Hank Hankins—waiting for Tom McLaughlin to come out. They didn't have long to wait. Tom only waited for a bit of a smoke after breakfast and then, after laying plans with Tom Taylor, George Martin, and Fred Schofield, he walked out the front door of his saloon, revolver in hand.

"With that, Hank Brophy opened fire and the rest joined in. The roar of the exploding cartridges was continuous. There wasn't any yelling; they were too much in earnest for that, but most of them kept jumping about to kill the aim of the other side, while McLaughlin walked straight down toward Hank Brophy. Tom Taylor was laying for Hank, too, and just about that moment John Brophy saw that they had a crossfire on Hank and started to run to help him. John's wife grabbed but he flung her off, and with a rifle ran up the street and drew a bead on McLaughlin. His finger was on the trigger when Taylor fired at him from behind that adobe wall over there. The bullet went through him just below his heart. His finger-nerves contracted and pulled off the rifle; the bullet struck that stone wall there, and over he dropped dead. An instant later McLaughlin shot Hank Brophy in the shoulder, and then fell dead. Dick Gillespie did it, I guess. Then Schofield got Dick, while it was Hank Hankins, maybe, who dropped Tom Taylor. They were all shooting so fast that no one exactly knew how it was, but four of them were killed. Gillespie and John Brophy lie over there in those graves but Tom McLaughlin and Tom Taylor were Odd Fellows, and were carried over to Belleville for burial."

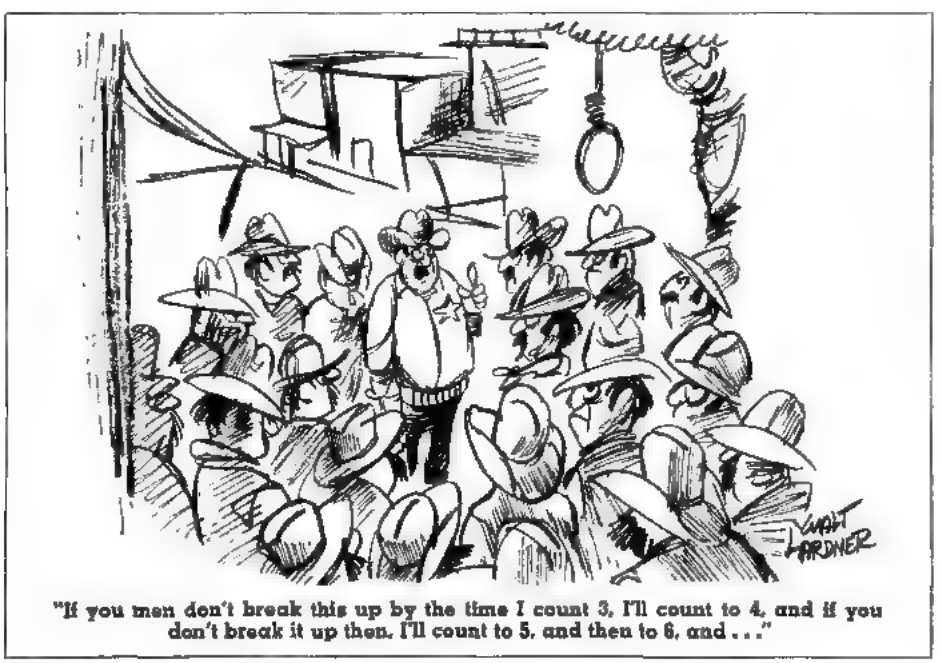
Thomas Purcell continued, "What became of Hank Brophy's wound? He got well fast enough, and went to Arizona. There he got into trouble about some cattle, and when Tom McLaughlin's friends here heard he was in custody they went over there and hanged him.

"THEN there was the case of Corbett and Rogers. They went broke in Columbus, which was a lively camp, too, and asked a man driving up to Candelaria for a ride, and got it. In the hills they murdered and robbed him, and eventually came along the road here in Marietta afoot, with the sheriff only a few miles behind them, having three well-armed men in a carriage. The two got something to eat here, and went on up the pass toward Carson.

"Pretty soon comes the sheriff's posse, and they stopped here for a drink. The time it took to get the drink gave Corbett and Rogers time to get off a soft piece of road and well onto a rocky one. So when the sheriff drove up behind them they heard him rattling over the stones before he saw them, and they hid behind some rocks so that he drove past unsuspectingly. But they did have a nerve! They followed right up and, seeing from a curve in the road where the sheriff's outfit had stopped at the stage-station and had gone in for a drink, leaving one man to guard all the guns and horses, they slipped up quietly, held up the guard, got into the buggy and drove off with all the guns and a pretty good snack of grub. The sheriff had to walk back here and borrow money to get back to Candelaria. They joshed him terribly over it.

"Corbett and Rogers drove off by the way of Walker Lake, where they represented themselves as the sheriff's posse, and so were able to get supplies, and eventually go to Eureka, having robbed a freighter of two good horses en route. Word of this reached the sheriff in Eureka while they were there in a stable holding up the hostler and stealing two more good horses. Here they lost their luck. They got out of town all right, and there was a lively race along the trail, but the sheriff overhauled them, killed Corbett, and wounded Rogers. Rogers got well and was sent to the pen for ten years. What's ten years for murdering a man for money?"

That was Marietta.



"If you men don't break this up by the time I count 3, I'll count to 4, and if you don't break it up then, I'll count to 5, and then to 6, and . . ."

GREEN AND HOPEFUL

By Isaac Hiatt

PEOPLE who come to the Pacific States in palace cars, making the trip in four or five days, can have but a faint conception of the toils and hardships endured by those who crossed the plains with teams before the advent of railroads. Experience would also be necessary, perhaps, to enable one to fully appreciate the humorous phases of the journey; but doubtless scores of old pioneers have smiled at the sight of a certain paper which was posted on a tree by the side of the trail between Elk Creek and Auburn [*Baker County, Oregon*] in the fall of '62, for it could not but remind them of the manner in which immigrants asked anyone whom they chanced to meet on the plains for information about the country beyond, and also about mining for gold when they first encountered men who were engaged in following that pursuit.

In a gulch a few rods from the place where the paper above alluded to was posted, three or four miners were at work, and when anyone stopped to read the questions and answers written upon the paper referred to, they evidently enjoyed taking observations of the progress he was making in the pursuit of knowledge. The queries and replies ran something like this:

Q. Are you digging gold?
A. Yes sir.
Q. How much do you get?
A. About enough to pay grub.
Q. Are you on a lead?
A. Not that we know of.
Q. Where could I find a rich claim?
A. Don't know.
Q. What do you pile the stones up for?
A. To get them out of our way.
Q. Ain't there any gold in 'em?
A. Think not.
Q. Ever mash any of 'em?
A. Never did.
Q. What you got troughs for?
A. To wash dirt in.
Q. Gold in the dirt?
A. Some.
Q. Don't it go through the troughs?
A. Not much.
Q. What's your name?
A. Wright.

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Q. Where'd you come from?
A. California.
Q. Did you know Ezekiel Snyder there?
A. No.
Q. Did you ever get acquainted with Jonas Fowler?
A. Never did.
Q. Did you ever see Samuel Finch?
A. No sir.
Q. Or Joseph Blazer?
A. No sir.
Q. Or Hugh Crapper or his brother?
A. No sir.
Q. Does this path go to Auburn?
A. Yes sir.
Q. How far is it?
A. Three miles.
Q. Can a fellow get a good claim there?
A. Can't tell you.
Q. Did you ever prospect that hill?
A. Never did.
Q. If you don't make more than grub what do you stay here for?
A. Just to answer questions for immigrants.

Excerpted by permission from "Thirty-one Years in Baker County" by Isaac Hiatt, originally published in 1893.

CAMP SHERIDAN "SHOOT-OUT"

LOCAL LEGEND states that the northwest corner of Nebraska ranked as one of the wildest areas of the West. This story, found in the November 4, 1880, issue of the *Pawnee Republican*, published at Pawnee City, Nebraska, would tend to support the legend.

"A special from Fort Robinson, Nebr., of September 26 reports: 'The mail carrier brings news from Camp Sheridan of a horrible carnival of blood, in a low den of iniquity near that place, in which two men were killed; two dangerously, perhaps fatally, wounded; and several others bruised. Last Saturday night there was a large attendance of cowboys and soldiers in the place. . . . Poor whiskey and lively dancing soon caused bad blood. It began by a drunken Mexican brandishing a revolver and threatening to shoot the bartender for swindling him. A dozen cowboys drew revolvers simultaneously. A shot was fired, and one of them, Ed Collins, fell mortally wounded, having shot himself while drawing his revolver. The dance was resumed twenty minutes after his body had been removed.

"'Jim Joyce and a desperado named Page soon got into a rough and tumble fight, however, over the proprietorship of a girl known as Beaver Tooth Nell, and it ended by Page shooting Joyce fatally. Sergeant Green, of Company M, Fifth Cavalry, attempted to disarm Page, and received a shot which necessitated the amputation of his leg. He will probably die. The soldiers at once retaliated by firing their revolvers into the Page crowd as they rushed out on the prairie. The women, scantily dressed, here returned from the rooms to which they had withdrawn, and ran screaming about the place, and the scene that followed baffles description. The melee ended in a rough

(Continued on page 58)

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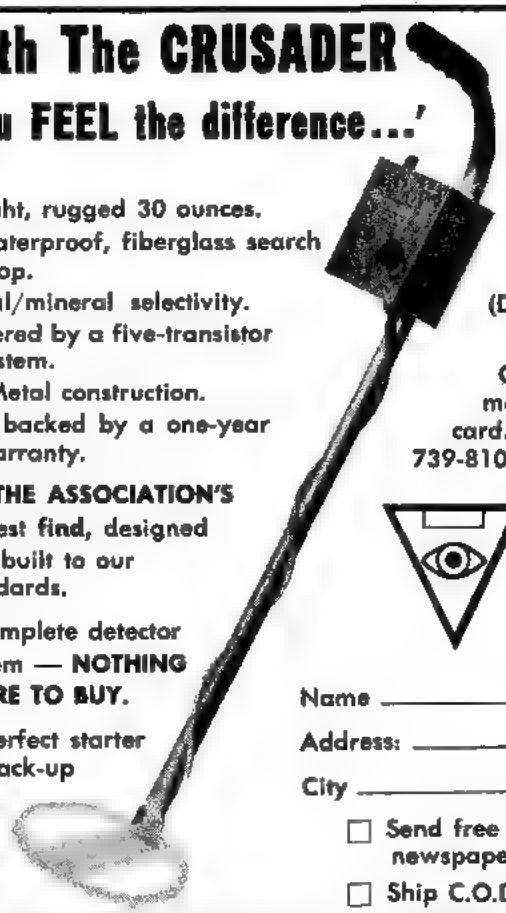

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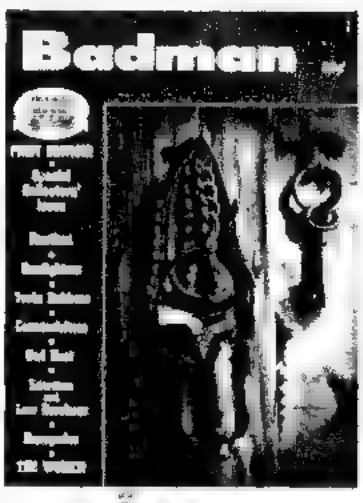

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DADDY DUN'S A D

But the paint won't stick!

By JOHN CARSON

Illustration by Al Martin Napolstano

FROM 1877 to 1886 foreign capital poured into the West. Some gigantic "baronies" blossomed in the cow country, all financed through British and European syndicates.

Perhaps the most publicized was that of the young French nobleman, the Marquis de Mores, who not only purchased a huge ranch and sprawling range but founded his own town, naming it after his lovely wife, Medora. The farsighted Marquis built a meat packing plant in Medora but found he couldn't buck the big, established packers. He abandoned the idea after sinking a sizeable fortune. De Mores, a close friend of Teddy Roosevelt, lived in high style, racing blooded horses, riding to hounds, serving fine champagnes and caviar. In 1897, long after he left the cow-country the adventuresome Marquis was killed by Arabs in Morroco.

Lionel Sartoris, another elegant foreigner, was never able to mix successfully with Texas or Wyoming cowmen. An extremely wealthy and high-born Englishman, he maintained his dignity and aloofness, preferring the company of his peers to the plain-talking cowmen he was forced to come into contact with on the range.

A partner in the Douglas-Willan-Sartoris Company, he went in for sheep raising, an eccentricity which made the cowmen just as anxious to remain aloof from him as he was from them.

But the Teschemachers, also from England, fitted into the spirit of the West, and were popular and well-liked. Hubert, in particular, was a fun-loving man, full of zest and in love with Wyoming. "Teschie," as he was called, and his partner, Frederick O. DeBillier, a Frenchman, rode the ranges with their cowboys (although I suspect they preferred the soft chairs and hard drinks at the Cheyenne Club).

Both these active and adventurous men became defendants when the "Johnson County Invaders" found themselves on trial in Cheyenne.

Sir Horace Plunkett, a fiery Irish patriot, was another who thought to increase his wealth by raising cattle. Partner in at least three ranching concerns (Gilchrist, Plunkett and Windsor; Plunkett and Roche; and Windsor, Coble and Plunkett) his fortune dwindled and eventually he pulled out of the West.

Wyoming cowboys could not always work up a fighting loyalty to their absent bosses. It was one thing to work for a range-riding boss but quite another to stand up for an Englishman who didn't even know how many cows his syndicate owned. Rustling was a major factor in the tremendous loses suffered by the cattle barons during these years.

ONE NAME, more foreign sounding than any of the others, belonged to a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee and a bona fide cowman. Renssalaer Schuyler Van Tassel was born in the Mohawk Valley, descendant of some of the earliest settlers. Teddy Roosevelt often referred to him as "that Mohawk Dutchman." Van, as he was known to his friends, could tough out a round-up with the best of cowboys. He was one of the original five cowmen who in 1872 organized what would later become the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association.

Alexander Swan, a burly Scot, founded one of the largest cattle empires in the West. The herds of the Swan Land and Cattle Company ranged from Ogallala, Nebraska, to Fort Steele, Wyoming, between the Union Pacific railroad and the Platte River. A range that size was perfect for the gangs of rustlers operating in the region and Swan hired men such as Ben Morrison and Tom Horn to protect his interests.

When the Swan outfit began to founder in 1887, the secretary of the corporation, headquartered in Edinburgh, Scotland, was sent to Wyoming to take over active management. Old Alex Swan went

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ANDY...

to the Coast where he lived for a time. Later he died in an asylum.

Finlay Dun, the secretary, showed up at the ranch on the Chugwater, and announced that he had decided to get an exact count of the size of the Swan herds. Each critter counted would be daubed with paint so it could not be counted more than once. Although the more knowledgeable cowmen protested, Dun was adamant. John Clay, who would later salvage what was left of the Swan holdings, was not overly fond of Finlay Dun. Clay described the new manager as "egotistical, opinionative, stubborn, full of fancies and instead of listening, he was always lecturing. His ideas were as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar, yet he was honest, faithful and did his best."

His best was not good enough, however. Summer rains and tall sagebrush took the paint from the counted animals' flanks. In a burst of humility and understatement, Dun wrote his superiors in Edinburgh that his attempt to count the cattle was unsuccessful because "the paint was not sufficiently adhesive."

For years the Swan cowboys and others would wink knowingly whenever "Daddy Dun's paint" was mentioned. Dun returned to Scotland, licking his wounds, and John Clay, manager of the highly successful Wyoming Cattle Ranch Company, became the new boss of the Swan. Clay, also a Scot, was a canny man with a dollar and had been in the cattle business for a number of years. He stated that the Swan count went from 120,000 head in 1885 to less than 50,000 in 1887.

Courtesy University of Wyoming Library

The Cheyenne Club, a favorite spot for rest and relaxation after a hard day on the range for many of the foreign aristocrats in the Wyoming area.

Death-dealing blizzards in the winter of 1885-86 and the ever present rustlers caused most of the damage.

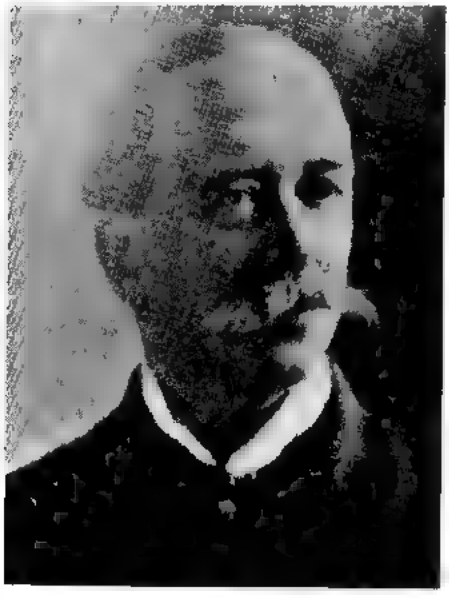
Clay practically lifted the outfit by its bootstraps. The Swan interests prospered until 1914, when the huge ranch was cut in parcels and sold.

ANOTHER "mad Englishman" who strode briefly on the Wyoming stage was Moreton Frewen. His Powder River Cattle Company, branding a "76" (said to have been chosen by Frewen because he first visited America that year) pastured 45,000 head of cattle. His Tongue River ranch was managed by Frank Kemp and the foreman was the irrepressible Fred Hesse. The Rawhide ranch had two foremen, E. W. Murphy and Amos Spaugh.

Frewen, scion of extremely wealthy English socialite parents, was born in 1853 in Northiam, Sussex. The family had two palatial homes; Brickwall in Northiam and Cold Overton in Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire. Moreton and his brother Richard were raised at the latter place. The family moved in the highest society and the young men knew many lords and ladies.

Moreton and Richard were both educated at Cambridge, the former graduating in 1872, the same year that R. S. Van Tassel was organizing the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association. At Melton Mowbray the Frewens became excellent horsemen, racing and riding to hounds. Moreton met many fabled Americans, among them the Union hero, General Grant, still basking in the glory that was his as the victor of the War between the States. The tales he was hearing of

At far left is Moreton Frewen, owner of the Powder River Cattle Company. In the center, Fred Hesse, the foreman of Frewen's "76" ranch. At far right is Frederick De Billier, partner to Hubert Teschemacher. Both men were actively involved in their cattle business and were respected and liked by their men.



America fired the young Englishman's imagination.

He sailed for New York on the *Britannica*, going directly to the Adair-Goodnight ranch in Palo Duro Canyon. He visited there for several months, then toured wicked Dodge, wickeder Ogallala, Cheyenne, Leadville and Cripple Creek. He met the renowned Bat Masterson in Dodge, and became an enthusiastic supporter of that Kansas lawman.

In Chicago, on his return to England, Moreton met General Phil Sheridan, who was enthusiastic about ranching opportunities in Wyoming. Soon the eager Moreton persuaded his brother to accompany him back to America. A party of their Sussex society friends decided to make a lark of the whole thing; when this group of "mad Englishmen" descended on the town of Rawlins it created quite a stir. Rawlins had seen Indians, trappers, cowmen and thieves, but these

fancy-talking dudes were the highlight of the season.

The Frewens and their friends outfitted for a hunt in the rugged Big Horns. What was play for the guests was serious business to Moreton and Dick Frewen, as they were on the lookout for a likely spot to build their ranch.

At Powder River, Moreton found what he was looking for. He negotiated with Tim Foley and wound up in possession of Foley's entire herd and range. Soon after, Foley—or someone else— suggested that Frewen had been duped when he'd purchased the Foley herd. Foley's cowboys had run a single small herd around a hill so many times that the inexperienced Englishman thought he had bought a sizable herd. In all fairness to both parties, let it be said that the same story circulated in the West virtually every time a tenderfoot bought a bunch of cattle.

In his autobiography, Frewen repeated

Above, John Clay, manager of the Wyoming Cattle Ranch Company, eventually became boss of the Swan holdings. At left, Alexander Swan, a Scotsman who founded one of the largest cattle empires in the West. Below, R. S. Van Tassel's name sounded foreign, but in actuality he was an ex-Yankee cowman born in the Mohawk Valley. He was one of the original five cowmen who in 1872 organized what would later become the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association.

Courtesy University of Wyoming Library

the rumor, saying it definitely was not true: He bought a fine herd from Foley and sold 800 three-year-olds the following year, in that sale realizing more than fifty per cent of the entire original purchase money.

Having established a cow ranch and built a fine home on Powder River, Moreton was ready to become a family man. He went to New York and married Clara Jerome, a young lady he had met and courted during previous eastern visits. Clara was the sister of the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Frewens entertained lavishly at their Powder River mansion; each year their guest book was filled with such names as Lord Castletown, Lord Linlitglow, Lord and Lady Tankerville, Fourth Earl Onslow, and Lord Desborough.

Johnson County was being organized to the north of Frewen's headquarters, and the ever-increasing numbers of settlers were making the big ranchers feel crowded. In 1885 Frewen wrote that the "pressure of settlement is driving us cattlemen northward, nor shall we secure permanent quarters south of leased ranges in Alberta." He did go so far as to scout the Canadian country for additional range.

Rustlers were taking their toll of the Frewen herds. In 1884 Moreton's herds totalled 45,000 head, and 9000 calves were branded. One old-timer has said that Moreton Frewen was so well liked that if a cow and unbranded calf of his were found a thousand miles from home, the cowboy who found them would slap a "76" on the calf without giving it a second thought. Maybe so, but the rustlers in Johnson County weren't slapping any 76s on the mavericks they found. Owen Wister, in his classic, *The Virginian*, refers to "the shadowy boss of the 76" who was present at the hanging of the cattle thief. Frewen doesn't admit he was present at the lynching but he was there in time to pronounce the man dead.

Two years after he tallied 45,000 head, Frewen cowboys could locate only about 15,000 cattle. The blizzard of '85 decimated his herds by at least sixty-five per cent. That year he branded only 3000 calves. When he made his annual report to his stockholders, he disclosed all of the bad news. Panic resulted and the stockholders withdrew their support. The fabulous 76 was no more. All that remains of this empire is the Union Pacific siding forty-five miles west of Rawlins and a large, impressive rock in the Powder River country called "Frewen's Castle" after his lavish ranch home.

Frewen, after this disastrous adventure, returned to England, going into business with a firm with holdings in India. He went to India on behalf of the company and faded forever from the western scene.

The British syndicates made a big ripple in the sea of cattle raising in Wyoming. But they didn't last. Most of these adventures cost the investors their fortunes—when they were gone, the West knew them no more. Like Daddy Dun's paint, they just didn't stick.

By VIAHNETT SPRAGUE MARTIN

Illustration by C. L. Packer

Teardrops don't show in snow and ice; goodbyes aren't heard in a storm...

Farewell to Grayhorse

ED FINNEY — "Sha-pa-nah-she" (Standing Buffalo), as he was known throughout the Osage Reservation—was lingering over noon dinner with his pretty young wife, Allie (Alice) and his little son Bob. Jane, his daughter, was visiting cousins up in the States. Customers were waiting and they were never in a hurry. They stood in groups outside the long, low, red store building and by the high boxboard walk which Ed had built to keep Allie's French-heeled boots out of the mud.

Ed would grin, thrust weathered fingers through his prematurely white hair —it had been white when they were married in 1877, seven years before, he twenty-four, she twenty—and declare the $18 a pair he paid the bootmaker up in Arkansas City was "worth it" because he could tell his wife's mood by the tap-tap of her heels. Like the time that sound had brought him over the long counter to meet her at the door as she came flying into the store. It seemed that John Stink had pulled a knife on her, and she was furious. All she had done, when the huge young Osage had refused to let her pass on the narrow wooden walk, was to tell him indignantly to get out of her way and to emphasize it by jabbing her elbow into his bare ribs. Astonished and set off balance a bit, the Indian did step off—into deep mud!

Of course, the trader couldn't let the incident go by so he had grabbed a stout cudgel nearby and whacked the Indian with it, sending him sprawling. Although the Osage was a head taller, he evidently accepted the rebuke good-naturedly. But it was a week or so before he resumed his daily appearances at the Finneys' back door for a tin cup of scalding coffee and whatever was on the Finneys' menu at the moment—usually venison and pancakes.

Such was the routine in Grayhorse southwest some twenty miles from the Indian Territory's Osage Agency (Pawhuska—"White Hair"), although it's doubtful if anybody ever measured it by a rag tied to a wheel.

There was nothing that particular clear, cold day in late February to suggest that before night the pattern of their lives would be changed and they would be leaving Grayhorse. Allie had named the spot after old, wrinkled Ka-wa-Xo-dse (Grayhorse) because, liking the young couple, he had moved his own camp so that the Finneys might be near the deep hole about fifty feet from the creek, from which in winter they cut ice to be stored in the ice-house.

The Finneys had been sent down by Ed's brothers-in-law, Florer and Rankin, who were traders at the agency settlement, because Ka-wa-Xo-dse had demanded that Ed Finney run the store for which the Big Hill band had been clamoring. They resented the long trek to the agency for supplies.

Finney as a lad just turned seventeen and seeking adventure, had first come to the Indian country in 1869 when his future brother-in-law John Florer, postmaster at Lawrence, Kansas, had contracted to move the Sac Foxes to their new allotment of land. Later he fell in with a wagontrain bringing down some Osages to their reservation. It was three years before he again saw the States, when he went up to make sure his sweetheart Alice Hopkins would "wait" for him.

The hindrance to marriage then was the fact that Florer and Rankin would send the unmarried Ed out on the Plains each winter with thirty-five wagonloads of trade goods to barter for hides, thus jumping the gun on the other traders who waited until spring.

Ed quickly picked up the Indians' sign language as well as a command of their gutteral speech. When not out on the Plains he was a great help to the agent and others because of that fluency; the Osages liked and trusted him.

When he had first journeyed out on the Plains to find the Osages during the winter hunt, old In-da-dse had mistaken him, silhouetted on a rise, for a standing buffalo, hence the name given him, Sha-pa-nah-she. In-da-dse and his *wa-ko* had appointed themselves to look after the young white man, and indeed had once saved his life. For they found him un-

(Continued on page 65)

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Blood Brothers

(Continued from page 12)

me the dime novel and I could tell by the look on his bronzed face and in his black eyes that he was busy thinking. It was some time before he spoke.

"Whoever wrote that story," he said, "must have learned about Injuns when he told how a Sioux chief and that white man, Buffalo Bill, became blood brothers." That was all he said and I was a little disappointed, but I had sense enough to remain silent because I knew that Jesse was deep in thought.

"For a long time now," Jesse finally broke the silence, "Me'n you have been good friends. You want to become a blood brother to me, Ocksheebie?" he asked grinning a little.

"I shore do, Jesse." I grinned back.

"Some day soon me'n you will go over to the tepee in your brother Wallace's front yard when it is dark. And there inside the medicine lodge me'n you will go through the Assiniboine ceremony that will make us blood brothers. It must be a secret ceremony between us. Nobody else must know anything about it." And we shook hands on it.

Jesse stayed with me that day until after sundown when I tallied the remuda into the big pasture at the foot of Coburn Buttes. I asked him to spend the night with me since the Indian police were after him, but he just grinned and shook his head.

"Once I'd outrun them two Indian police I waited for them outside the reservation gate and told them all about the big joke I'd played on Newton Roan Horse. They got a big belly laugh out of it. Horse stealing is no crime among us. They knew I'd counted coup and was entitled to wear this eagle feather in my hat. Come dark I'm makin' time with that young Gros Ventres gal. Another coup I can notch on my coup stick if I'm lucky." Jesse laughed softly as he rode away into the shadowy dusk of the summer evening. Even at sixteen Jesse Iron Horn was gaining quite a reputation on the reservation as a ladies' man.

It was about a week later that Jesse told me to meet him at my brother Wallace's tepee that night after dark when everyone had gone to bed. The Indians who gave Wallace the tepee and put it up in his front yard called it the white chief's medicine lodge and they used it to sit and smoke on their frequent visits to the home ranch. Jesse told me to bring a pipe and some tobacco and a candle and that he would bring the rest of the stuff for the blood brother ritual.

That evening after supper I went over to the office commissary and swiped a corncob pipe, known as a "Missouri Meerschaum." I picked up a ten-cent sack of Bull Durham and went to my cabin to get a tallow candle. By that time it was dark with a full yellow moon pushing up over the prairie skyline. I waited until everyone had gone to bed and slipped over to the medicine lodge. Inside the tepee there was a firepit about three feet in diameter and about that deep in the center of the hard packed dirt floor. A layer of old ashes was in the pit. The smoke flap at the top of the tepee where the lodge poles met, was open and the light of the rising moon shed a shaft of dim ghostly light into the dark interior. There was the faint odor of Injun tobacco (pipe tobacco mixed with kinnikinnick), where old Black Dog and his squaw had sat and smoked that morning. I dared not light the candle in case the light showed and someone would come to investigate, so I sat for what seemed a long, long time. As a rule Jesse Iron Horn was prompt in keeping a secret rendezvous and I kept wondering what had gone wrong, or if he was playing one of his practical jokes. But I got rid of that bothersome notion because when that young Assiniboine made a promise he kept his word. I was getting a little edgy sitting there in the ghostly dark when the tepee flap opened and Jesse slipped in on moccasined feet, to stand motionless in the dim moonlight.

"I figured you'd been caught by the Injun police," I said in a low-toned stage whisper. "You shore took your time getting here."

"I had to swipe something from old Black Dog," Jesse said. "I left my pony tied in the brush a long ways off and came on foot so the hounds wouldn't start barkin' and wake everybody up. It looks like everybody on the ranch has bedded down so it will be safe to light the candle."

I LIT a kitchen match, holding the flame cupped in one hand to ignite the candle wick. I let the melted tallow drip on the dirt floor until it formed a small puddle to hold the candle upright. While the flickering candle burned at the rim of the firepit Jesse removed a shabby old bead-decorated buckskin pouch that was tied to his belt by a puckering string and laid it on the rim of the firepit.

"That's my medicine pouch," he did his best to make his whisper sound guttural like some old medicine man's. Then he took the Boy Scout knife from its scabbard and carefully laid it beside the medicine pouch. Next Jesse took a small round tin container from his shirt pocket. It held a fine red powder. I had seen the Old Men carry such tins of ceremonial paint.

Jesse told me to remove my hat and then proceeded to rub the red powder on my face and forehead. Then he rubbed the red powder into his own dark-skinned face and into the roots of his hair.

"You got the medicine pipe, Ocksheebie?" he asked.

I took the corncob pipe from my pocket and gave it to him, together with the sack of Bull Durham. He took a tanned buckskin tobacco pouch from his pocket that held a mixture of kinnikinnick which he proceeded to mix with the Bull Durham tobacco and fill the bowl of the pipe. Sitting cross-legged on opposite sides of the firepit we passed the medicine pipe which he had lit from the candle flame, back and forth, blowing tobacco smoke to the four winds. The acrid fumes of the strong tobacco was

a heady mixture that made me a little dizzy.

Then we rolled up our shirt sleeves, baring our right arms to the elbow, and leaned forward across the firepit to shake hands.

"Keep a tight grip on my hand, Ocksheebie," Jesse spoke in that guttural whisper, "and don't let go." Then he began some Assiniboine chant I had never heard, words that I did not understand.

After a few minutes Jesse picked up the knife with his left hand and quickly cut a gash in his own forearm, still chanting the medicine song. Then before I was aware of what he was doing he cut a gash in my forearm which caused me a quick moment of pain. The grip of our hands still tight Jesse bent over and sucked the flowing blood from my arm, and I followed suit. The taste of that warm blood was a little nauseating but I kept on swallowing without gagging. Then Jesse let go of my hand and we straightened up. Next Jesse opened the medicine pouch and took out a chunk of raw meat about the size of a baseball. He sliced it in half and handed me my half.

"You've watched old Black Dog dip raw liver in gall and eat it to make him brave," Jesse said. "I borrowed some of his liver dipped in gall to make us brave. We are now blood brothers, Ocksheebie. Eat your brave maker." And I did.

That gall-dipped raw liver tasted bitter as quinine but I managed to swallow it down without too much chewing, and for a long moment it stuck in my throat and I had to keep swallowing until it was dislodged and slid down my gullet. The heady mixture of tobacco had left me dizzy and now the warm blood and gall-soaked raw liver added nausea to the dizziness, and I felt sick as a poisoned coyote pup that had picked up a strychnine bait. Fighting off the dizzy nausea I wanted to puke into the dead ashes of the firepit, and had to clamp my jaws tight to keep from retching and ruining the whole blood brother ritual completely, throw a white man's monkey wrench into the works.

Sitting cross-legged I fought off the waves of nausea by squinting both eyes tight shut for what seemed an eternity. Through it all I could hear the sound of Jesse's low chanted medicine song that had a nightmarish sound. Then from somewhere in that black whirlpool came the crazy yapping sound of coyotes then the barking of the hound pack taking off in pursuit, creating a din loud enough to wake up every man on the ranch. That sobering thought was enough to yank me out of my nausea and I opened my eyes. Jesse had dowsed the candle and was standing up, no longer chanting.

"I better sneak back to where I left my pony before everybody on the ranch wakes up," he said. "Hightail it back to the reservation. So long for now, Ocksheebie."

A SHAFT of moonlight penetrated the darkness as Jesse opened the tepee flap and slipped out on moccasined feet. Then the flap closed and I was left alone in the dark medicine lodge. I was broken out in a cold sweat of nausea that came from every pore in my kid hide and I shivered in spite of myself. Blood still seeped from the knife slit on my forearm and the gall was bitter in my mouth. But me'n Jesse Iron Horn were now blood brothers and I took what consolation I could out of that thought.

By now the coyote yapping no longer sounded and the barking of the hounds had died away. All was peaceful silence and if the ranch hands had been aroused by the racket they had rolled over and gone back to sleep. Enough moonlight filtered through the open smoke flap to see by as I gathered up the candle and corncob medicine pipe and shoved them into my pocket. I picked up my hat and looked all around to make certain sure I had collected everything there was to pick up for tell-tale sign of the blood brother ritual.

I scarcely remember crawling on all fours out of the tepee to get into the fresh air before I retched again, but somehow I managed to make it to the outhouse privy behind the woodshed, staggering like a drunk. Down on my knees on the pineboard floor I leaned my head over the one-holer and vomited, up-chucking everything in my churning belly, then crawled out to lie down in the high grass and sagebrush. I lay there a long time bathed in cold, clammy sweat, and after a while I managed to walk to the log cabin where I slept.

I was truly grateful for the fact that my blood brother was long gone, so that the Assiniboine did not witness the mess I had made of the ritual, and I vowed then and there to keep my disgrace a secret as long as I lived in the guilty knowledge that in the act of vomiting I had somehow violated the Assiniboine ritual that would make the blood brother ceremony worthless. It would bother my conscience for many a moon and I would carry that burden of guilt, along with my innermost secret of betrayal, for the rest of my born days.

Back in my cabin I lit a candle. I soaked a washcloth from a can of kerosene and scrubbed off the last trace of red war paint in the mirror. It was past midnight by then, with the alarm clock set for four a.m. when I was due to rise and shine, saddle up and wrangle the lower pasture where the work teams were pastured and corral them an hour before the breakfast bell clanged, to give the hay hands time to harness them. Then after breakfast I'd have to wrangle the big horse pasture where the remuda grazed and get back to my job.

I sure dreaded my next meeting with Jesse Iron Horn and it was two or three days later when he showed up where I was grazing the remuda on the prairie south of the two buttes. There was a sort of wicked grin on his swarthy face as he reined up his paint pony.

"You know somethin', Ocksheebie?" He asked, squinting his eyes at me.

"Nope." I came back at him.

"Remember that night we became blood brothers?"

"You bet."

"GOLD AIN'T NECESSARILY YELLOW!"

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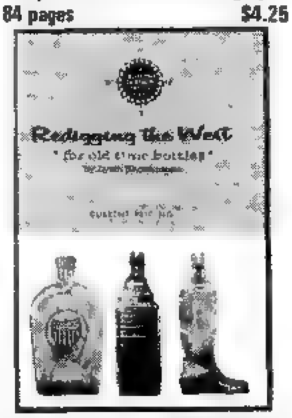

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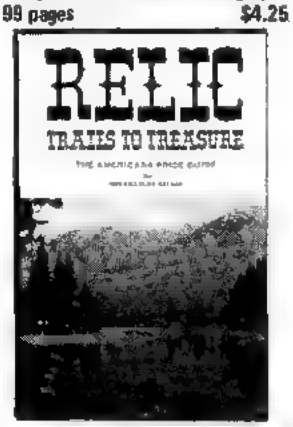

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"I got sick on the way home. Sick as a dog," Jesse confided. "I had to get off Many Spots and puke my guts out. My old man put me in the sweat lodge all next day, to sweat out the poison." Jesse gave me a long sideways look and asked, "Was you sick after I left that night?"

"Sick as a poisoned coyote pup," I admitted with a sickly sort of smile.

"It was that raw liver dipped in gall that done it," Jesse nodded convincingly. "It was the first time I ever tackled it. You know somethin', Ocksheebie?"

"Nope," I said.

"That raw liver dipped in gall is strictly for the Old Men, not us," Jesse said with authority. "I sort of followed that story about Buffalo Bill and that Sioux chief. I guess I acted too smart-aleck. All the same me'n you are blood brothers."

I nodded agreement and we shook hands on it.

"Mebbyso that story is true," Jesse Iron Horn shrugged his shoulders, "but most mebby it's a damn lie. Whoever wrote it just made it up, I'll bet a dollar."

"You could sure be right, Jesse," I agreed.

We got off our horses there on the high hill where I could keep track of the remuda. I took the dime novel that was rolled up with my lunch in my saddle slicker. Squatting down on my boot heels, I touched a match to it and we watched it burn to white ashes which we stomped into the ground. And that made me'n Jesse Iron Horn blood brothers forevermore and once more we shook hands, then grinned at one another to seal the secret between us.

My God, Ain't That Beautiful!

(Continued from page 25)

ing for them. For me, it turned out to be a tiring, seven-mile walk. I kept waiting for something that is no longer there. It was Uncle Jim's enthusiasm. The guides were polite and helpful, but their knowledge was limited. When I asked about the Crystal Room, the Chime Room, the Waterfall and the Wishing Well, I received the same answer to each question. It was, "What's that?"

In the mid-thirties Robert Ripley made a nationwide broadcast from inside the caverns. At that time Uncle Jim broke a hole through a wall and, with the exception of himself, Mr. Ripley was the first man to see inside. Even though he was the man famous for his "Believe It Or Not," he could not keep the wonderment of the sight from his voice. The new section was named the "Ripley Room." When I asked where it was, the guides had never heard of it.

Officialdom has a way of strangling the past with statistics. A trip through the caverns is interesting and the natural beauty is still there. But the trip is punctuated by such things as distances, size, depth, age, etc., and I have no doubt that before long any mention of Jim White will be eliminated.

THE LAST TIME I saw Uncle Jim was in 1942, just before I went overseas. His sadness was obvious. The room he had opened for Mr. Ripley he had found by descending and following passageways, then coming back up to the level of the main cavern. He was trying to get someone to listen to him, for underneath the entire structure was a great deal more to be explored and seen, but Uncle Jim was out. Officially and legally. No one was interested in how much more he had discovered. There was already enough. The public would see approximately one-tenth of the cave.

People are now herded through like sheep, but they all seem to be satisfied. I truly feel sorry for all of them, for they shall never have the privilege of following that very wonderful gentle giant or have him show something very special and hear that quiet raspy voice making the statement of affirmation: "My God, ain't that beautiful!"

To those who will say that I am prejudiced, I have only one answer: You're mighty right. I am!!

The Treasure Map of Toussaint Kensler

(Continued from page 8)

stream of any size coming from the north into the Cheyenne, He aimed his line of journeying toward the Bad Lands east of the Black Hills and continued it down the rivers until he reached Fort Pierre and the Missouri River. He had not stopped at Fort Pierre, but had continued downriver until he had come to the Crow Creek agency some miles below the fort. He had thought he would be safe in the Crow Creek agency.

When Toussaint Kensler was hanged for the murder which he had committed in Montana, his map remained.

IN 1875 Walter P. Jenney, E. M., a young geologist twenty-five years old, was hired by the United States government to go into the Black Hills with a group of miners, scientific men and a military escort, to ascertain whether or not the Black Hills actually held gold in paying quantities. Jenney was a sober-minded scientist, and he explored the gulches and streams with a geologist's eye and a prospector's zeal. He found color in almost all the streams which he investigated, and explained in detail just how much gold he found per pan.

In reporting his findings to the Interior Department, he also told the story of Toussaint Kensler. Somehow Kensler's map had come into his possession, though he does not tell us how. Jenney found gravel-topped hills on the outskirts of the Black Hills range, and heavily graveled deltas of streams exiting from the higher fastnesses of the hills. The story of Kensler matched what Jenney found in those foothills.

Admitting that as far as he knew, the story could only be called a "tradition," nevertheless Jenney stated:

"A tracing of the map drawn by Kensler is before me while I am writing. On comparing it with the map drawn by Dr. M'Gillycuddy, topographer of the expedition, I find that it agrees very closely with the latter in regard to distances, directions, and the bends of the Cheyenne, and that the stream on which Kensler discovered gold was either Amphibious Creek or French Creek, probably the former. Quite extensive gravel deposits are known to occur in the vicinity, and it is probable that Kensler was the first discoverer of gold in the Black Hills, obtaining his pay dirt from the small ravines and gulches among these gravel beds, where the gold had been concentrated by heavy rains."

French Creek was prospected from one end to the other, Jenney reports, and gold colors were found extensively along it. Amphibious Creek, which Jenney suspected as Kensler's gold bed, was found to have gold colors or gold dust.

"On Amphibious, near its headwaters, a few colors of gold were obtained from small gravel deposits, but the water supply was so small, the stream being dry at the time, that prospecting was very difficult. About five miles below the head of this creek, a number of dry ravines enter it from the east, cutting deep into the schists and slates. In these ravines float quartz was found, showing, on breaking, visible particles of gold, but the quartz was not traced to the ledge

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from which it had been originally derived."

In reporting Kensler's story, Jenney suggested that it might be well to work the outer gravel beds around the Black Hills by hydraulic process, inasmuch as the streams in the interior of the hills were at least 1,200 feet higher than the gravel-stopped hills and therefore piped water could be made to have considerable head for hydraulic mining, especially in the spring months of the year.

Jenney gives no intimation as to what happened to the map after he saw it. However, there we have the story of Toussaint Kensler and his map, and Walter P. Jenney, E. M., geologist, who believed and corroborated Toussaint's findings. Kensler may have been washing gold from the gravel at the mouth of the Amphibious Creek, or maybe French Creek, both being within a few miles of each other.

Hat Creek comes north from Nebraska to join the Cheyenne River a few miles west of the present Angostura Dam. You won't find Amphibious Creek on modern maps, even though the M'Gillycuddy-Jenney map reproduced with this article shows its location. Amphibious Creek has been renamed, and therein lies the problem. Forest rangers of the Black Hills area today do not remember the name in any connection. Amphibious Creek could be Fall River, the Beaver Creek on the eastern side of the Black Hills, Lame Johnny Creek, or maybe the small creek on which Cascade Falls is found.

French Creek is easy to find. Its headwaters rise west of Custer City, flowing east through Custer State Park and the foothills toward the small town of Fairburn which it passes closely before continuing to its rendezvous with the Cheyenne River. Fairburn is three or four miles east of Highway 79 south of Hermosa.

The story does not say which agency Toussaint entered with his goose quill treasure, but only Crow Creek, Sisseton and Yankton Indian reservations were established before 1875. Sisseton was too far north for his travels, and Yankton probably too far east. If he went directly east from the Black Hills into the Bad Lands, as he says he did, it is reasonable to assume that he continued his movements east until he struck the Missouri River and Crow Creek Reservation.

Somewhere, in some territorial newspaper, there probably is a story of the hanging of Toussaint Kensler, but to date I have not found it. Nevertheless, his story makes sense. His map makes sense The names of his rivers, his mountains, his gravel-topped hills, the fact that we can still find fossilized bones in the Bad Lands east of the Black Hills—all these lend to substantiate his story.

Walter P. Jenney was not one to bandy words, and he believed Kensler's statements. Jenney was mistaken in saying that Kensler was probably the first to find gold in the Black Hills environs, because there is adequate proof that others were there before him, but Jenney says Kensler could have found gold where he said he did. Who are we to doubt?

Maybe if we should take a gold pan, go to the mouth of Amphibious Creek (wherever that is) or French Creek in the spring of the year when water abounds, and prospect for gold, maybe we could still find gold there. Even more than five quills full.

The Gum Shoe Kid

(Continued from page 19)

the murder and said he was paid $1,000 for the job.] Thaler was in Victor at the time the depot was dynamited, and he was among the men shipped out of Colorado in boxcars as labor agitators.

When I asked how he got his present nickname, Thaler handed me a clipping from a Tonopah, Nevada newspaper, which read:

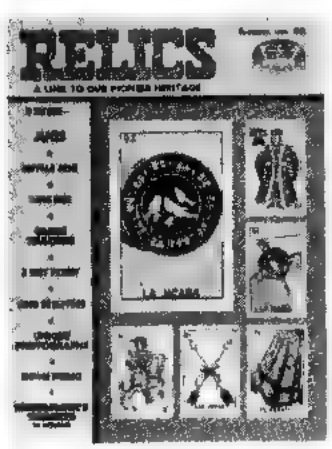
Mr. Gum Shoe Boom Camp
Beau Brummel

"The sheriff's office was alerted several days ago to be on the lookout for a new pair of rubber boots that disappeared from the rear of a Chinese restaurant in Sodaville. Deputy Sheriff Cushing standing in front of the Gold Nugget Saloon yesterday morning spotted a man riding on top of a load on one of the jerk line teams coming into town. He stopped the teamster to question the man. The young man clad in ecclesiastical black silk hat, Prince Albert coat, and waistcoat, wearing corduroy trousers, hip length rubber boots and carrying a water canteen and umbrella, admitted to the officer that the boots belonged to the Chinaman at Sodaville but said he had only borrowed the boots and intended to return them as someone had stolen his shoes while he was asleep.

"The youth's statements were verified by the teamster and his helper. Officer Cushing gave him a pair of shoes and returned the boots to Sodaville on the night stage. A large crowd gathered while the officer was questioning the young fellow. And a lot of good-natured banter passed between him and the crowd. Several miners in the group seemed to be well acquainted with the man but all refused to tell his name or where he was from when asked by newspapermen, so we will have to call him Mr. Gumshoe.

"He is a clean-cut young fellow, with a keen sense of humor. He readily agreed to pose for a photographer, but when asked his name replied, 'Just tell your readers I am a big New York banker that wishes to remain anonymous.' If Mr. Gumshoe is from the Metropolis on the Hudson as he says, Tonopah may have had a preview of what the well dressed man will be wearing in the fashion parade of Fifth Avenue Easter Sunday. A local mining man [Tascarel Oddie, U.S. Senator] took Mr. Gumshoe to a clothing store and purchased him a new wardrobe. What puzzles this reporter and numerous other people is in what kind of a country a man would find it necessary to carry both a water canteen and umbrella."

According to the Gum Shoe Kid, "When one of the miners saw me in the Prince Albert, he said, 'I've seen everything now.'" From that time on, R. W.



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Thaler was known as the Gum Shoe Kid.

"SPEAKIN' of nicknames," he said, "at one mine in Goldfield my boss was Flannel Mouth McCarthy, so-called because he talked like a Cousin Jack. McCarthy got het up when he saw the nickname of the miners on the payroll and told their foreman to fire the men because he didn't want 'such euphonious cognomens that look like hell on the payroll!'"

Thaler talked freely about labor troubles in Nevada. "One night," he said, "when Atha Richie, my boss in a mine in Goldfield, heard that trouble was brewing, we took a sawed-off shotgun and climbed on the roof of the jail. Pretty soon two taxicabs of gunmen pulled up and stopped under the light. We could see 'em plain. Diamond Field Jack Davis came up on horseback and talked with the fellows. Then they turned around and went back to town. Diamond Field Jack was supposed to be a gunman for a prominent politician. He and his employer's son, so the story went, killed a sheepherder across the line in Idaho. Diamond Field Jack took the rap. They were going to hang him at the county seat, but Gleason, a cowboy friend, got a relay of horses and Jack got away. Later his former boss got him pardoned. Jack got his nickname from the diamond fields of Africa where he worked once.

"Mr. Goldfield, for whom the town was named, was called Grandpa. He jumped a bank building and started Diamond Field Black Butte. He got bitter against the Western Federation and went flat broke. He lived to be ninety years old. Was kind of an ornament in a gambling place in Las Vegas. A taxicab backed over him and killed him. St. John died about ten years ago. There was a whole page in the San Francisco *Examiner* about him. Labor agitators—the I.W.W.—were favorable to the G.O.P."

THE GUM SHOE KID was a fascinating story teller. One of his favorite tales was about Big Foot Susie, a waitress, about twenty-five, who wore a #12 shoe. She had been married four or five times.

"Susie was a gold digger," said Gum Shoe, "and when Balin' Wire Brown made a coupla hundred thousand dollars she decided to shake him down. She sued him for divorce.

"When I met Balin' Wire one mornin' he asked me to do him a favor. 'Come to my cabin,' he said. He had packages of nickels, dimes and pennies. He broke 'em apart and asked me to count out $200. I did. Then Balin' Wire took the coins and put 'em in a big oil can full of molasses and feathers. He stirred 'em all up.

"'Here,' he said, 'You take this can to Susie and tell her that Lover Boy sent her the alimony.'

"You oughta heard her turn loose! She went to a lawyer who ordered Balin' Wire to come in and pay the clerk of the court. But Balin' Wire pulled out and went to Honduras. That's all Big Susie ever got. His two nieces got his money."

The Gum Shoe Kid was the district miners' claim recorder in charge of Seals and Books at Rawhide, and one of his favorite tales was about Gold Tooth Bess.

"One night old Gold Tooth Bess and Tom Little, who was not divorced, decided to get married. The judge wouldn't marry 'em and sent 'em over to me. There was a newspaper reporter in my office when the weddin' party arrived. I had the reporter make out an elaborate license on a mining location blank."

Gum Shoe married the couple and pocketed a $5 gold piece. "The bridal party was just riff-raff," he said.

Later someone stole the "license" and Gold Tooth Bess came back to get another one.

"No duplicates were made," said Gum Shoe. "The clerk and recorder hunted for records of the marriage and couldn't figure how a mining recorder could have married 'em."

Gum Shoe told of a committee of the Western Federation of Miners who took care of many destitute girls when they fell ill and had no one to care for them. Too, many of the girls from the "district" were buried by the Miners Union.

"There were some interesting headstones in various little cemeteries," Gum Shoe said. "I'm not sure I can remember them exact. In Stingaree Gulch, a Dupont bicholoride of mercury plant put up a fence and stone for one of the girls. The words on the stone were

Rest in Peace
Delaware

AUGUSTA TABOR, first wife of H. A. W. Tabor, Colorado's one-time millionaire mining man, was a close friend of Robert Thaler's mother. One day Thaler brought me a tall, graceful black glass vase which he said had been given to his mother by Augusta. The only time I ever used it was when I received a Christmas bouquet of exotic Hawaiian blossoms. I placed the filled vase in a deep window sill. It was a lovely sight. Shortly after I had filled the vase, I stepped out of the room for a few seconds.

There was a crash in my living room, and when I returned, the black vase lay on the soft thick carpet in a hundred or more shattered pieces. What could have happened? There was no wind. It looked as if someone had struck the vase with a hammer. Could there have been a small earth tremor? It was so weird I tried not to think of it.

The Gum Shoe Kid also knew Baby Doe Tabor, the second wife. He was one of the few persons she permitted to visit her at her cabin during the last lonely years in which she kept guard over the Matchless Mine at Leadville.

When I asked Gum Shoe if he had ever run across Jakie Sands in Nevada—Jakie who had been in love with Baby Doe in Central City and who had tried to marry her before she married Tabor—he spoke up at once.

"Charlie and Jakie, brothers, had a clothing store in Goldfield in 1907. Their real name was Sandolowsky. When the boom was on at Rawhide, the Sands

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moved up there. The move broke them. Charlie died there."

The Gum Shoe Kid made many entertaining tape recordings about early mining days in the West. He was anxious to record things as they were. He refused to go on a television program "because," as he said, "they edited my script. We didn't say 'Ladies of the evening' in Rawhide, we called 'em something else. 'Ladies?' Huh."

Thaler left Nevada and returned to Denver when mining slowed down. For some time, including 1926, he was employed as a guard at the United States Mint. He was an eye-witness to the U. S. Mint Robbery in 1922.

In his later years Thaler sometimes visited Denver's Skid Row to look for men he had known in the boom days. He told me of three or four missions on Larimer Street; how winos would get "a jug of 'musty doodle' [muscatel] and would jungle up under the bridges. They often would approach him with, "Say, Dad, throw in a dime for a mulligan."

"Some old-time winos," he said, "hung around the old Windsor Hotel until it was torn down. And old hardrockers that I'd known could be found often at 19th and Lincoln. Too, there was an old mattress factory near the river called 'the cotton patch' which gave shelter to some who sought their food in garbage cans."

When I looked distressed at the thought, Gum Shoe assured me, "They didn't have ulcers."

In 1962 Gum Shoe prospected for a time on the Nevada desert, but because of his health had to give up and go to a veteran's hospital. He was there seven months, and then went to stay with his daughter in Berkeley. He was very proud of this "Doctor" daughter, a psychiatrist, experienced in prison work.

Though he hoped to come back to Colorado, the Gum Shoe Kid passed away in 1963. Few men knew real life in the boom mining camps of Colorado and Nevada as he did, and few could look back on the early days with such good humor and relish.

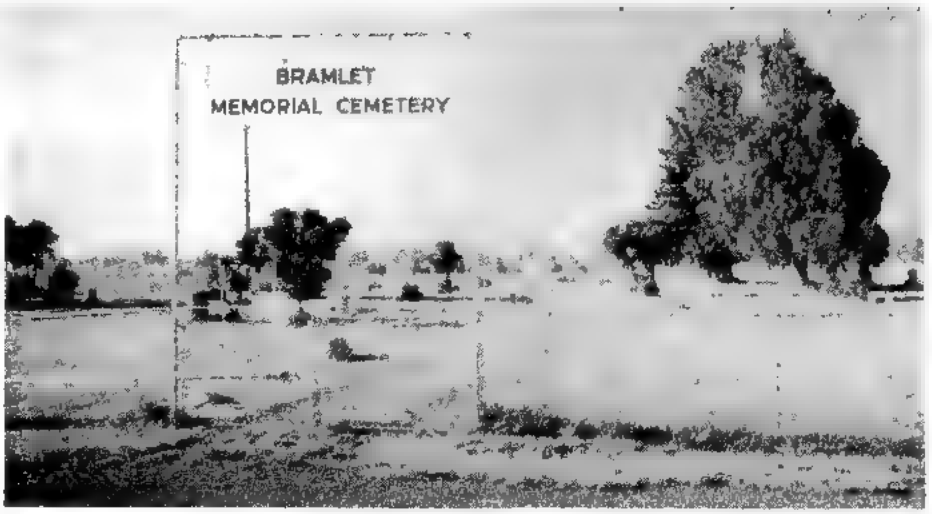
The Nerve of Doc Adair

(Continued from page 31)

During the months of the three summers following 1880 Adair spent considerable time shooting at a target which he placed across the road from his cabin and sometimes he would shoot at the target from the house through a port hole. At other times he would shoot offhand, standing in front of his house, and frequently he would shoot from a rest. But he would always shoot across the road.

When people were passing along the road at the time Adair was doing his shooting, he would pay no attention to the passersby, not even to look at them, and the travelers were compelled to wait until such a time that to them it seemed safe to proceed.

One summer day Mr. Bramlet took his team and wagon and went up the hill and into the timber for a load of wood. While he was preparing to load the wood Adair appeared on foot carrying a rifle in his hands, a large caliber pistol, a dagger, a hatchet and a supply of cartridges in his belt.



Doc Adair was the first person to be buried in this cemetery situated a few miles north of the town of Wallowa. The two big juniper trees mark the site of his grave.

As he approached Mr. Bramlet he said, "I came out here to kill you."

"Well, Doc, you are armed and I am not. But one thing sure, Doc, you can only kill me once," replied Mr. Bramlet.

Adair then told Mr. Bramlet of some grievances he insanely supposed he had against him, and departed.

One day in the early summer of 1883, Adair went to the home of a family who had befriended him when he first came to the valley and asked to borrow some flour; whereupon the lady of the house handed him a sack partly filled.

He promptly accused the lady of putting poison in the flour, and of trying to kill him by inches. He said as he held the flour toward the lady, "You can put all the poison you like in this flour now. Your poison won't hurt me. I am proof against your poison!"

IN LATE SUMMER of 1883 Adair with two horses went to a Summerville [a town over the mountains in the Grande Ronde valley] and obtained a pack horseload of supplies.

After the goods were turned over to him, Adair, without offering to remunerate the merchant, carried them out to where his horses were tied and loaded them on his pack horse. The merchant anxiously watched developments, and when it appeared that Adair was nearly ready to go, the merchant requested pay for the goods.

Adair flew into a rage and said he would not pay him a cent.

At that time there happened to be a man in the store from Wallowa who knew both Adair and the merchant. The latter induced this man to go and make an effort to persuade Adair to pay for the goods. This effort, however, served only to increase the wrath of the purchaser, who soon started on his return trip leading his two horses.

The merchant procured the services of a local officer who on horseback galloped off in pursuit. As he advanced to the top of a hill he saw Adair with his rifle pointed toward him, and who demanded that he halt. The officer stopped. Then he heard the words, "You go back and if you ever follow me again I will kill you."

The officer returned and reported his experience to the merchant and to the sheriff's office at Union.

Some time after sending the officer back, Adair mounted his saddle horse and leading his pack horse continued on toward Wallowa. When going up the canyon road he saw a horseman galloping toward him. Adair leveled his rifle at the man and demanded that he halt. After asking a few questions as to why the man was riding so fast, Adair told the stranger to go on but he must ride on the trot, and that if he looked back he would be shot from his horse.

After this, Adair continued riding and leading his pack horse. Soon he came to where some fifteen men were working the road. Here his saddle horse saw a dog lying asleep by the side of the road and became frightened and jumped to the opposite side; whereupon Adair drew a gun and killed the dog. He then told the men that if any of them wanted to take the matter up he would treat them the same way that he did the dog. After delivering a few sentences of abuse he moved on, arriving at his cabin shortly before sunset.

After unloading his pack Adair, with his rifle on his shoulder, walked up near the Powers' farm where some cattle were feeding. After looking around for a minute he shot and killed a fat two-year-old heifer that belonged to Mr. Bramlet. He skinned out a piece of the ham, took it to his cabin, and the supposition was that he fried it for his supper.

IN THE course of a few days the Summerville merchant swore to a warrant for Adair's arrest. A deputy sheriff came in and after spending a few days in conversation and asking questions he deputized three well-known citizens of the neighborhood who were experienced hunters and were known to be good shots.

Early one morning the four men took a position at a distance from Adair's

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cabin and watched his movements with field glasses.

They saw him come out of his cabin with a pail in his hand and step down the bank of Dry Creek where he had dug a hole in the creek bed to procure his water supply. After he entered his cabin with the water he was not seen again by the four men until about an hour had passed, when he appeared walking toward and then into and through to the other side of a marsh which lay a short distance south of his cabin.

After Adair disappeared in the willows the deputies went to his cabin. Here the deputy sheriff arranged for two of his men to take a position just under the creek bank the following night for the purpose of arresting Adair if and when he came for water.

The deputy sheriff with his other deputy took a position in the willows near the path Adair had taken in the morning before, in case he did not go for water and was not arrested by the two men who had taken their position under the bank of the creek.

When morning came, the men under the bank heard Adair moving about in his cabin. For a couple of hours these two men watched with anxiety for the appearance of Adair with his water pail. They heard him open and close the door a time or two, but he did not come their way.

Finally all sound in the cabin ceased and they were sure he had left the place. Now they listened for a signal shot that would indicate that the other two lawmen had arrested him, but they did not hear it.

After a while the two men near the cabin left their place of concealment and cautiously went to the cabin, opened the door and went in; and as they were hungry, they ate their breakfast from a pan of biscuits Adair had made before leaving.

Through the day, or until about 4:30 in the afternoon, they remained in the cabin, listening for a report of a rifle and watching for the approach of Adair.

The two men in the willows remained in concealment, listening for a rifle's report, and anxiously watching for Adair to appear. The deputies all believed Adair would surrender if and when he learned they had the drop on him.

About 4:30 p.m. one of the men in the cabin stepped to the door and saw Adair coming not fifty paces away, carrying his rifle in his right hand, while with his left hand he was balancing a pole on his left shoulder and carrying a broken steel trap. He evidently was intending to cut the pole into stove lengths for the purpose of cooking his lunch.

Adair did not see the man in the door and was still ignorant of the presence of the two men in his cabin.

Upon seeing Adair the man immediately stepped away from the door and whispered to his companion, "There he is now!"

The two men quickly took aim at Adair through port holes and one of them shouted, "Throw up your hands!"

Adair dropped the pole and trap from

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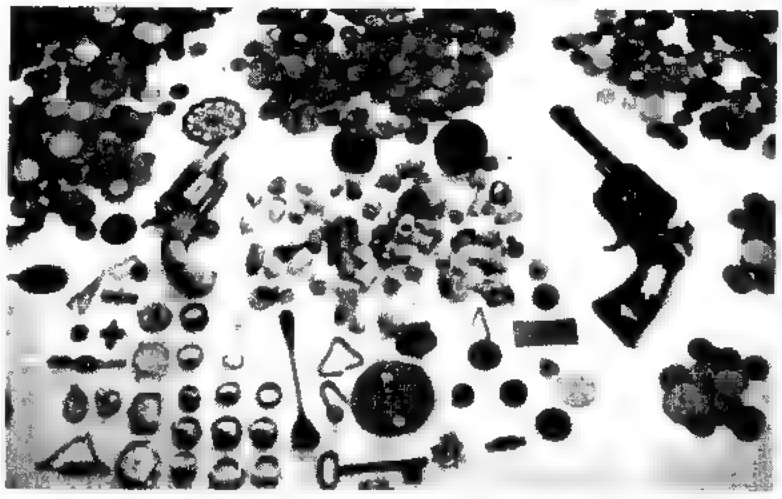

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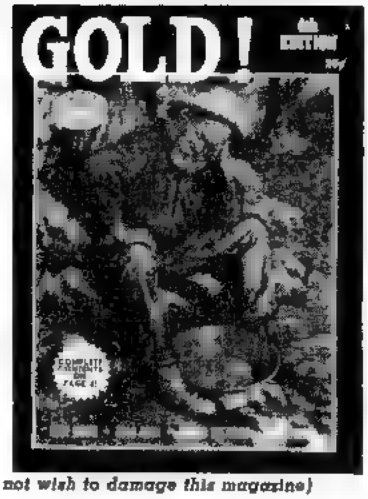

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his shoulder, and quickly raised his rifle.

The other lawman, who was surprised and disappointed when he saw Adair was going to resist, shouted in a pleading tone, "Oh, Doc, do!"

Before he completed the sentence Adair's rifle was pointed directly at the lawman's face. The two deputies pulled triggers so nearly together that the reports of their rifles were thought to be only one report by some of the neighbors.

With a moan Adair fell to the ground before pulling the trigger.

The two men rushed from the cabin, raised the motionless body to a sitting position, and called his name, but with no response. Life had gone. One ball had passed down the side of the barrel of his gun, cut off the fingers of his right hand, struck the breech of his gun and glanced off, while the other ball passed through his heart. The deputies carried him into the cabin.

The other two heard the report and were soon at the cabin, then a few of the neighbors gathered in. The near neighbors had known of the officers' plan twenty-four hours earlier.

I [James Powers] and a few other children were walking on our way home from school when the welded sounds of the rifles were heard.

The Adair cabin was in the neighborhood of a half mile from the Powers home, with no obstruction of view between the two points. Mrs. Powers knew of the plans to get the drop on Adair and was nervous about the matter as she felt as though he would not surrender, and that someone would get hurt. While going about her work she kept a lookout toward Adair's cabin. She saw Adair leave the cabin going a different direction to what the deputies had thought he would. She saw the two men come from the creek bed and enter the cabin. In the afternoon she saw Adair returning from the same direction he had departed in the morning. She saw him stop at his old tumbled-down hay pen, pick up a pole, put it on his shoulder and continue on toward the cabin. In rapid succession she saw him stop, drop the pole, point his gun from the shoulder and fall. Immediately after she saw two puffs of smoke at the cabin, and then heard the reports of the rifles. She saw the men rush from the cabin and carry the dead man in. Then she saw the two who had been concealed in the willows go rushing toward the cabin. Later she saw neighbors going to the cabin. Mr. Powers went down for a while.

When the Powers children returned from school they found their mother in a state of nervous excitement almost to the point of collapsing.

Mr. Powers soon returned, informed the family that the man was dead, and during the evening and the following night made a coffin for him. The next day the corpse was placed in the coffin and interred in the Lower Valley cemetery.

Documents found in Adair's cabin proved that his true name was Johnston and that he had served in the Civil War. It was the general opinion of his neighbors that he was mentally unbalanced.

Saved By A Hyer Boot

(Continued from page 9)

very little water, and advised me to go back by McGonigal's Ranch, the Hi Lonesome Ranch, and on to Monument Springs. This latter point is about 100 miles northwest of Midland, Texas. I figured that such a route would take me at least four days longer, so I went down the Pecos instead. It wasn't long before I wished I had listened and taken Mr. Ramsey's advice.

In Roswell I bought two large canteens, filled them with water, and headed down the Pecos. When I got to Eddy, which is now Carlsbad, I learned that because of the long dry spell, the Pecos was low on water and had a lot of alkali in it. I was told that one cowboy had ridden his horse to the water, and it drank and then the cowboy got his belly full, and by the next day they were both dead. This thought put the fear of God in me.

However, I continued the route I had started and, as it was July, the sandhills were very hot and dry. I decided to rest in what shade I could find, and sleep in the daytime and travel at night. I always picked stars to guide me at night.

I was going along pretty good until I got near where Monahans, Texas is now. About midnight I hit the Texas and Pacific Railroad. There was a deep cut in a sand hill and a T and P passenger train burst through. My horses had never seen a train, and they went wild. I was leading my pack horse with a big loop on my saddle horn and the balance of my lariat coiled and buckled with my rope strap. The two horses pitched such a fit the loop came off the saddle horn and broke the rope strap on my saddle. Then the scared pack horse vanished in the dark.

It took me some time to get my saddle horse quieted down before I could hunt the pack horse. I rode in a circle trying to find him, but I had to give up and wait until daylight. The next morning I tracked him about a half-mile before I lost his tracks in the shinnery. It was near noon when I found the horse. The rope he was dragging had gotten tangled in the brush and the horse was still trembling with fear. The pack had slipped from his back and was under his belly. The two canteens were gone. I rode the rest of the day with no water.

That night I hobbled out the horses and tried to sleep, but was so thirsty I didn't sleep much. The next day was very hot, and sometimes I felt I couldn't make it much longer without water. My horses were so tired they were dragging.

I saw a small range of mountains and when I got there, I found an old trail that hadn't been traveled for years. It led down a small canyon. When I had about given up hope, I saw two old fence posts with forks on top. They were standing a few feet apart and another post was lying across the posts through the forks. I was almost too scared to look. I was sure it was an old well, but I thought surely it must be filled up. When I reached it and looked down, I saw the most wonderful sight I had ever beheld—sparkling water!

I LOOKED everywhere for an old bucket, can or anything I could get some water in, but there was nothing. I took my lariat and lowered it to see if it would reach the water, but it lacked two or three feet being long enough. I had a piggin' string under my belt that I used to tie down an animal when I roped and threw it. When I tied it to the rope, it reached the water.

Suddenly an idea came to me. I pulled off my right boot. I wore nothing but boots made by C. H. Hyer Boot Company, Olathe, Kansas. I tied the string in one tug of the boot and lowered it down without taking time to take the spur off. When the boot hit the water the heavy spur made it sink quickly, and I pulled it up. I want you to know that was the best water my parched throat ever had. My lips were sun-blistered and swollen.

After I had a bellyful of that good water I began to wonder how I could water my horses. They couldn't drink out of a boot, so I took my saddle off the horse, took my Navajo saddle blanket, picked up some rocks that had been dug from the well, placed them in a circle and placed the blanket down over them. I drew boot after boot of water and poured it into the blanket. The horses would drink it as fast as I would empty the water from the boot.

I finally got them filled up. I was full, too, but I thought I would get one more bootful before I left. Just as I was drawing it up, a big rattler fell off the wall of the well and landed on the boot of water. I pulled my old thumb-buster and fired quick. The snake was cut in two but so was the string holding the boot. The boot and spur hit the water and quickly sank to the bottom. And there wasn't a thing around to make a

PROHIBITED

hook of to try and fish my boot and spur out of the well. I saddled my horse and we took off. A spare shirt I happened to have was wrapped around my right foot to keep it from blistering in the sun. We made several miles, and at dusk I hobbled the horses and crawled in bed under my tarp.

I was up early and by two p.m. I sighted a Mexican sheepherder. I couldn't speak but a few words, but he made me understand there was a sheep camp a couple of miles from there. When I got to the camp, the fellow in charge found me an old boot that I could wear. He gave me a canteen of water also. When I told him about the abandoned well I had found he said it had been an old hideout for Mexican bandits. Texas Rangers had killed two of them, captured three, and three or four had made good their escape.

About five days later I reached the ranch where my friend was working. They hired me to help build fences. I stayed until the HAT Ranch at Monument Springs was ready for the fall roundup. In the meantime I had ordered another pair of C. H. Hyer boots from Olathe.

My friend, Bart Hester, had agreed to go back with me and join the HAT outfit if I would stay and help build the fences. Before we headed out, we made a good grab hook and put it on my pack horse. I wanted to get my spur. We fished for quite a while and finally brought up the boot and spur. After the boot dried out, it was good as ever. I had kept its mate and those boots gave many, many more months of wear. When we reached the HAT outfit and told Ed Ramsey about the trip, he nicknamed me "Pecos Pate" and the name will follow me to my grave.

Indian Wolf's Secret Gold Reserves

(Continued from page 29)

ter. During the summers they would migrate to the Richland and Yakima areas to pick hops. Richland consisted only of a hop and cattle ranch owned by a railroad man named Rich.

The Palouse spoke the Chinook language which they could use to converse with most other tribes of the Northwest. Indian Wolf was one of the most colorful—and wealthiest—of his tribe. He came by his wealth through the simple process of claiming ownership to all the thousands of wild horses which roamed across this area before white men settled here.

Most of the horses were of excellent breed, probably descendants of those brought by the Spanish to Mexico. During the course of many years they had wandered northward through California and Oregon, and had swum the Columbia and Snake Rivers into the Palouse Indian country.

Most of Indian Wolf's horses were for sale to anyone who had the price. The price scale was fixed and there was no changing it—$5.00 for a colt, $10.00 for a yearling, $15.00 for a two-year-old, and $25.00 for anything older. Payment had to be made in gold—nothing else, as my husband, Jacob Harder, and his brother, Hans, discovered when they bought their first 200 horses from Indian Wolf back in the early days.

Although Indian Wolf could not read or write, he certainly could make sure he was receiving as many gold dollars as he was entitled to and that each was a genuine gold dollar. Sitting in the sand along the Snake and Columbia Rivers, the Indian first would study each gold piece for a considerable period of time. He would toss it back and forth from one hand to the other, then look at it again. He would rise and throw each gold piece against a rock to listen to the ring.

Satisfied that each gold coin reflected its true value, he would then kneel in the sand again and scoop out a little hole for each horse he was selling. Into each of these holes he would place the number of coins received for the horse, depending on its age. He would count the coins in each hole again to make sure. Finally, he would give a satisfied grunt. All of the gold coins would disappear into a money belt strapped around his waist. Then Indian Wolf would leap astride his pony and gallop away at top speed, leaving the white man there to do what he wished with the horses he had just purchased.

Everyone knew that Indian Wolf had a secret hiding place for his money. I suppose some men tried to follow him after he had completed a sale, but they never succeeded. The cagey old Indian always managed to lose them, and when he returned three or four hours later, his money belt would be empty again.

Anyone with a talent for selling all the wild horses roaming this country in the early days was bound to get rich, and Indian Wolf did.

WHEN his first wife died he went to Chief Moses and paid a good many fine horses for a young squaw. Attractive squaws were worth more horses, of course, and Indian Wolf could afford to turn over a very substantial herd in exchange for a young woman who the white men around there agreed was the most beautiful squaw they had ever seen.

Indian Wolf was very proud of his new wife, particularly when she gave birth to twin girls. About that time he used some of his hidden gold to purchase a handsome carriage in Walla Walla, and he broke some of the fastest horses on the range to pull it. He bought harnesses decorated with breast trimmings and used to travel about the country in his carriage at breakneck speed.

On dress-up occasions Indian Wolf was quite a sight wrapped in flaming red Indian blankets and wearing a red fox bonnet with beautiful long eagle feathers. For many years Indian Wolf lived happily, drawing on his secret gold whenever he wanted anything and selling horses whenever he wanted more gold.

Finally, though, he ran into trouble. A few officials of Franklin County apparently began getting a little jealous of Indian Wolf's prosperity and decided to do something about it.

"In our opinion you do not own all the wild horses on the range," they told him, "and the only way you can change our minds is by paying taxes on them."

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Taxes weren't high in those times, compared with today, but even a small tax on each of the thousands of wild horses roaming over the country added up to more gold than even Indian Wolf had.

He became angry. Then he sulked. Finally he realized the white men meant business. So he engaged the services of a well-educated Yakima Indian and the two set out for Washington, D. C., where Indian Wolf intended to assert what he believed were his rights.

Indian Wolf and his Yakima friend told everybody in Washington who would listen to them that because the Palouse Indians had been the first to settle in the Snake-Palouse River country, certainly they were entitled to ownership of all the wild horses they found. The two Indians spent several months in Washington, but seemed to be getting nowhere. Soon little was left of the gold Indian Wolf had taken east with him.

One day he sent a telegram to his son in Pasco, telling him to go to the secret hiding place, secure some more money, and send it to him in Washington. Indian Wolf's son went to the hiding place, took out the amount his father had asked for, covered the rest, and returned to Pasco to make arrangements to send the money to Washington.

Unfortunately, the son was not as smart as his father. A light blanket of snow had covered the ground, and it was not difficult for someone to follow his tracks and relieve the hiding place of all the rest of Indian Wolf's gold. The identity of this individual did not seem to be much of a secret. Most people knew who he was. But whenever he was accosted he would only grin and say, "Try to prove it," and nobody could.

Indian Wolf's money did no good for its new owner. He went on a four-week spree at Walla Walla and died shortly thereafter.

When Indian Wolf returned from Washington, he was somewhat dismayed, to say the least, to hear so much of his money had been stolen. But he did not appear to be destitute, and most people concluded eventually he had more than one hiding place for his gold.

The word went through our frontier country that Indian Wolf had several hiding places, all of them located in the middle of wild horse trails so they would constantly erase traces, and most of them in the vicinity of a place called Fish Hook Bend on the north bank of the Snake River about twelve miles from Pasco.

How many men have looked there for Indian Wolf's gold during the past half-century I do not know, but none of them has ever found it.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 17)

then left and was never heard from again. She would be around seventy years old now.

My father married again and five children were born to this marriage. There were Paul, Ruth, Esther, and a small boy and girl whose names I don't know. If anyone knows anything about any of my brothers and sisters, please write.—Luther (Williamson) Gray, 2141 Walnut St., Abilene, Texas 79601

"Durned if he ain't the fastest gun in town!"

James Garrett

I'd like to find some trace of descendants of James Garrett, born in South Carolina in 1848. He lived in Pine Log, Georgia at the start of the Civil War. It has been said that he took care of Stonewall Jackson's horse during the latter part of the war, but he was too young to join the regulars. His father (Joshua) and three brothers fought for the Confederacy. Joshua was taken prisoner and died at Camp Chase, Ohio. Two brothers, Ancil Alexander and Zachariah, went to Illinois to live. Josiah may have stayed in Georgia. James is presumed to have gone to Texas. I have a photo taken at Decatur, Texas and sent to Ancel in Illinois. It pictures a man, wife and six children, four boys and two girls. I may be mistaken about the vicinities as I have no trace of them.—Mrs. Alice Green, 341 S. E. Thornton, Des Moines, Iowa 50315

Polston

I am wondering if anybody knows anything about my father, Ralph Polston? He lived in and around Watervalley, Kentucky in the '30s and early '40s. My mother, Gaynell McKenzie, and he were divorced when I was about three years old. The last time I heard from him, he was in southern California. I have lost all contact with his family and would love to hear from them.—Juanita Joanne Simpson, R.R. 1, Box 60, New Prague, Minnesota 56071

Fryer-Evans-Carter-Crumbley

I am looking for descendants of George Washington Fryer's mother. Her name was Evans, and her folks owned the town of Jewett, Texas around 1850. George's wife, Dora Alice Carter, was born in Pearsall, Texas in 1864. She was my grandmother, and I know her children, but none of her other relatives.

Sarah Crumbley Copeland was my grandmother on my father's side. She was a full-blood Cherokee Indian born in the 1860s. Her family came from Georgia to Texas. She married John Copeland and lived around Vokie [Voca?] Texas. The family Bible shows Jim Crumbley died April 7, 1905; Jack Crumbley died Jan. 11, 1900; Samey Crumbley died October 15, 1900; Horm Crumbley, born 1899, died 1957. I believe they all lived in Texas.—Mrs. Cecil L. Kindy, 117, East 220, Space 44, Torrance, California 90502

Claude W. and Archie Copen

Claude W. and Archie Copen are the brothers of my mother, Mrs. Irene Mae Copen Tiner. Claude is about fifty-seven years old and has served in the army. He sometimes went by the name of Steven B. Coddington. His last known address was Grand Junction, Colorado. Archie is about sixty-seven and once lived in Arkansas. Their parents, Will and Addie Weathersby Copen, died in Oklahoma around 1916.

My mother had an aunt by the name of Cora Roberts who moved from Mead, Oklahoma to somewhere around Apache, Oklahoma. Her children's names were Marshall, Bernard, Mildred, Alice and Elsie Roberts. If anyone has any knowledge of these people, please contact me. I will pay all postage.—Mrs. Charlotte Burch, 222 Milton, Lewisville, Texas 75067

Meyers-Craig-Whitehead-Bryant

I am seeking information about relatives of my paternal grandmother, Candis Freda Meyers, born around Chico, Texas about 1875 to Fred and Lovena (?) Craig Meyers. Her mother passed away shortly after her birth, and she was taken to Iowa and raised by her Craig grandparents. Her father later remarried and had several children. One of her sisters married a man named Whitehead, and they lived on a cotton farm in or near Chico.

Candis was married to John Fagan Bryant in the early 1890s in Iowa, and they lived at Bouton and Minburn, Iowa for several years. They moved later to Alpena, South Dakota and in 1911 moved to Hat Creek, Wyoming. She passed away

(Continued on page 69)

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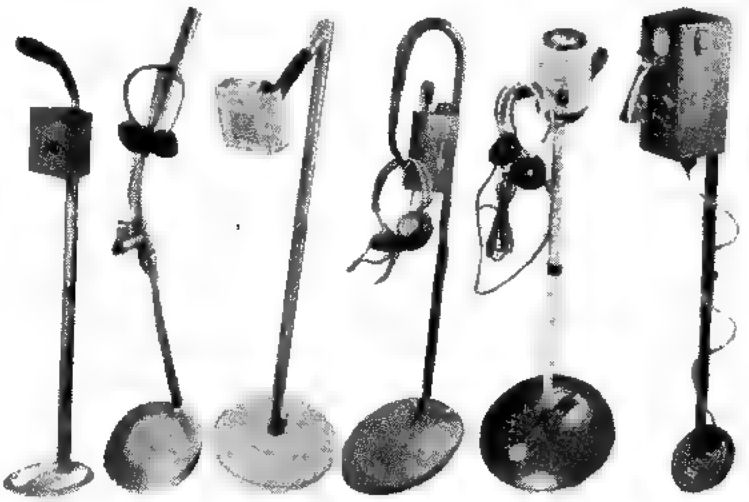

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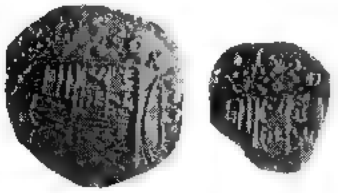

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The Marshal and the Indian

(Continued from page 28)

ing dark eyes and jet black hair, a really handsome man, and was as friendly and well liked as anyone in camp. When sober, he was quiet, unassuming, always pleasant. He showed perfect white teeth when he smiled and he smiled often. Several times, when he had been drinking, he boasted that his father had been a great Mohawk chief. He came from New York, he told us, and was directly descended of pure blood.

It was when Joe drank too heavily that he became a problem. On several previous occasions he had caused the boys trouble. But the miners liked him and were willing to go a long way to keep Joe out of trouble.

Ferguson was something of an unknown quantity. He was small, short, wiry, alert and he had a kind round face. Nobody knew anything in particular about his past except that stories had drifted in that he was pretty fast with a gun. There had been no previous trouble to put the marshal to a test and everybody was a bit curious.

I was sitting in a back corner of the Melrose saloon that Saturday night. It was a little past midnight and Joe had been drinking to the point where he got pretty noisy. There were maybe a dozen miners still lounging about. All had had a few drinks. A fellow named Jim Tooney was playing blackjack with another miner, Mike Janes, at a rear table.

I saw the Indian walking up to the bar. He staggered a little. I was too far away to hear his words but I knew he was asking the bartender for another drink. Three or four miners strolled toward the bar. Jim Tooney and Mike Janes stopped their card playing and swung around in their chairs.

I was just a kid at the time, having only turned eighteen, but I had been in Murray nearly six months and I could feel something in the air. I guess it was the tenseness you read about in western thrillers. You just somehow know something is going to happen. I got up and moved over three or four tables, near enough to the bar to hear what was said.

The barkeeper was smiling at Joe in friendly enough fashion, but he said quietly, "No, Joe, I don't believe you'd better drink any more, not tonight. You've had a pretty good night of it already."

"Give me another drink," the Indian demanded.

The barkeeper remained pleasant but made no move to execute the order.

Joe straightened a little unsteadily and repeated, "I want another drink."

The barkeeper still made no move.

The Indian took a slow step backward. His right hand dropped down easily to his holstered gun and he brought up the weapon. He raised it over the counter, squinted along the barrel and fired past the barkeeper's shoulder. There was a tinkle of glass following the shot and the fifty-cent sign which happened to be raised on the cash register behind the counter flattened down in a very mutilated way. Joe said resolutely, "I want another drink."

NOW if the Indian had shot through the ceiling or through the floor he might have gotten away with it. A little bullet hole in the woodwork would be nothing to worry about. But battering the cash register was willful destruction of property, something that could not be condoned. Jim Tooney and Mike Janes stepped up to the young Mohawk and one took each of his arms. "Joe," Tooney said, "don't you think you better walk home with us? You've had a lot of fun tonight. We've all had a pretty good time."

Janes chimed in cheerfully, "Sure; come on, Joe, let's call it a night. Jim and I'll walk along over to your cabin."

But the Indian was stubborn. He twirled the gun in his fingers, not threatening but rather playfully. Then he dropped it back in its holster. "I want another drink," he insisted and turned again to the barkeeper.

All the men present took turns pleading with Joe. They kept in remarkably good humor about it and were careful not to make threats. But the Indian would not listen. He kept harassing the bartender, insisting on more liquor. He took out the gun again and laid it handy on the counter.

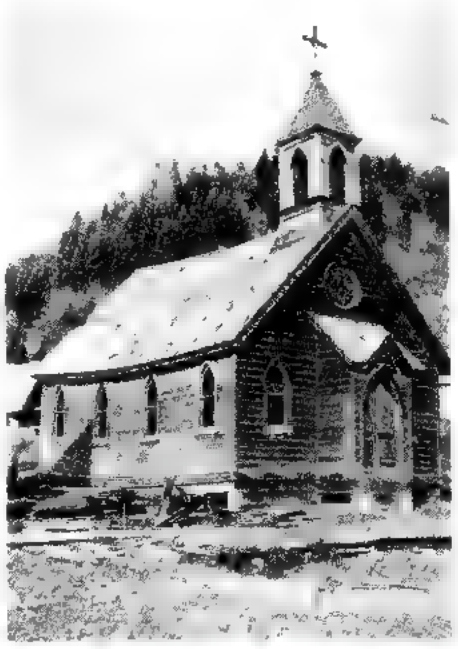
"Give me a shot of whiskey," he demanded.

All this time I sat on the edge of my chair. Such a by-play was entirely new to me and I was tensed up like a too-tight violin string. I just sat where I was, watching and listening.

Finally Jim Tooney nodded to the barkeeper, "Better give it to him, Bob, before he does something worse."

The barkeeper handed forth the bottle. The miners withdrew into a little huddle nearer where I sat and began a council of war. "Somebody better get the marshal," Tooney suggested.

This idea met with somewhat reluctant approval. None of these good-natured fellows wanted to get Joe into trouble. But here was a situation quite out of hand.



The first Catholic church in Murray, Idaho.

The Indian could not be encouraged into a habit of going around town shooting up cash registers and browbeating people. So Tooney set out to round up the marshal.

The young Mohawk, meantime, had another small drink or two. He took turns grinning at us and smirking at the bartender and he was still leaning against the bar when Tooney returned a few minutes later with Ferguson.

The marshal hesitated a moment, sized up the room in general, glanced around at the other miners and at myself. He gave us each a nod in a friendly way. "Hello, Joe. The boys tell me you've been having a hell of a good time tonight. Think you've had about enough fun now?"

The Mohawk's dark eyes sparkled. I thought I detected a trace of humor in them. "Not yet, Marshal; goin' t' make a night of it."

"You've about made a night of it," Ferguson suggested. He took Joe's arm. "Better let me take you home, Joe. The cool air outside'll be good for you."

Joe jerked his arm away. "I go home when I want to," he insisted a bit unsteadily.

The marshal's tone hardened. "This is kind of a serious business, Joe, you shooting up the cash register and everything."

The Indian stood grinning defiantly.

"You're going home with me now," Ferguson said firmly.

"I'll go when I want to," Joe repeated sulkily. "My father was a big chief; he didn't take orders from anybody."

Then Ferguson's gun came out. I really didn't see it happen. It was pointing straight into the big Indian's stomach before I fully realized what the marshal had done. "We're going home, Joe, right now."

I quivered all over. It seemed like I was covered with gooseflesh. Somebody was about to get killed. I was going to see a real gun-fight like I'd heard and read about so often. I kept watching Joe's right hand, wondering if he would try to draw his weapon even with Ferguson's big six-shooter already sticking in his middle.

But Joe just stood there. A long, long minute passed. He kept looking straight at the marshal, straight into the lawman's eyes. Joe didn't seem angry and he didn't seem afraid. It was one of those moments when you can hear the clock tick and it seems like hours are passing.

Then very slowly, very deliberately, the Indian began to bring up both his hands. I can swear to you that he was smiling. I have heard of brave men before that moment and since. But for absolute guts what that young Mohawk Indian did beats anything I've ever been able to imagine. He took firm hold of the barrel of Ferguson's gun with both hands, raised the muzzle so it pointed straight into his own face and spat derisively down the barrel. He seemed to have utter confidence that the lawman wouldn't shoot.

Ferguson stood looking a little like a fool, hesitating, not knowing exactly what to do. The barkeeper and the miners all stood open-mouthed. We all looked at each other, too astonished to either smile or frown.

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But Joe began to grin quite friendly. He pushed Ferguson's gun to one side with his left hand and put his right hand around the marshal's shoulder. "Come on, Marshal," he suggested half drunkenly, "you and me had a lot o' fun t'night. Let's both go home now, huh? You walk over to my house and put me in bed."

They staggered out, the Mohawk leaning his greater weight heavily on the smaller man's shoulder, and that was the way it ended. The next day Joe paid for the damage and nothing more was ever heard about it. The big bad Mohawk Indian got the marshal out of a mighty embarrassing situation that long ago Saturday night in Murray, Idaho.

The West's Most Puzzling Lost Mines

(Continued from page 16)

After Salty Bill loaded the unhappy cook on one of his trailers and went on, Shorty backtracked the Chinaman. He rounded the range to the Death Valley side of the Panamints and followed the Chinaman's tracks right into the canyon. A weathered ledge had spilled quartz all over the ground and it was rotten with gold.

Taking samples Shorty came out, being pressed for time. He was on a deal to sell two claims, which he did. As was his usual custom when loaded with money he hankered to see the bright lights of Los Angeles. Going there, he went on a hell-bender of several weeks, until he was broke again.

By the time he and Salty Bill got around to returning to the canyon nearly two years had passed. The first two canyons they entered proved to be the wrong ones. And Shorty did no better in the subsequent weeks. Finally forced to come out, he prospected elsewhere, located claims and sold them. In fact, for five years Shorty sought and failed periodically to locate the canyon.

When in Death Valley, as long as he lived, Shorty would point west to some sawtooth peaks and would say, "The damned Chinaman's gold is right under them someplace!"

THE ONE LOST MINE—or more properly a prospect, as most are—guaranteed to really bug the searcher lies north of Idaho's famed Mud Lake. This lake, once more than twice as large as it is today, was another collecting place for outlaw loot in frontier times. Dozens of yarns have been written about the several documented caches.

North of Mud Lake and coming up vertically through volcanic lava is an intrusion of muddy gray quartz. It allegedly assayed $23,000 in gold to the ton back in 1878.

Hjlmar Ramsey and his partner, known only as "Long Gone Bill," came through from the Salmon River diggings en route to Fort Hall. They took a wandering route because of the Bannock Indian wars then in full fury. One sundown found them in the lava fields, Mud Lake still a few miles away. Making dry camp and with no fire, they came awake in an early sunrise. Their stock, two riding mules and four used for packing, had been hobbled on dry grass in a flat between two lava ridges. While after the stock, they spotted what appeared to be a dike of quartzite. Likely it was. It protruded through the lower sections of the ridges on both sides. It was visible in broken fragments scattered around on the flat.

On examination they discovered that the rocks contained considerable gold. Promptly abandoning plans to move out, Ramsey and his partner recovered enough of the broken chunks of ore to fill the panniers on the mules. At that moment they had no idea how heavy the values ran but did establish the presence of much gold in the ore.

After three days they loaded and went on down to Fort Hall. From there they turned west along Snake River to Boise where the ore was assayed. The richness of it astonished and excited them. By mining and packing out only the heaviest pieces they could make a small fortune in a short time. Soon they began their return in a direct line from Boise.

Before traveling twenty miles into Boise Basin they were stopped and turned back by soldiers. The Bannocks, having been badly defeated and in several cases nearly decimated, were fleeing back to their old home country to hide. While en route they were murdering and robbing or burning everything in their way. The prospecting trip was off. Returning to Boise, Ramsey and Long Gone Bill soon realized they would be unable to get back to the lava beds until the next year.

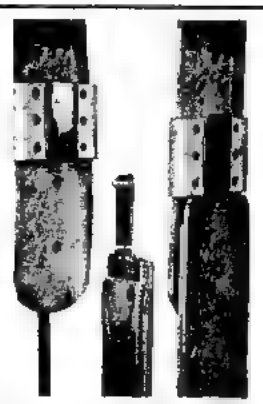
Not wanting to waste time they went over into California to try their luck, and their first strike was a good one. They stayed with it a year. The claim was then sold for $8,000, and in the summer of 1880 they returned to Mud Lake, then headed north. Their account from there on is very short. They could not locate the quartz sticking up through the lava. For the next several years of periodic hunting, it was the same story.

This vein, dike, or whatever pushing up through the lava was found in 1939 by Carl Beck while on a vacation from his job as Indian agent. The ore didn't look very promising, but he had it assayed. Startled, Beck tried to make it back to the point of discovery but never succeeded to the day of his death.

That it can be found and so easily lost bugs me. Of the fifteen to twenty treasure hunters interested in Mud Lake, all have been asked to keep a sharp lookout for this one lost prospect. One man and his wife, experienced hunters, use a personal airplane. They once discovered a break through the lava beds in the right place but they could not get to it in a four-wheel vehicle.

A LOST Arizona mine doesn't bother me too much even though it's within a few miles of my home. The strange circumstances surrounding it, however, do bring it to mind from time to time.

Back in the 1880s a vein of gold-bearing quartz was found in one of the few mountains in the San Francisco Peaks region not of volcanic creation. Getting out a large amount of ore two prospectors hauled it in wagons to Flagstaff soon after the transcontinental railroad built through to California. Shipping it to a



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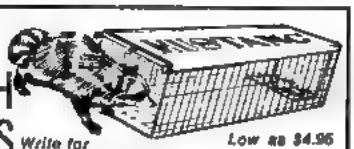

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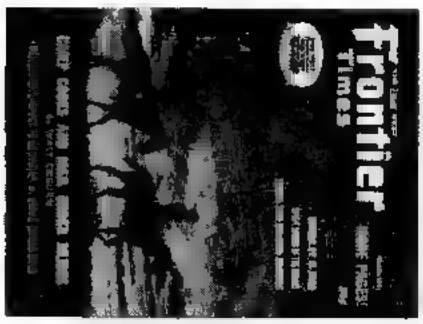

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smelter they followed by train, waited and collected, and went their way elsewhere.

Another man found their mine, kept the secret, and worked it. He extended the length of the tunnel to 200 feet into the mountain. Striking a very rich pocket, he crudely crushed the richest ore and panned it from a running spring. Before his death he told several friends about the mine, but being in business they were not very interested in hard-rock mining.

A long-time friend, whose avocation is hunting lost mines and buried treasure, began seeking this vein. Several years ago he appeared very much excited. He had been prowling the mountain when he saw an almost naked woman, wearing only what appeared to be a straw hat, running away through the timber. She was going so fast that he caught only a few glimpses as she dashed through the cedar trees. Picking up her tracks he followed them back to the small mouth of a mine tunnel. Investigation later disclosed that it was one dug by George Elliott who believed he was close to the rich gold ore.

The story was too fantastic to believe and my skepticism showed. Three months later the friend returned with a man who helped him search for the mine. They again saw the naked woman running away from the same old tunnel! She did not live in it like a hermit, just seemed to be around when anyone showed up. Nor could they track her down to where she did camp or hide out.

After I asked what kind of "soda-water" they had been imbibing, they angrily demanded that I go along with them next day. So we went, arriving about mid-morning. Halting a mile away, we walked soundlessly up through the timber to the tunnel mouth. Assuming a watching position some distance away we wasted a long, heat-ridden hour before my friend abruptly pointed to the northwest.

The timber was so thick that at a hundred yards the naked woman could be seen only when she passed between small stands. Showing indistinctly, she slowly advanced, pausing often to listen with head turned sideways and mouth slightly open.

After recovering from the surprise of the situation, a camera was reached for as this was too hard to believe. Practically no noise was created yet the woman suddenly froze. She either had heard something or had become suspicious. Then in a flash she wheeled about and disappeared, running like a deer.

If this woman is a female hermit, why is she unclothed? How does it happen that she prowls the area of the lost mine, and where does she den up? How does she manage to survive concerning the matter of food? Is she an insane person who needs medical attention?

Good, puzzling questions that so far remain unanswered. My friend thinks, "She lives in the tunnel of the lost mine and it is camouflaged so well we can't find it. I do not believe she is crazy. She spends the summers and early falls up there, the only seasons of the year she has been seen. She is living with nature like she wants to. Otherwise she lives in some northern Arizona town."

To date this explanation seems as good as any in this queer case.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

and tumble fight between the cowboys and soldiers, which would have resulted in a terrible loss of life but for the timely arrival of the military from the post. One of the females had an eye knocked out during the melee, while two cowboys, whose names are unknown, were badly wounded. The murderer Page is in the guard house, and the soldiers threaten to lynch him.' "

It is interesting that the Fort Robinson Cemetery records make reference to the death of Corporal Martin V. Green, Co. M, 5th Cavalry on October 25, 1880. *—Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society*

COWBOY OF THE GUADALUPES

By Mrs. B. E. Pedrick

COWBOYS who rode when the ranges were new, lived when the great Southwest lay trackless, the trails unmarked and uncharted through vast solitudes where drift fences were unknown. Their home a cow camp. Their hearthstones a campfire. They rode through the winter's storms and summer's heat and oftentimes when night overtook them they had no softer pillow than the saddle which had all day rested on the old cow horse's back.

Back in the early '80s the cowmen in West Texas were facing a hard problem. Settlers had begun to come in and appropriate the land which up to that time had been open and free. With cattle prices down there was nothing left for the cowmen to do but to hold on to their herds and hunt for more range. In 1885 a large bunch was trailed to the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains in New Mexico and left in charge of George Jayroe, then a lad in his early twenties.

His camp was about one mile from the foot of the mountains, near Pine Springs, so named because of an old rugged pine tree that stood near like a hoary sentinel guarding the clear cold waters. Seven years he lived alone in his camp where the weird mountains stood in their mysterious silence. Seven years in an age when it took men who were men to face the lonely hard years of the cowboy's life and to live in a country which demanded an enormous toll for those who should show a thread of weakness. George worked with the chuckwagons from the head of Black River, down the Pecos as far as Pecos City, through the Davis Mountains, over a country where there were but a few ranches and where the longhorn cattle were as wild as the country in which they ranged. He bought his supplies and received his mail at Toyah, Texas, a little town on the Texas and Pacific railroad, eighty miles from his camp.

On his long rides good luck seemed always to be by his side. One day he was running a bunch of these wild cat-

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tle; they crossed a draw which looked like it had gravel in the bottom, but when George reached it he found it was solid rock and as slick as ice; his horse went down and he was on the bottom in the fall. His foot was crushed and he was many weary miles from camp. He bound it up with his handkerchief as well as he could and whistled for his horse. The old, faithful cowhorse could always be depended upon; he came and stood with bridle reins hanging within reach.

One summer when the heat hung over the Pecos River country like simmering waves from a furnace, George was coming from Toyah with a wagonload of supplies when suddenly from a clump of tall cactus stepped a man on foot, weak from hunger and thirst. He bore the stamp of a city-bred man, both in dress and speech. George filled his canteen, gave him food and asked him to ride in the wagon. The man thanked him but declined and started toward the Davis Mountains, which lay like dim shadows against the sky, fully fifty miles away. This episode is another unwritten story, the secret of which only the Southwest holds.

ONE NIGHT found George near the head of Black River, thirty miles from camp, where he had gone to turn back a bunch of cattle which were getting too far off the range. He stood guard around them until they bedded down, all the while watching what appeared to be a campfire many miles to the southwest. He lay down with his head on his saddle to catch a few hours' sleep, but was awake long before dawn and the light he had seen before going to sleep was still shining. By the middle of the morning he came upon what he had seen in the night, a train of covered wagons. As he drew nearer he saw that death had visited the lonely camp of these folks and then he understood why the fire had burned all night. By the size of the grave he knew it was a child. The sun that morning looked down upon a country vast and open; the beams silhouetted a bunch of cattle against a background of grey sagebrush. It shone upon the greasewood, the cactus and the prickly pear. A breeze came from the hazy mountains bringing a scent of pines. The rays fell on the dirt thrown from the grave, intensifying the barrenness. A cowboy rode up and placed a few wild flowers on a little rude coffin. A look of gratitude flashed for a moment on the faces of a young mother and father. As the sun rose higher it saw a lone cowboy pause for a moment on a ride and watch a train of covered wagons move slowly out across the plains—George Jayroe.

One warm day in the fall of '87 George was riding the greasewood flats near the Pecos River. He stopped at noon and cooked his meal; he always carried a few supplies in his black goatskin saddle pockets. He noticed that his horse, which he had unsaddled and hobbled out, was not grazing but was standing with his head up, watching and uneasy. George rested for an hour or two, then started south, not intending to make it back to camp that night. His horse continued the nervous chewing of his bits, and every little while would pause and paw the ground.

By this time George, too, had a sinister feeling and some instinct prompted him to head back toward camp. He had not ridden far when he was aware of a mighty calm that had settled all over the land. It was the calmness and stillness of death. As far as he could see he saw the cattle gathered together in silent bunches, their heads in the air and their noses pointed toward the north.

George looked out to the north and east and saw a great black cloud casting a purple shadow over the country and creeping, ever creeping, southward. He knew then what he was in for—one of those terrible western blizzards which would whip out of the north like an evil spirit, and with icy winds and blasts of snow and sleet would nip the hides of the cattle like flashes from rawhide whips.

He knew when that storm hit he would be lost; he could not tell north, east, west or south. Yet there wasn't any fear in his heart. For dangerous as that thing was that was creeping upon him out of the north, it simply did not hold the power to lose the old cowhorse. George knew just what he must do. He must put on the yellow slicker that was always tied onto the back of his saddle; he must drop the reins on his horse's neck and he would go straight as an arrow back to the camp and to safety.

After riding several miles George glanced back over his shoulder and saw that the cattle had begun to drift south—long droves of them, one behind the other, with heads down going for shelter. He was many miles from camp when the icy winds struck him and it wasn't long until both he and his horse looked like a block of ice moving through a country which was gradually being blotted out. Mile after mile the cowhorse fought the storm, holding true to his course. Not once did George lose confidence that his horse would carry him into camp.

It grew darker, the ground was covered with snow; he knew somewhere out there stood his land markers, the old Guadalupes, but they were lost to his vision in the swirling mass of snow and sleet. Hour after hour the horse plodded on. George grew weary and cold and it seemed ages that he had been in the saddle; but when the horse stopped, George got off and found they were at the gate of his corral. The cowboy unsaddled, raked the snow from his horse, covered him with the saddle blanket, let him into a brush stall and threw him feed before he thought of seeking shelter for himself.

As these cowboys lived these colorful days little were they dreaming that they were making history that was to live on and on. The ashes of their campfires have long been scattered, the road of destiny has led many of them far from the trails of the long horned cattle; the years are passing and we are building cities upon their old roundup grounds. Yet there still is living the cheerful "whoopee" of their colorful lives.

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Was Belle Starr Killed By Mistake?

(Continued from page 21)

often fearsome country populated by renegades, Indians, a few settlers, and many fugitives seeking safety in the virgin hill country west of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Survival was a day-to-day struggle. For a woman it was sometimes unbearable.

One of Mrs. Devena's neighbors was a woman named Belle Starr. Robinson remembers his grandmother talking of times when neighbors along the Canadian River were forced to share food to survive the winter. One of those always eager to share was Belle.

By the 1880s, Belle had gained a measure of Midwest fame as an outlaw. Born Myra Belle Shirley in 1848 on a farm near Carthage, Missouri, Belle moved with her family to Texas just after the Civil War. One of the young girl's suitors in Texas was Cole Younger, one of the Younger brothers made famous by their own exploits and those of Jesse James. In 1869 Belle allegedly gave birth to Cole's child, Pearl, and three years later married a man named Jim Reed. Later, it is said, Cole Younger gave Belle a pearl-handled pistol as a token of his love. Over the next few years there were many men in Belle's life.

By the 1880s, Belle had drifted to Indian Territory, where she opened Robber's Roost, a rendezvous for dozens of the era's most famous outlaws. Her name became Belle Starr—Starr was a common Indian name in the area—and Belle "married" a man named Sam Starr. Belle named her corner of Indian Territory Younger's Bend.

It was about this time that Mrs. Devena got into a feud with her neighbors across the creek.

"Grandmother sent her boys over to hoe cotton for a neighbor named Jim," Robinson recalls. "Our family needed the money. But these neighbors—I don't recall their name—didn't like Jim, and so they didn't like the kids helping him in the field."

The neighbors, Robinson says, first warned Mrs. Devena not to let her sons hoe Jim's cotton. She glowered, gritted her teeth, and told them to go to hell.

Then one night Mrs. Devena's two or three milch cows were turned loose. "She could hear them being turned out and would go down to put them back in," Robinson remembers. "That went on for several nights."

Mrs. Devena noticed too that someone was stealing corn from her crib. She set a bear trap and returned the next morning to watch one of the neighbor boys writhing in pain.

"That was the kind of woman she was," Robinson says. "You had to be tough then."

THE FEUD grew hotter with the passing weeks. The neighbors put out stronger warnings, hinting "something might happen if you don't stop being friendly with Jim."

One day it did. As Mrs. Devena went to the corral, she was struck, thrown to the ground, and beaten. Her screams brought a daughter from the house, but not before the wiry Frenchwoman had recognized her attacker as one of the neighbor boys.

"As she told us that day," Robinson says, "she went back up to the house, took down the old muzzle-loader from its hook and loaded it. Then she went down the road and waited."

Mrs. Devena had seen her attacker trot off toward a nearby town on horseback. Sooner or later he would come back the same way.

The Sans Bois Mountains are mocha in winter and foreboding. Mrs. Devena saw a horse and its rider coming from the direction of town. She strained to see against the growing dimness. The rider with its widebrimmed hat came closer and Mrs. Devena lifted the muzzle-loader and when she was sure he was close enough, sure he was the guilty neighbor, she pulled the trigger and the silence was shattered by the sound of a gunshot. The rider toppled face down onto the road. Mrs. Devena returned home without a backward glance.

Says Robinson: "A little while after that they found Belle dead at the exact spot she [Mrs. Devena] had shot the rider out of the saddle."

Belle Starr was buried in a wooden casket. Just before it was lowered into the Oklahoma ground, people from miles around walked by to toss in cornbread crumbs. The outlaw queen held the pearl-handled revolver given her by Cole Younger years before. She was forty-one.

Mrs. Devena? She later married a man named Odim, then a man named Younger. "I have no way of knowing if he was related to the Youngers," says Robinson. "But that would be some coincidence, wouldn't it?"

In 1897, Robinson's mother married and moved away from Eufaula and Indian Territory. Robinson was born in 1898 at Ninnekah, Oklahoma. Family records were lost; some were burned, including many tintype pictures of Mrs. Devena. The family scattered, seven sons and daughters in all. All are now dead, Robinson believes.

Sometime in the 1930s, Nana Devena the woman Robinson says shot Belle Starr, was buried in Sand Springs, Oklahoma. She was nearly 100 years old.

Did she fire the shot that killed Belle Starr? Robinson is firmly convinced she did. "All I have to go on is her word," he says, "but I don't think she would lie. To my grandmother, her word was her honor. And back in those days honor was everything."

All he can prove is that Mrs. Devena actually lived near Eufaula in 1889—his own birth certificate shows his mother was born near Eufaula, Indian Territory. Only it's spelled "Ufalla" on the birth certificate. And it would be unusual for a woman to claim personal blame for a murder. The story might be less credible if Mrs. Devena had said she knew who the murderer was instead of incriminating herself.

Many of the gaps in Robinson's memory about details can be chalked up to his age when he first heard the story. Then, too, many of the details of Belle Starr's death—things like the time of day, exact surroundings, etc.—differ from one account to another.

At least one writer claims Belle was shot by her enraged son, Ed Reed. Another says it was Jim Middleton, brother of a former lover. Yet another claims a neighbor named E. A. Watson is guilty, although the man never stood trial because of a lack of evidence. And yet another claims Belle was murdered by Jim July Starr. Now the name of Nana Devena is added to the list.

But perhaps the name of the killer is unimportant. Perhaps the legend of Belle Starr itself is sufficient. And just perhaps, when night settles over the Sans Bois Mountains, you can hear the ghostly sound of Belle Starr's mare snorting and pounding the sod, the sound of pistols being a-fired from the hip of a thousand outlaws roaming the craggy and mysterious canyons of Younger's Bend and the Canadian River country.

"Like it or not, chief—it brings rain!"

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How Paddy Martinez Found Uranium

(Continued from page 13)

out of baking powder and if I wanted anything more to eat than just cabrito I'd better get myself to the settlement and pick up a can of Clabber Girl. Next to drinking, I like to eat, so early the next morning I saddled up a horse and headed for the town.

"I made good time on the way in, picked up the baking powder and a carton of Luckies, then went on a little ways to the bootlegger---sale of liquor to Indians was at that time still illegal—and bought two half-gallon bottles of La Copita wine. Putting one bottle in a sack I tied onto the saddle-horn, and tucking the other under my arm, I mounted up and started back toward the sheep camp.

"By this time it was past the middle of the morning. The sun got hot and I got hotter so I started nibbling on the wine just to pass the time away. It was a couple of hours later that I tossed the empty wine bottle away just as the horse jogged up the ledge we call Haystack Mesa at the base of Haystack Mountain. I reined in, got off and sat down under a piñon tree on a ledge of white rock.

"You'd probably say I was drunk. Maybe I was, but I've too much Mexican blood in my veins to not know that everybody is supposed to rest a little after noon, so I lay down, closed my eyes and began the siesta. It was late when I woke up. Someone later compared me to Rip Van Winkle, but I'd only slept a few hours while he snoozed for twenty years. Yes, I went to school a while and heard about him. At any rate the sun was behind Haystack to the west when a fly that had been crawling around in my beard finally brought me all the way awake.

"THE ROCKS were still warm from the afternoon's sun, so I lay there awhile trying to decide where I was and why. Slowly the trip of the morning came to mind. I remembered the baking powder, the cigarettes, and the wine. Then I felt sick. I was awful sick and had to heave. Rolling over so I could try to quiet my throbbing insides, my eyes caught a piece of greenish-yellow rock in a small outcrop a few inches from my head.

"Suddenly I got well, or at least forgot about the turbulence in my belly, for this rock was exactly like that a couple of fellows I'd met a few weeks before in Grants had shown me. I'd been loafing around the lobby of the Yucca Hotel when these fellows who said they were uranium prospectors got off a bus for a coffee break. They said they were on their way to Utah to look for uranium and asked me if I'd ever seen anything like the rock they had. I hadn't, so they said to keep my eyes open 'cause the stuff was worth lots of money. More maybe than gold.

"I got to my feet again, then picked up a loose rock and used it as a hammer to break off some of the yellow stuff. It was all through the white rocks where I'd made my bed, running in streaks sometimes even a quarter-inch thick. I stuck the pieces I'd broken off in my back pocket, caught my horse, got out the other bottle of wine, took a big drink, and feeling fine, set off at a trot for camp.

"It was just about dark when I arrived at the place where we had our sheep and as I tumbled off the horse my squaw came up to take the can of baking powder I'd gone for. Telling her to wait, I said, 'Look, I've got our fortune in my back pocket.' She just grunted and replied, 'Looks to me like it's in your belly.'

"Next day I took a steel bar and big hammer and went back and pried out some more of the rock, then took it into Grants and showed it to a friend, Johnny Gossett, who had a Geiger counter and did lots of prospecting. Johnny said it was uranium but not like any he had ever seen. Instead of being in sandstone, this was in limestone and very hard.

"I went on to see another old friend, Mayor C. G. Gunderson. He asked me where I got it and I showed him on a map. He said that the place was land belonging to the Santa Fe railroad and that he would bring my discovery to the attention of the railway big shots. That suited me fine 'cause I knew they would take care of me for finding it.

"It wasn't until the following December that the newspapers learned of my discovery. By that time the Santa Fe had done a lot of preliminary exploration on their land. They own thousands of acres; back in the 'eighties when the railroad come through, the government gave them every other section of land for sometimes as much as forty miles on each side of the tracks as an incentive grant.

"When the announcement of my find at Haystack was finally made I got full credit for the discovery. Overnight I was famous. Hundreds of letters came from people I had never heard of. Some wanted me to give them money, others wanted to know where they could find uranium. A couple of women even offered to marry me. Everyone thought I was already a millionaire. I had lots of fun and lots of 'friends.'

"One day a Denver *Post* reporter asked me what I wanted from the railroad for my discovery and I told him 'I'd be happy if they give me fifteen gallons of wine.' And I meant it.

"The railroad does give me $200 every month. Tom Evans, their chief mining engineer, was asked at a banquet later 'What did Paddy ever get for his find?' He answered, 'Paddy is the best paid man I ever knew. We carry him on the payroll as a "uranium scout." He comes in for about fifteen minutes twice a month to collect his pay. That means he gets $400 an hour. Pretty good wages.'

"My find brought thousands of people into the Grants area, which is fast becoming the biggest uranium producing spot in the United States. They've found A-ore all the way from Gallup to Albuquerque, and are still locating more most every day. I did better with my $400 an hour than did Joy Sinyella, another Indian who nine months later found uranium on the Laguna lands and who told another company about his discovery. Joy hasn't been paid anything.

"It used to be that in the Grants area under every piñon tree there was a Navajo. Now the Indians are all work-

(Continued on page 64)

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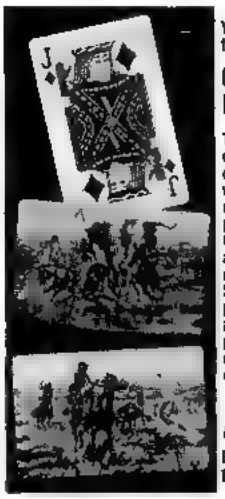

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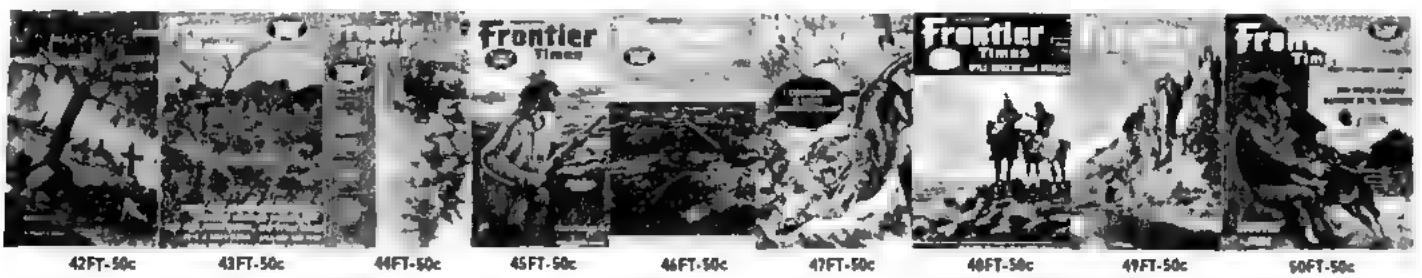

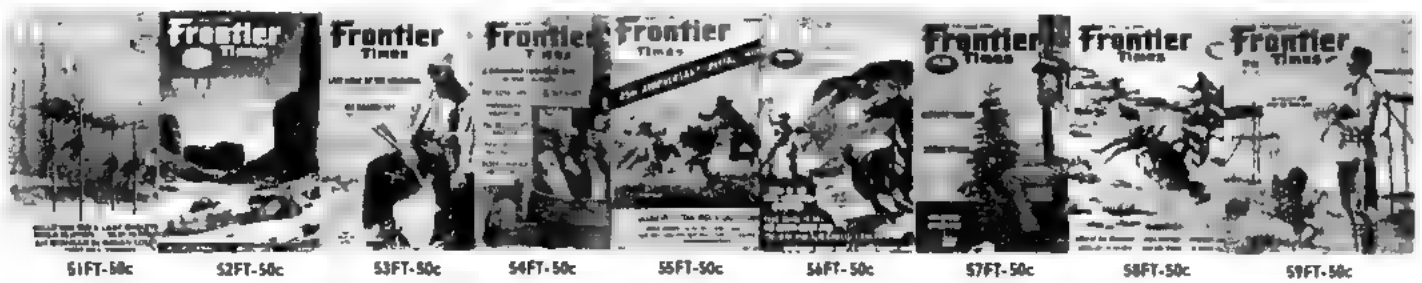

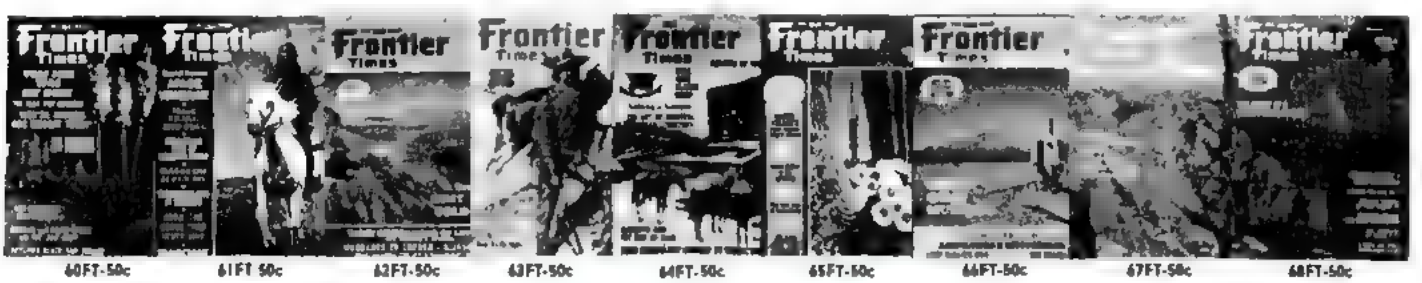

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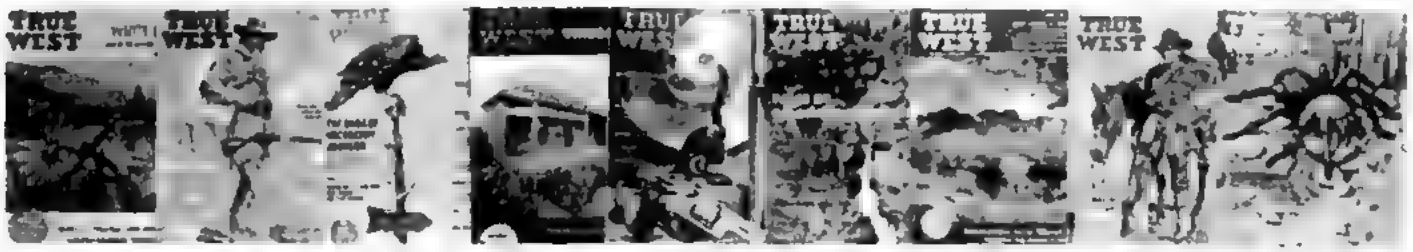

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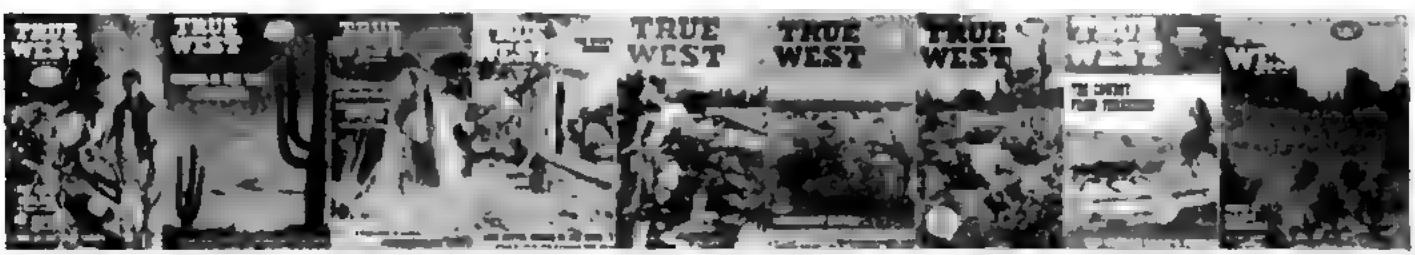

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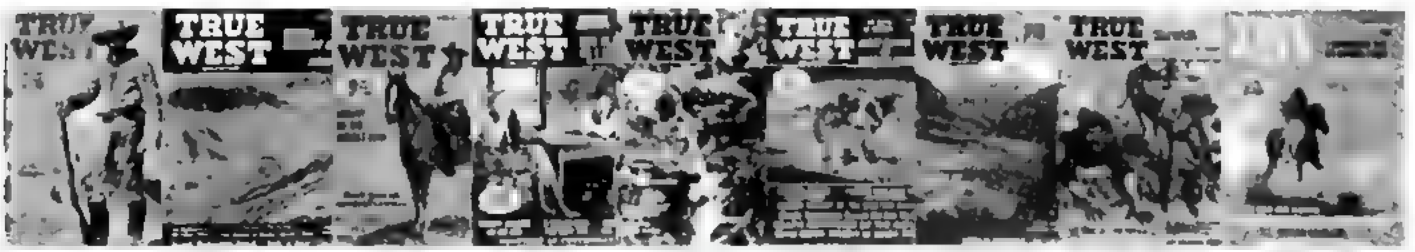

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ing in the mines and, instead, you find a prospector camped under the trees. Me, I'm happy with my arrangement but maybe one of these days I'll take a couple more jugs of wine and go find a few million dollars more worth of uranium. Got to have wine to prospect!"

Lost Gold of the Guadalupes

(Continued from page 34)

feet above the plains, two peaks of which reach 9,000 feet above sea level. The lost mine in that fastness of this range is a gold mine (as the story goes) that is fairly bristling with the precious metal, and its value is estimated at millions. It is known in Texas and New Mexico history as the Lost Sublett Mine.

Two men now living have actually seen this famous mine, but neither now remembers its exact location. One is the son of the original discoverer, Ross Sublett, who is a prominent businessman of Roswell, New Mexico. He has made several unsuccessful efforts to find the mine. The other is a former crony of old man Sublett, Mike Wilson, who is believed to be on his deathbed in a little hut in the Guadalupe Mountains, vainly trying to remember the location of probably one of the richest gold mines in the world. He once knew where it was, but his memory has failed him.

Ben Sublett was a native of Missouri, and belonged to an old family of that name in St. Louis. In early life the call of the wild and lure of gold led him to the Rocky Mountains with his young wife and three babies whom he took on all trips while prospecting. For years luck never favored him; while others found mines and grew rich, he continued poor. He was in rags and his wife and children hungry. They passed through the Guadalupes and finally located in Odessa, Texas. Here they made their home in a little hut—Mrs. Sublett doing washing and sewing to help support the children, while Sublett worked on a ranch just long enough to get money to buy a rickety old buckboard, and a bony horse.

He spent most of his time in the Guadalupes. He had a hunch that in its labyrinthine solitudes he would find gold. Occasionally he brought in a little nugget, hardly of value enough to buy grub for his return trip. His wife vainly begged him to quit the mountains, to settle down to some vocation in which was a sure living; but he was stubborn, taking no advice from anyone.

Although the mountains were filled with the bloodthirsty Mescalero Apaches, ever ready to kill the lonely prospector or trapper, Sublett never carried arms, and by some strange fate was never molested, although almost daily there came reports of Indian raids and massacres. The old prospector laughed at those who warned him and advised him to be careful. These trips continued, and every time he returned, it was a surprise to the people of the town. They scoffed at his crazy mode of life.

One day the old man drove up to Abe Williams' saloon and strode boldly to the bar, inviting everybody present to join

him. They thought it was a joke as he was supposed to be penniless, but when old Ben threw down a buckskin sack filled with nuggets and told them he had found a rich gold mine and could buy out the whole town and have plenty left, the crowd was wild with excitement. He went out to his buckboard and dragged in a canvas sack filled with gold so pure, it is said, that a jeweler could hammer it out. "My friends, have all the drinks you want," he said, "for I have at last found the richest gold mine in the world. I can buy Texas and make a backyard out of it for my children to play in."

AFTER THAT, Sublett would frequently slip out to the mountains and return in less than ten days with about $1,500 worth of gold. He built a fine home for his family, and of course made lots of "prosperity friends." All tried to get him to show them the location of his mine, but he would shake his head and say: "If anyone wants my mine, let him go and hunt for it like I did. I hunted twenty-four years, and wasted the best part of my life at it. The valley of the Pecos and the peaks of the Guadalupe will still be there when I die, and I am going to carry this secret to the other world, so that for years and years people will remember me and talk about the rich gold mine that old man Sublett found. I will give them something to talk about."

His son Ross, who has made several attempts to find it, says: "I have a faint recollection of it. I was only a small boy when my father took me there. We drove in an old buckboard. I know the mine was about six miles from a spring. The spring is in what is known as the Russell Hills. I paid no attention at the time as to where we went, and was always glad when my father was ready to return home. Father got the gold out of a hole or cave, but it seemed like that it was in plain sight on the ground outside the cave. When my father was on his deathbed I tried to get him to tell me how to go back, but he said it would be useless, that I could never find it."

Sublett once described the mine to Mike Wilson, who afterwards went out to the Guadalupes and found the mine. He emptied his sack of provisions, and put in as much gold as he could carry and began the journey back home. Without recuperating from the effects of the hard trip, Mike went on a spree for three weeks, and when he tried to go back to the mine he became bewildered and lost his bearings.

Old Ben Sublett just laughed at Wilson's bewilderment, and refused to direct him again. He refused to locate or tell anyone else where it was, either, saying that if anyone wanted it, "let him go and look for it like I did." Later Sublett died and carried the secret with him. This was eighteen years ago.

Farewell to Grayhorse

(Continued from page 43)

conscious with what was surely pneumonia, and after their fashion, had nursed him till he recovered—to his everlasting gratitude.

By May 1877, he was free to claim Allie as his bride, and bring her to the agency where they lived in a part of the agent's house up on the hill. Their daughter Jane was born a year later in that house.

THE BUFFALO hunt was now no longer the Osages' main occupation. It was replaced by the moccasin game (gambling) and trading, which they made as long and drawn out as possible to pass the time now on their hands. Did the Osage customer want five pounds of coffee beans? If so, the trader had to weigh it out, pound by pound, into the sack, tying it with a string each time. Allie declared she would lose her mind if *she* had to wait on them!

The lounging men by the store never moved as a rig from the agency direction came into view, but their obsidian, impassive eyes would take in every detail. Gossip was also a time-filler!

Ed met the newcomer at the door, a man in black derby, black overcoat, boots and shawl. Passers-by to and from the States sometimes came by way of Grayhorse for a visit with the Finneys, and their news and chat were welcomed. But this visitor brought word which shocked the Finneys. Ed showed no emotion, of course, but Allie, learning that their trading license had been revoked and that the visitor would take over after inventory, was hard put to be hospitable. However, she stirred up more pancake batter and put on more venison to fry in the iron skillet over an open griddle in the woodstove.

A little later Ed wrote out a message to his brother Tom who was over at the Kaw Agency (sub-agency to Pawhuska). Allie tied the letter in a teatowel and knotted it around the neck of Ed's favorite runner who made this trip twice a week for mail. Although Tom had an interest, too, in the Grayhorse venture, his wife, Abby flatly refused to live so far from civilization. The settlement on the big bend of the Arkansas was so much nearer the border, and all travelers between Arkansas City and Pawhuska made a halfway rest stop there. The post also had a doctor.

Allie saved this doctor a lot of trouble by her ministrations to the Osages around her. In fact, an Osage would swallow what Ed Finney's *wa-ko* gave him with confidence whereas what was given at the Agency was brought back to be sampled by Finney!

Allie would dole out laudanum for toothache until she thought enough. Then she would stamp her foot, put her back to the cupboard where she kept the "sleep medicine" and refuse further doses. It amused Ed to see his wife's fearless handling of any situation for he knew she also amused the Osages who thoroughly liked spirit—of which the white *wa-ko* had plenty.

The Indians did not forget the time when Wa-shim-pee-sha's son had been so sick (pneumonia, the Finneys decided worriedly, for the lad was a faithful runner). Rather than risk his being forced to *eat* the hot onion poultices Allie prescribed and made, she waded knee-deep, along with Ed, to the tipi, and

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demonstrated what should be done. The boy pulled through.

Why the whole tribe didn't die of pneumonia, Allie said, was beyond her, going around in those wet moccasins—not a fullblood would wear shoes!

Allie had no more than discontinued her visits to the sick boy's side, when she found him one day by the roaring fire in the barrel stove in the store. She stormed her displeasure. He would die of exposure! He stared unblinking, without moving. Allie's quick-tapping heels on the way to the kitchen spoke for her.

A couple of days later, his father, Wa-shim-pee-sha, came calling. Ed was with him. "Boy mighty sick," he said.

Allie didn't care. Let him die. She wouldn't stir an inch this time. She had got him well once.

Ed grinned behind his hand while the Osage stared at the white *wa-ko* who was angrily banging a skillet on the stove, plopping grease in, ordering Charlie, a boy who happened to be helping her, to get some onions.

Soon Allie was plowing through slush to poultice a desperately sick boy's chest—and miraculously he pulled through again.

AND NOW the Finneys would be going back to civilization, away from a daily routine which had somehow become so normal a part of their lives that they were reluctant to leave.

"Politics," Tom and Ed agreed. A new Secretary of Interior and changes in the Bureau of Indian Affairs had trickled down to this outpost in the wilderness.

The snow was coming down thickly. Ed tugged at his long mustache ends, a sign of worriment, and shook his head. They were in for it. Armload after armload of cordwood, stacked in the yard between two oaks, disappeared into the stoves. Doors opened and shut and somehow little Frank, Tom's boy, caught cold, sending his mother into a panic of fear for him. "Get a doctor!" But both men agreed it was out of the question.

At last, worn down by Abby's demands to go home, and her own anxiety, Allie said sharply to Ed, as she stared past his shoulder at the swirling white snow, "Do *something*, Ed!"

She would remember the moment as the only time in their long years together when her husband looked at her with anger in his brown eyes. "Do you suppose I'd be standing here if I could 'do something'?"

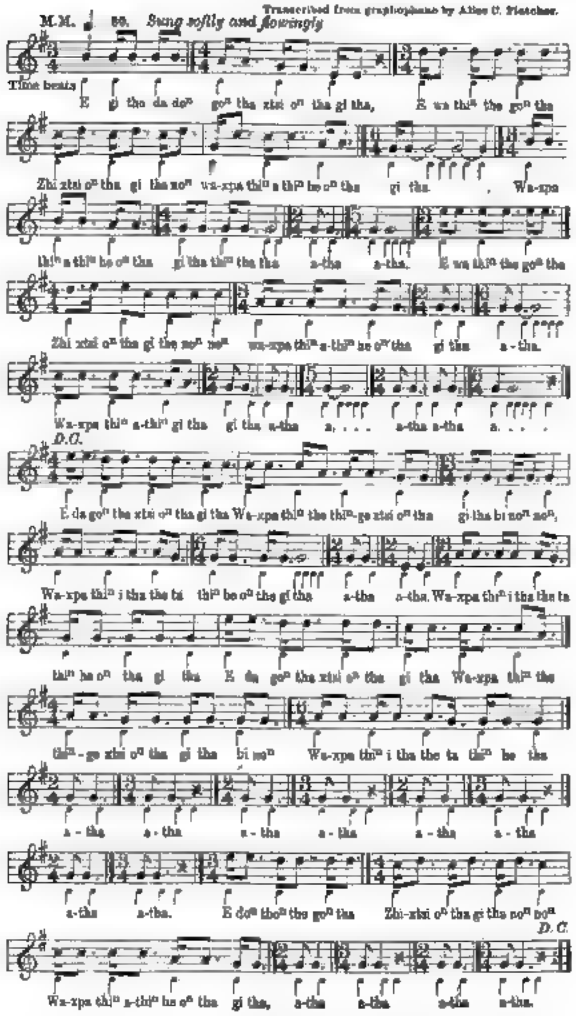
Wearily, penitently, she laid her head on his shoulder. "I'm sorry."

He gathered her close. "I'm counting on you, Allie, to help the little fellow."

It was necessary for her to go across to the store to unpack the box in which she had put the particular medication she needed. Most of the Finneys' belongings were crated, preparatory to their leaving Grayhorse. Ed and Tom shoveled a path, and hurried her across. Soon she was running back to the house with the medicine.

The child, after a few hours, did seem easier, but Abby was still determined to go home. Finally Tom said he would make the trip. The snow had let up, though it was cold and very gusty. Since

SONG OF SORROW

Transcribed from graphophone by Alice C. Fletcher.

M.M. ♩ 80. Sung softly and flowingly
Time beats
E gi tho da do^n go^n tha xtsi o^n tha gi tha, E wa thi^n the go^n tha
Zhi xtsi o^n tha gi tha no^n wa-xpa thi^n a thi^n he o^n tha gi tha. Wa-xpa
thi^n a thi^n he o^n tha gi tha thi^n tha tha a-tha a-tha. E wa thi^n the go^n tha
Zhi xtsi o^n tha gi tha no^n no^n wa-xpa thi^n a-thi^n he o^n tha gi tha a-tha.
Wa-xpa thi^n a-thi^n gi tha gi tha a-tha a-tha a-tha a-tha
D.C.
E da go^n tha xtsi o^n tha gi tha Wa-xpa thi^n tha thi^n-ge xtsi o^n tha gi tha bi no^n no^n,
Wa-xpa thi^n i tha tha ta thi^n he o^n tha gi tha a-tha a-tha. Wa-xpa thi^n i tha tha ta
thi^n he o^n tha gi tha E da go^n tha xtsi o^n tha gi tha Wa-xpa thi^n tha
thi^n-ge xtsi o^n tha gi tha bi no^n Wa-xpa thi^n i tha tha ta thi^n he tha
a-tha a-tha a-tha a-tha a-tha a-tha
a-tha a-tha. E do^n tho^n tha go^n tha Zhi-xtsi o^n tha gi tha no^n no^n
D.C.
Wa-xpa thi^n a-thi^n he o^n tha gi tha, a-tha a-tha a-tha a-tha.

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Allie had finished her packing, all wanted her and son Bob to go along. Ed would follow later when he had tied up the loose ends of turning things over to his successor.

Allie, torn between her desire to stay with Ed and her knowledge that her little boy—how the cords of wood had disappeared!—would be safer in a warm house, consented. But she wanted Tom to drive Ed's team, and leave his for Ed to bring later.

This Abby refused to permit. "Too skittish!" So they set out—Abby in the back seat with Frank held close, and Bob beside her, his legs sticking straight out. Ed had put a soapstone at Allie's feet in the unprotected front seat beside Tom, but soon she upended a valise and transferred the stone to Bob's small feet.

"We'd make better time if we took the cutoff," Tom remarked. "Too bad we can't."

Astonished, Allie said, "Of course, we'll take the cutoff!" And when Abby protested vehemently, Allie nudged Tom and there was no more talk about it.

WHEN THEY reached the fork, Allie's hand slid out from below the bright red-striped shawl Ed had brought from the store at the last minute and wrapped around her, and pointed left. Without a word Tom reined left. It would save miles and cut out a big loop.

As the rig went down into the steep-sided gully, horses floundering in snow, Abby realized they were taking the cutoff. Bitterly she predicted they would all die in the storm. At the bottom of the gully, Tom handed the reins to Allie and stepped down over the wheel. "I'll scuff up a rock to put behind the wheel if need be," he said, "and walk behind." He added, "If anyone can get the best they've got out of them, Allie, you can!"

Allie slid to her knees, whip in hand. Superb horsewoman that she was, she never had laid a whip on a horse unless for discipline, but now she knew horses were less important than two small boys. As the team floundered and struggled up the hill, she laid the whip on—and thanked God when she could let them breathe a moment at the top while Tom resumed his place. Her lips were blue but her legs had stopped feeling cold.

When the journey was over, Abby stepped down from the rig none the worse physically for the trip. The boys also were in good shape. But Allie never knew when they lifted her out.

Dr. Isham, fearing he would have to amputate her legs above the knees, worked

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unceasingly, helped by eager hands bringing snow and ice for the buckets of water in which he soaked her legs to draw out the frost. By morning her legs were swollen, a purplish shapeless agony of pain. Allie endured it with set lips.

Ed's compassion when they were together again, starting over in a house in Arkansas City, helped immeasurably. But always through her long life Allie's legs would trouble her. No one ever remembered a word of complaint.

In 1933 when Ed Finney was eighty-one and ill, Allie was knitting beside his bed on their last day together.

"I've loved you a long time," Ed said, and his eyes closed.

Sometimes in Allie's lonely years she would recall in memory the wailing song of the Osage widow which she had heard so many times:

You have left me to linger in hopeless longing,
Your presence had ever made me feel no want,
You have left me to travel in sorrow . . ."

Those were her secret thoughts, however; in actual practice she stayed busy, active, and always seeking ways to give pleasure and help to others until the day when—at age ninety-six she slipped quietly away to join her beloved Ed.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

stay in sight of the chuckwagon when the right wheel horse fell, me and the wagon right over him. The horse didn't get up until two cowboys had him back in harness. The poor horse was a little skinned up, but kept up okay. It happened so fast I didn't get out of my seat and over the sage we went again.

If there are any of the old boys left who read this, I would like to correspond with them.—C. H. Hagins, 1420 E. Grand, Des Moines, Iowa 50316

Pikes Peak Climber

I have been a continuous subscriber of TRUE WEST since it was first published. have every one—100 in all and all in first-class condition. I have just sent in and renewed my two-year subscription.

I was much interested in your article on "Pikes Peak," the most famous mountain. On Labor Day (1913), fifty-eight years ago next Labor Day, I established the championship as amateur "Pikes Peak Climber" in four hours and twenty-five minutes from Manitou where the cog railroad starts to the top nine miles. This was a memorable occasion for it is a feat very seldom accomplished by an amateur, especially by a novice newly arrived in the mountains from the plains of Kansas. I was twenty years old. Quite number of tourists and mostly young fellows like myself started out together. thought it would be nice to make the hike" together but they all seemed to have so much difficulty and were so slow that I knew that I had to leave them if I were to make it to the top.

I made it to the Half-Way House easily

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enough and having left my name and address there with the *Pikes Peak News*, I picked it up on my way down by paying a quarter for the paper. I still have the paper with my name in it. It was mostly a clear day and no snow at all. After reaching the top and resting for a while and eating a sandwich obtained at the shelter house, I started back down and made it by evening the same day. The day before I had purchased a new pair of shoes at Denver and when I got back down I didn't have any heels on them. The next morning my feet were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on so I went in my sock feet for the day. I rode my "Twin X" motorcycle up Williams Canyon to the Cave of the Winds and went through it with a large crowd of tourists. I visited the "Seven Falls" and Helen Hunt Jackson's grave near the top of the falls and then took out for Kansas over the Santa Fe Trail. When I reached the Kansas line they were grading the trail—it was so dry and with six inches of dust it was difficult to ride a motorcycle so I started north on a cow trail fifty miles to Tribune, then followed the Missouri Pacific railroad through Leota, Scott City, Dighton, LaCross and Great Bend, then on to Little River, Rice County, Kansas where I lived, in time to open the fall term of a district school where I had taught the previous year.

In 1941 I got to go out to Colorado for big game hunting on the west slope in Gunnison National Forest and have been climbing those mountains every year since. I haven't missed a big game hunting season now for twenty-eight years until last season. My hunting partner passed away suddenly just before the season opened and I could not generate enough enthusiasm to make the trip I had planned with him.

My Pikes Peak hike I will always consider my best physical accomplishment —especially the record I made in time.

For my big game hunting trips my wife and I have a big wardrobe of clothing made from the skins of deer, elk and antelope I killed on these trips which includes caps, tams, gloves, vests, pants, handbags, wallets, shirts and nine different styled jackets. I never threw away a hide. I made good use of every one of them. I will have to live to be 150 to wear them all out.

The last few years I have gone to Canada during the big game season and now have on hand four moose hides that I don't know what to do with. I could get my moose so much easier than the Colorado elk due to the difference in the terrain. I moved to Ponca City, Oklahoma fifty-three years ago and then to Arkansas twenty-five years ago where I now live. Among many incidents and happenings during my hunting trips was one regret—that of losing one of our hunting party who fell off the west slope of Mt. Baldy into the upper East Elk Canyon in the Rainbow Lake area. His body was not recovered until ten months afterwards.—F. F. Nonnamaker, Route #8, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

Return to Pony

The article on Pony, Montana in the June 1970 TRUE WEST was of interest to us. We've been to Pony twice and plan to go again. My aunt and uncle live there along with several other families. The picture of the two-story brick building is the old bank. Inside, the tellers cages and resting benches are still there. The brick school is still there but no classes are held as there are not enough children to attend, if I remember right. The quartz stamp mill pictured is still standing but not the log building with water wheel. We've been inside and taken pictures of the working areas. It is truly "old days" in some ways, still. I'd appreciate any information on it anyone can send me or old pictures to compare with it as present-day Pony.—Linda Scovil, 2531 Silverspur Lane, La Harbra, California 90631

Al Jennings Descendant

We enjoyed your story of the Jennings brothers in February 1969 TRUE WEST. Al L. Jennings was my husband's great uncle. We have only a few things—a book he wrote, *Beating Back;* a newspaper clipping, and a card dated 1925, showing he was a member of "The Oldtime Cherokee Strip Cowpunchers Assoc." Do any of your readers have any true stories or articles on Al? His birth date and place and early years? We would be thankful to anyone for information and happy to pay postage. Also, where are the Jennings descendants now?

Any information on a Walter Scott and his wife, originally of Sadieville and Bowling Green, Kentucky would be appre ciated. Walter was in law practice in Ker tucky before going to Indian Territor with his family. He rode in the Cheroke Strip opening, claimed land at Blackwe and traded it for a claim out of Medfor Oklahoma near Jefferson City, Oklahom where my cousins now live. He had se eral children; one was my father, Joh Argle Scott, who passed away fourtee years ago. I had not seen my father fo over thirty years as my parents were d vorced and my mother refused to le him see me. He was born in Harpe Kansas, February 18, 1886, and died i Borger, Texas and had not remarried. would like to know about my grandpa ents as my cousin knows very little.

Incidentally, our trading post is les than fifty yards from where F. X. Au brey was killed. He was a rider an trader on the Santa Fe Trail and wa famous for riding horseback from Sant Fe, New Mexico to Independence, Mis souri in five days and sixteen hou around 1850. He was a most interestin man. Of course, our city has so much his tory it's hard to know all of it.—Elna M Ward, Box 179, Sante Fe, New Mexic 87501

In School at Lagarto

I have been reading TRUE WEST an find it very interesting. My mother calle my attention to a piece about Uncle Dic Dobie. I don't know him but do recall

PROFILES

Captain De Anza Led First Colonists Into Californi

By William Thyrde

WHILE the east coast of America was being colonized unde English leadership, the west coast was being colonize under Spanish direction. In 1775, after extensive preparatio and after a preliminary exploratory journey with twenty so diers, the expedition began its long and arduous trek fro Tubac, in the Sonora province of Mexico. With livestock an supplies and equipment, the settlers started the journey int California.

Father Junipero Serra blessed the expedition, which inclu ed Padre Francisco Garces, who planned to establish at lea two missions along the route. The expedition succeeded, principally because of D Anza, a native of Spain, a veteran Indian fighter, who was carrying out the expa sion policy of Viceroy Bucareli.

A bronze plaque at the summit of San Gorgonio Pass in southern California, place by the Native Sons of the Golden West, reads: "On March 16, 1774, Juan Bautist De Anza, Indian fighter, explorer, and colonizer, led through this pass (named b him San Carlos) the first white explorers to cross the mountains into California. Th party traveled from Tubac to Monterey. On December 27, 1775, on a second expeditio into California, De Anza led through this pass the party of Spaniards from Sonor who became the founders of San Francisco."

This second expedition of colonists blazed the overland trail over which colonist from Spanish Mexico poured into what was then known as Alta California. The ma nificent bay area was surveyed and the military presidio, the Catholic mission, an the first colonists founded what is now the City of San Francisco.

For his accomplishment Captain De Anza led his soldiers back to Tubac to encounte the first of many disappointments and to face efforts to discredit him. He proceede to Mexico City to confer with the Viceroy. Here he found himself the target of bitte attacks from government and military dignitaries who had formerly encouraged an praised him.

De Anza was finally offered the position as Governor of Arizona, which he a cepted. The appointment failed to materialize. Later he was appointed Governor New Mexico, and in this office proved to be an outstanding administrator. His su cessor was appointed and took office in 1788 and De Anza disappeared from th records. There are no facts on his death and burial.

The memory of De Anza and his achievement in leading the first colonists int California is still strong and revered in the Golden State. Every year scores enthusiasts make trips on horseback over what is called the De Anza Trail, roughl the route he followed into California.

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nan riding a horse along his fence line. This was in 1930 when I went to school in Lagarto, Texas.

When we first moved there we lived on Mrs. Wren's farm. My dad, J. N. Tumlinson, farmed for Mr. Wren and also worked for the county dragging the main roads with horses. Dad may have known Mr. Dobie well. We three oldest girls rode horses to Lagarto school. We would get our neighbor's Mexican donkeys and go to Lagarto on Saturday after the mail. This took almost half a day. Mrs. Zephra Cook ran the grocery store in Lagarto. She had a sister, Aunt Chaney, living with her.

Later we moved to Mrs. Cook's farm and walked to school from there most of the time. The neighbors whose land adjoined Mrs. Cook's farm were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Frazier and a family named Benham. As best as I can remember, the Benhams had two girls, Gussie and Florence.

I would like to hear from anyone who might remember my dad, J. N. (Newt) Tumlinson. We have cousins living in Mathis, Texas by the name of Jennings. Uncle Will and Aunt Ida have passed on but their four boys, W. A., Clifton, Clayton and Thomas still live there. Thomas is on the home place.—Mrs. Edna Earl Tumlinson) Rigley, 3816 North Woodland Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri 64116

Wants Stetson Information

The creater of the most famous hat in history came to the Colorado gold fields of the Pikes Peak region and stayed for a year around 1863-'64. He came by way of St. Joe in search of good health and possibly his fortune. He regained his health but returned to the East with only $100 in gold to his name. He made his first hat in Colorado and the $100 he took to Philadelphia with him launched the most noted hat business in history. The chance is slim, but if any readers can furnish facts about this history-making trip west, or about rare or odd uses for the Stetson hat, perhaps that saved lives or injuries, same will be greatly appreciated as I am writing a history of the Stetson.—Charles Nash, St. Michaels, Maryland 21663

Union Pacific Engineer

On June 2, 1899, the Union Pacific *Overland Flyer* was held up near the town of Wilcox, Wyoming. The outlaws were identified as George Curry, Elza Lay and Harvey Logan. The railroad engineer on the train was identified only as a W. R. Jones in one story, and as W. R. "Rhinestone" Jones in another.

I would like to know if anyone knows the engineer's full name. I believe he may have been William Richard Jones who died in Logan, Utah on January 7, 1947. He had moved to Wayne County, Utah sometime after 1895, but left when unable to find work. At the time of his death, he was listed as a retired railroad inspector, having worked for the Union Pacific for many years.

Although Mr. Jones had five sons by his first marriage and two by his second, I cannot find anyone who knows for sure when he started with the railroad, or exactly where he worked.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can furnish any additional information on this particular holdup that might give me another lead to follow.—Charles Irwin Davis, #279 Hillsdale St., Eureka, Calif. 95501

With the 1st Cavalry

I had an uncle who was a pony soldier in the Spanish-American War. He was born in Scotland around 1880 and came to the United States the next year, where his parents farmed in Iowa just south of Fonda.

This just doesn't seem possible, but at ten he worked on the railroad to help with income and at fifteen he was a horse wrangler. Two years later he got in the 1st Cavalry and rode patrol for two years along the Mexican border. He recorded that the dust and heat were awful and the work of cleaning and maintaining the stables, saddles, bridles, etc., was hard.

He was honorably discharged in 1897 and reenlisted in 1898. A corporal, he served as a wrangler and was responsible for 500 horses. He once saved 50 horses that had jumped off a ship in the Philippines and were swimming in among the moving ships. He was discharged again at Fort Washakie, Wyoming at the end of the war.—Ed Murphy, Fonda, Iowa 50540

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 54)

in 1956. We believe some of the family may live in that same locality. I'd appreciate any information.—Wilberta Bryant Bouwens, 3951 Colorado Blvd., Denver, Colorado 80205

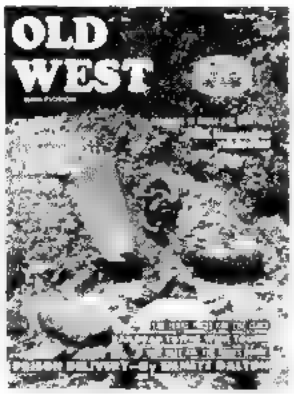
Wagontrain Travelers

I am seeking data on any and all wagontrains which the following persons might have been traveling west with:

Arthur Shearer, his wife Elizabeth Hooker Shearer, and children left Missouri, probably in the spring of 1849. They traveled via Fort Hall, where they met up with her brother, Emanuel Hooker. On July 16, 1849 Elizabeth fell from their wagon at Willow Springs, Utah, and was run over by the wagon following them. This caused her to give birth prematurely to a boy whom they named Willow Springs Shearer. They evidently had been headed to California by the northern route, but after the accident remained in the vicinity of Salt Lake until Elizabeth recovered sufficiently for travel. They set out then in September 1849, traveling the southern route, crossing at a point near Death Valley. They arrived in the Los Angeles area on Christmas Day, 1849. From Los Angeles, in early 1850 they proceeded north, settling in San Jose where other children were born and Arthur served as justice of the peace. I would like to locate a book by one William Wood(s) entitled *Death Valley*, which tells of their journey, and try to establish whether the "Shearer Journal" on file at the Bancroft Library is actually the journal of Arthur Shear-

(Continued on page 72)

CHASING PANCHO VILLA IN MEXICO



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(Continued from page 69)

er. I also want information on the train of which they were a part of the first lap of the journey from Missouri to Utah.

Secondly, in 1852, Francis D. Swartwout, his wife Lydia Ann Nettleton Swartwout, and daughter Mahala, left McHenry County, Illinois bound for Oregon by the way of St. Joseph, Missouri and Salt Lake City, Utah. At a point near Fort Laramie in June, 1852, Francis died and was buried along the trail. The book *Prairie Schooner Lady* lists the grave of a Mr. Swarthout of Mr. McCall's train near Bayard or Bridgeport, Nebraska on June 6, 1852. An old newspaper account states they were a part of a twenty-one-wagon caravan led by Captain Blodgett and that it took them six months to travel west.

After Francis' death, his widow decided to settle at Hangtown (Placerville), California and joined her brother-in-law's family there (Thomas Swartwout). She married S. W. Huff, owner of the South Fork Canal and Lumberyard, and she drowned in the Sacramento River on March 10, 1872.

Mahala married Arthur Benton Shearer and the family tradition states that she was the first woman telegrapher in California. I'd appreciate any information on any segment of this journey and/or confirmation of the above family tradition.

Finally, the family of David Whiteman and his wife Martha Bryant Whiteman, and daughter Mahalia, traveled from a southern state about 1864 by way of Tubac, Arizona. They arrived the day after a massacre. Mahalia contracted typhoid and the family stayed with a Mr. Williams, whose ranch was somewhere between Tucson, Arizona and Warner's Ranch, California. Enroute to San Bernardino with his daughter, Mr. Williams was killed. She married Ben F. Mathews, who was the sheriff of San Bernardino in 1864-65. Can anyone identify either Mr. Williams or the train the Whitemans might have been with?

Ben F. Mathews had arrived in San Bernardino by the southern route in 1850, having come as far as Utah with a party of Mormons. The section of 500 wagons he was with came on to California.

I'll exchange data with anyone interested in these people.—Mrs. Rudecinda Lo Buglio, Box 250, Janesville, California 96114

Robertson

I am looking for descendants of the Marrion Miles Robertson and William Marrion Robertson families. The former was my great-grandfather, the latter my grandfather, both deceased.

As a small child my grandfather lived on an Indian reservation at Harpersville, Alabama and was known to have lived at Vincent, Alabama. There were three brothers and two sisters named Berry Elijah, Rommie, Jim, Annie and Louise.

My great-grandmother's name was Pernina Miller before her marriage. I do know they moved to Oklahoma, around Durant, but I have no dates. Maybe someone will see this and help me find where my grandparents are buried.—Mrs. Ira Pyle, Rt. 1, Box 124, Saginaw, Texas 76079

Stephenson-Guill

I would like any information on James Stephenson who was born 1804 in Virginia, and married Nancy Crow in 1828. They had eight children. The first child, John Stephenson, born September 14, 1831 in Roane County, Tennessee, married Sarah Jane Decker in Calloway Community, Upshur County, Texas. They had twelve children.

The seventh child, Margaret A., was born in 1866 in Gilmer, Texas and married William Luke Sanders there in 1883. They had two boys. His parents were William Jeff Sanders and Lucinda Agnes Beesley. His grandfather was William J. Sanders.

Their first child, Jackson Fred Sanders was born November 3, 1888 in Kelsey, Texas. He married Eva Mabel Harris who was born January 25, 1891 in Cheneyville, Rapides Parish, Louisiana.

I also would appreciate information on this family. Jasper Curtis and Elizabeth Guill were married about 1862. They had four children. The first, Jasper Curtis Guill was born about 1863 in Hamilton County, Illinois. He married Lucy Daley and they had two children; then married Annabelle Burnette and they had four children.

The second child, Omer Gay Guill, was born July 20, 1898 in Illinois. He married Hazel L. Skelcher, born January 24, 1900 in Illinois.—Fred Sandquist, 4440 W. So., Kearns, Utah 84118

Trusty-Robertson

I can find almost nothing about my family since both of my parents have passed away. As far as I know, my grandmother was Mary Ann Trusty, married to Samuel Robertson and they lived around Coffey, Missouri. I would appreciate any bit of information anyone will send to me.—Mrs. Mildred Griebe, 3500 Mayette Ave., Santa Rosa, California 95405

Hall-Puckett-Weeks

My great-grandmother was Hannah Cora Abigail Hall. She was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky about 1856. Her father was John Hall. John moved his family to Illinois where Hannah became a school teacher at Benton. She married James Madison Puckett. They lived in Arkansas and Webb City, Missouri. At Webb City they had a general store. In about 1892 they moved to western Washington and later homesteaded near Spokane.

I'd also like information on the Puckett family and on Peter Thompson Weeks, who married Frances Emily or Emily Frances Parmenter before 1879.

William Eugene Kinne married Gertrude Tuck, parents of Lysle Eugene Kinne, born at Woodbine, Iowa, April 14, 1890. William was born in Connecticut.

Samuel L. Blake married Mary Etta. Their daughter, Sarah Estelle Blake, married George William Wilcox. Their daughter, Mary Alice Wilcox was born Dec. 10, 1893 at Clarksdale, Missouri. She married Lysle Eugene Kinne on August 4, 1912. The parents of George William Wilcox were Ambers and Diana Wilcox. I'd appreciate hearing from anyone with information on these families. —Mrs. J. L. Boyd, 339 Willamette St., Oregon City, Oregon 97045

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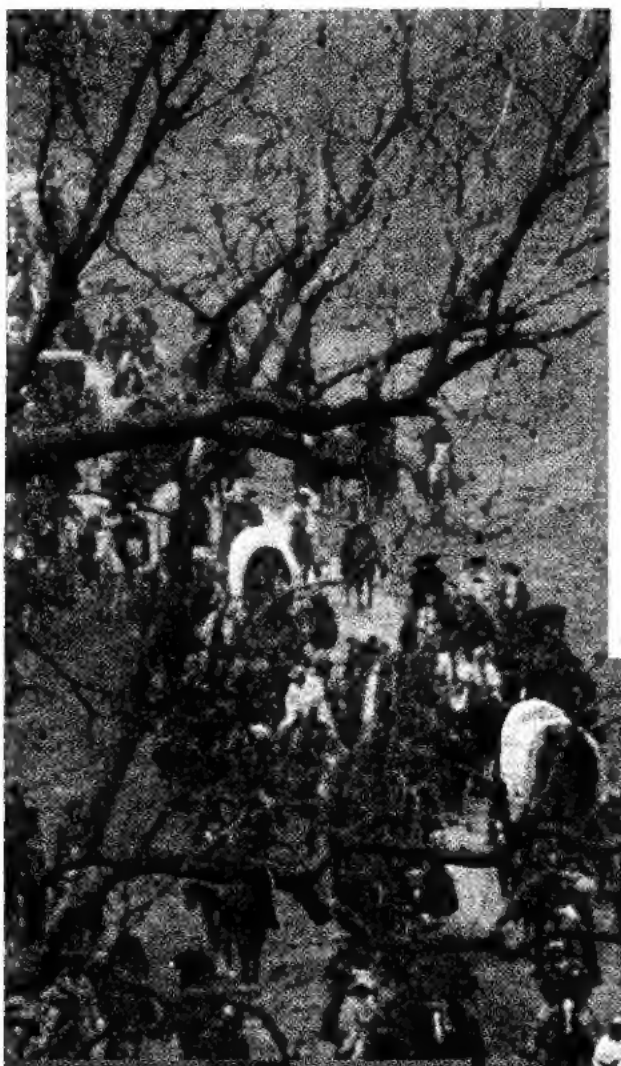

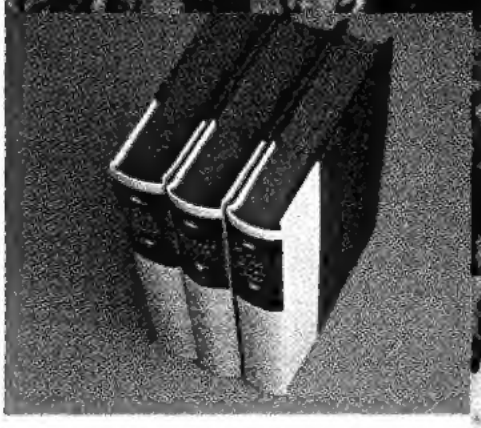

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